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Wounded Healers

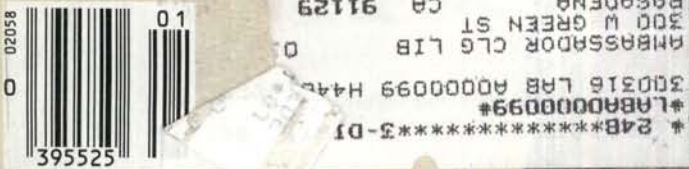
*The old joke
that therapists
are more
disturbed than
other people
may be no joke*

By Thomas
Maeder



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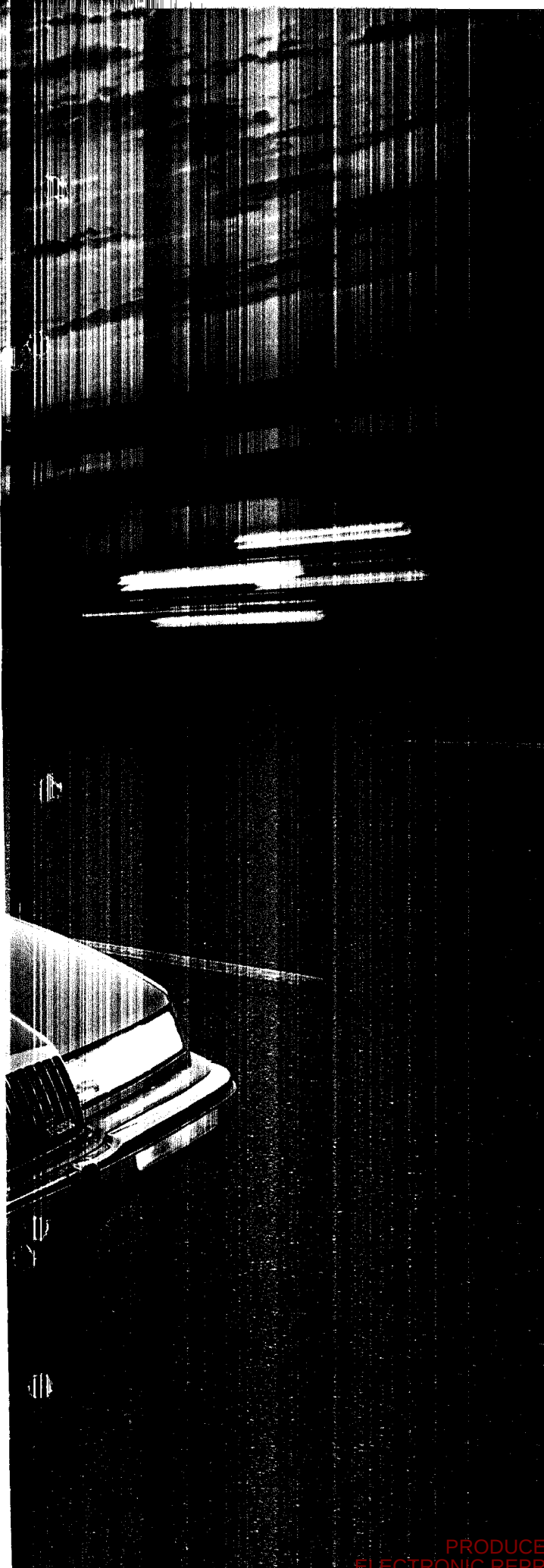
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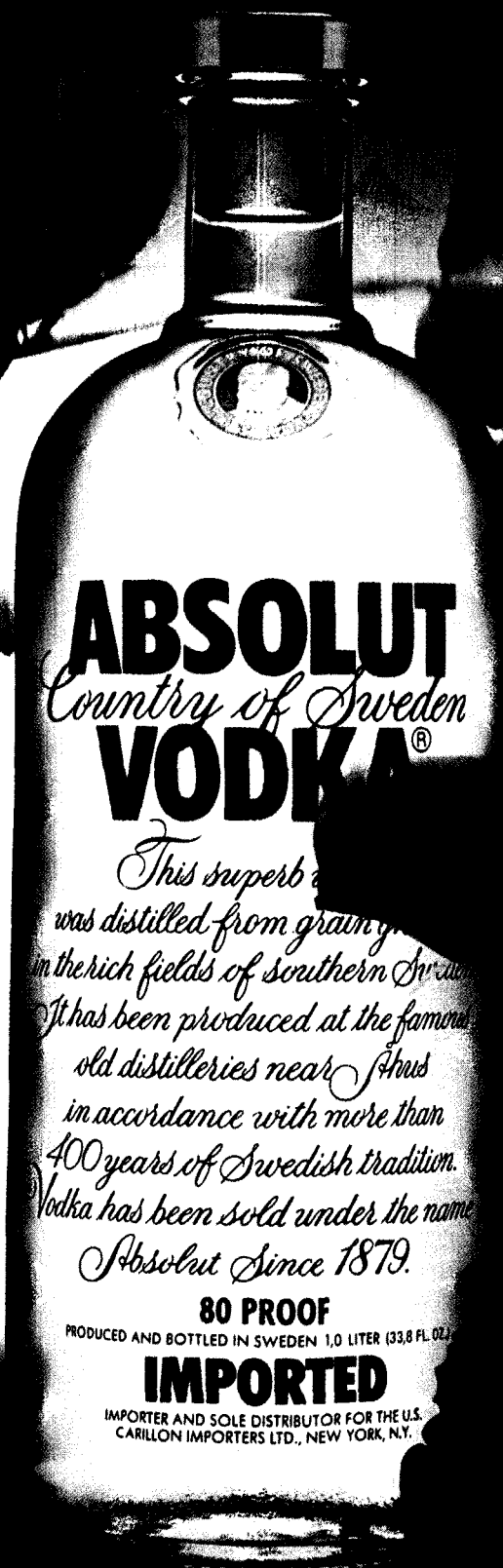
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The January Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere and the staff of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Pam Greenberg of the National Conference of State Legislatures; the National Resources Defense Council; and the New Zealand Kiwi Fruit Authority.

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The Story of the Lands' End Rugby Shirt

BY RED MULCAHY

We had high hopes for our original Rugby Shirt when we introduced it in 1980.

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Setback Number One.

What we got was more like a sustained Bronx cheer. Our customers complained that our rugby shirts shrank too much. Up to 20%. Went in the dryer a Large, came out a Medium.

We were embarrassed. Took the shirts out of our catalog, and even wondered whether we should leave rugby shirts to the sporting goods companies.

But our feisty nature got the best of us. We went back to the drawing board and developed a preshrunk 100% cotton

jersey fabric. A beefy fabric, 10.5 oz. versus the usual 5 to 9 oz. A fabric that reduced shrinkage to a tolerable 3%.

So far, so good. But we wanted to be sure our improved shirts were the real thing. Especially since about this time, lots of "rugby shirts" were appearing on the market that were really nothing more than colorful sportshirts.

We figured a "field test" was in order. And gave our shirts to the University of Chicago rugby team. (They happened to be close at hand.)

Setbacks Number Two and Three.

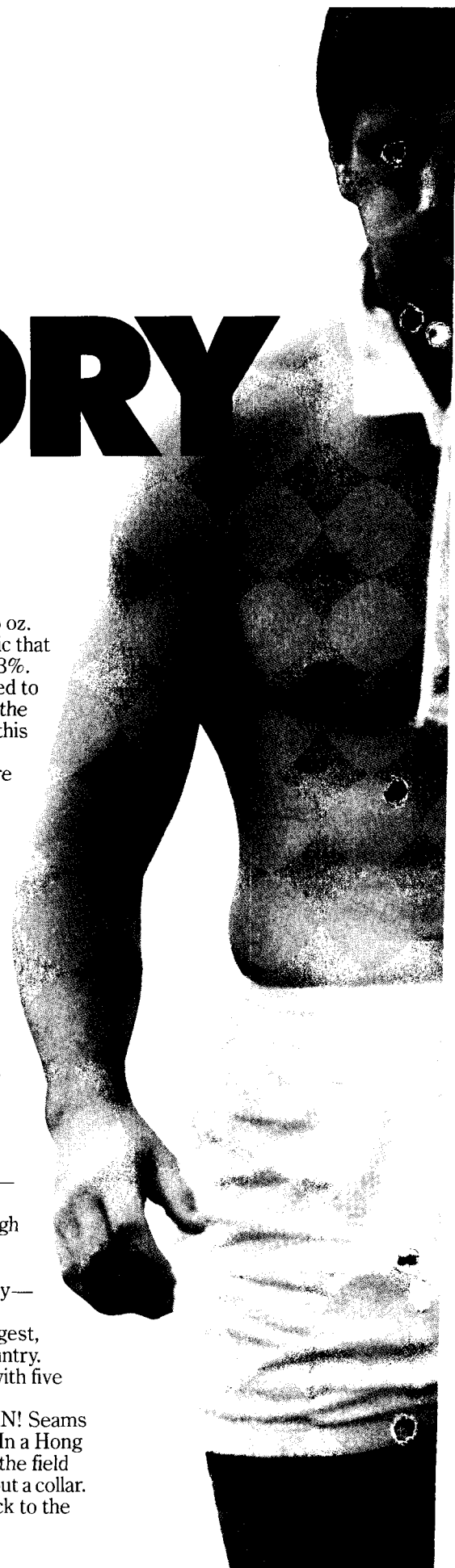
The results were disastrous. While our new fabric stood up, almost nothing else did. A particular problem was the two-piece placket, which the ruggers consistently tore asunder.

Again, we went back to the drawing board, and developed a more rugged continuous placket—all one piece, with no weak point.

Would this make our shirt tough enough for rugby? We decided to submit our latest shirts to the ultimate test—international rugby—giving them to the USA Eagles, America's national team. The biggest, toughest rugby players in the country. (Some of these guys were born with five o'clock shadow.)

OUR SHIRTS FAILED AGAIN! Seams came apart. Buttons popped off. In a Hong Kong match, one Eagle came off the field wearing nothing above the waist but a collar.

We went (no, we trudged) back to the



drawing board. But this time, we had the help of the Eagles. We switched to stronger thread. Developed deeper biting seams. Beefed up our shirt at collar, placket. And added other indomitable (we hoped) features.

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Just shows what hard work (and a little humiliation) can do.

A Postscript...

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CHRONIC ANXIETY

In his article "Chronic Anxiety and Defining a Self" (September *Atlantic*) Michael E. Kerr implies that schizophrenia is a response to family dynamics. He notes that this theory is based on work done at the National Institute of Mental Health in the 1950s. For heaven's sake, this is now 1988! Kerr should suspend his ideological thinking long enough to read some recent issues of the *Schizophrenia Bulletin*, published by the same NIMH to which he refers. He would find there many articles on the genetic components of schizophrenia, the biochemical and neurological aspects, and the increasing success of new medications.

Family therapy has a lot to offer, but it is cruelly used when it obscures the physical nature of schizophrenia and prevents people from getting adequate medical care. It's time to recognize that what looked like inappropriate overinvolvement by parents in the fifties was simply the heroic and desperate attempt of parents to help children with this devastating and mysterious illness.

LUCY FUCHS
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Does Michael Kerr really believe that "schizophrenia is present in all of us, and we all function in ways that contribute to the development of schizophrenia in others"? The theories that viewed schizophrenia as a person's adaptation to a hostile environment and blamed schizophrenia on family interactions were formulated decades ago. Since then scientific advances in brain research have shown that people with schizophrenia have a brain disease. They are not simply, as Kerr would have it, "an exaggeration of what we all are."

MARY N. ELDRIDGE
Durham, N.C.

I have several objections to Michael Kerr's article. His decision to ignore even minimal guidelines for avoiding nonsexist language (for example, his pervasive use of male pronouns and phrases like "Man has a choice") matches perfectly with several sexist components of the family systems theory he describes. At the heart of Bowen's the-

ory is the elevation of rationality and individual differentiation to the status of ideals, and his simultaneous derogation of emotionality and togetherness. What a surprise! Another theory that idealizes traditionally male attributes while disparaging and pathologizing traditionally female attributes.

The alleged "transcendence of blame" in familial conflict, heralded by Kerr, also has alarming implications. "One person *seems* a victim, the other a victimizer," but the family systems theorist points no accusing finger. This display of fairness benefits only the victimizer: wife-batterers and incest perpetrators are exonerated and become the moral and psychological equals of the battered wife and the sexually abused child. These unfortunates are not really victims, merely fellow prisoners of the faceless multi-generational triangles of family dynamics. And, of course, they have only themselves to blame for their inability to differentiate themselves out of these "victimizing" situations.

LAWRENCE COHEN
Madison, Wis.

I am grateful to *The Atlantic* and to Michael Kerr for exposing the pioneering work of Murray Bowen to a larger audience. Like many who have used Bowen's ideas, I think it would be difficult to overestimate their importance. Still, Kerr somehow succeeds. Notwithstanding a brief disclaimer about other "significant" researchers, references throughout the article to family systems theory appear to refer to a single theory—Bowen's—in a field noted for its diversity, and to ignore notable divergence between his views and those of numerous others. After emphasizing the critical role of clinical assessment, Kerr spends several of your valuable pages describing Bowen's most suspect contribution, a tautological system rating differentiation of self, which he concedes is both imprecise and "primarily of theoretical importance."

MICHAEL MELTSNER
Boston, Mass.

Kerr and Bowen claim that "schizophrenic" and normal families differ only in degree and assume that this

quantitative difference explains schizophrenia. But it is equally plausible that the anxiety and stress of coping with a person severely disabled by a disease like schizophrenia increases maladaptive feelings and behavior. This view implies a synthesis of dynamic and biological explanations for mental illness—that coping with disease causes problems in living. Though Kerr claims that Bowen's biological training was crucial to his theory, the model he presents is entirely psychological and takes only a metaphor from biology.

To discuss schizophrenia without even mentioning its biological aspects or the drugs that can control the major symptoms of the disease shows an archaic and parochial attitude. This discredits psychiatry and squanders the advantage that dynamic family therapy has for some problems. Ironically, this turns people toward exclusively biological (drug) therapies, which may be less effective in the long run. People often prefer treatments that promise to help them feel better without making them feel worse, and that do not add guilt for causing their family's problems to the anxiety and depression of having

them.
ROBERT E. DAVIDSON
Chicago, Ill.

Michael Kerr's piece on chronic anxiety and the defining of self is an anachronism, a museum piece that I was frankly shocked to find in a magazine usually cognizant of the state of the art.

Kerr describes schizophrenia as caused by family relationships, especially "the emotional intensity of the relationship" with the patient's mother. In 1958 this was a valid and reasonably widespread theory. In 1988, however, it has been completely superseded by studies showing conclusively that schizophrenia is a brain disease. There are now literally hundreds of studies showing that the brains of individuals with schizophrenia are different both structurally and functionally. Thus schizophrenia is in exactly the same category as multiple sclerosis, Parkinson's disease, and Alzheimer's disease—chronic brain diseases whose specific causes are unknown but strongly suspected of being biological insults, with perhaps a genetic predisposition. To say, as Kerr quotes Murray Bowen, that "there is a little schizophrenia in all of us" is as logical and scientific as saying

that there is a little multiple sclerosis in all of us.

E. FULLER TORREY, M.D.
National Institute of Mental Health
Washington, D.C.

Michael E. Kerr replies:

The controversy about schizophrenia arises, in my view, from a clash between an individual and a systems model. An individual model assumes that if we can discover all the things that are wrong with a patient, we will know the cause of his condition. A systems model assumes that defining what is wrong with the patient is important but that identifying the condition is not the same as explaining what creates and perpetuates it. We do not even know, for example, what causes tuberculosis, though we know that the tubercle bacillus is an essential ingredient. Many people live in harmony with this bacillus. We are still quite ignorant about many of the forces that govern the conditions we treat. Family systems theory defines relationship variables that are assumed to be important in the creation and perpetuation of all clinical dysfunctions, but assigning cause to one variable or even a group of them is antithetical to systems thinking.

The assertion that differentiation of self is a capacity or characteristic primarily of males is a distortion of the theory. To conclude that differentiation is a male thing, one has to assume that women cannot think as well as men and that men cannot feel as well as women. I believe that neither proposition is true.

That my language was perceived by some as sexist is a matter of viewpoint. The people who advocate using "human being" rather than "man" and "he/she" rather than "he" believe this practice will reduce sexism in society. A smaller segment of this group also believes that anyone who uses "man" or "he" is probably a sexist. I simply do not agree.

As for my alleged failure to acknowledge the work of the theorists, most workers in the field credit Bowen with originating family systems theory. Other, subsequent versions of family systems theory differ from Bowen's in some important basic assumptions, so I do not treat them all as the same theory.

SILLY SPORTS

I have always enjoyed Robert Grossman's "Silly Sports" feature. However, his latest, "Sumo Broad-Jumping"

(August *Atlantic*), left me hopping mad. Despite his lighthearted treatment of the popular Japanese icon the sumo wrestler, he has made some pretty heavy mistakes.

The bulk of my complaint stems from the flowery "Japanese" name he used for the sport, "*Brossomu-jumpiashi*," which he translates as "Chrysanthemum-vaulting."

For starters, Grossman failed to wrestle with the proper romanization of the name. "Br" and "mp" cannot be put into the Japanese *katakana* (loanword syllabary) as such. The correct way would be "*burossomu-janpu-iashi*."

Also, "*brossomu*" does not mean "chrysanthemum"; the Japanese word *kiku* does. And "*jumpiashi*" (*ashi* for "leg," *hai*, *wakarimashita*, but "*i-ashi*"?) left me grappling with my dictionary.

Hence, instead of coming off as a budding student of Japanese, Grossman made himself look like a blooming idiot.

DAVID ALDWINCKLE
La Jolla, Calif.

Robert Grossman replies:

Mr. Aldwinckle's criticism has pierced me to the root. I confess: Except for such words as *kimono*, *hara-kiri*, *kamikaze*, and the names of a few menu items, my ignorance of the Japanese language is total. The only reason I wrote "*brossomu*" was that it looked more Japanese to me than "frower." However, the fact that *ashi* actually means "leg" comes as delightful news.

BIG HEADACHE

Charles C. Mann and Mark L. Plummer, the authors of "The Big Headache" (October *Atlantic*), say that the Food and Drug Administration has "refused to confirm that caffeine enhances the power of aspirin, which suggests that the 'aspirin formula' is in effect just aspirin. Or that the difference in Pain Relief Level may simply reflect the fact that each Anacin has 23 percent more aspirin than a regular-strength aspirin tablet."

Here is information that they do not give the reader (either because they have not researched thoroughly or because they have an ax to grind), which comes from the discussion on headaches in the *Merck Manual* (1987, p. 1355): "the pharmacotherapy of chronic headache includes a variety of drugs . . . aspirin 300 to 600 mg. orally q 4 hr may



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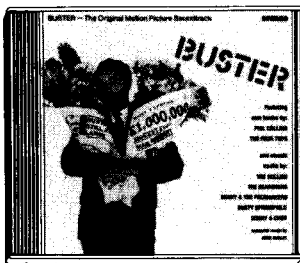
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Robert Plant: Now And Zen • Dance On My Own, Heaven Knows, Tall Cool One, Ship Of Fools, etc. Es Paranza 134392

Led Zeppelin: Houses Of The Holy D'yer Maker, Over The Hills And Far Away, etc. Atlantic 134321

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Bobby McFerrin: Simple Pleasures Don't Worry Be Happy, All I Want, Drive My Car, title song, Good Lovin', more. EMI-Manhattan 164165

Cream: Disraeli Gears • Sunshine Of Your Love, more. Polydor 104898

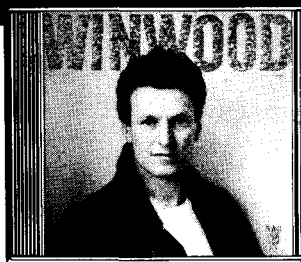
Simon & Garfunkel: The Concert In Central Park • Mrs. Robinson, Bridge Over Troubled Water, etc. Warner Bros. 244006

Alabama: Live RCA 160027

Previn: Gershwin • Rhapsody In Blue, Concerto in F, more. Philips DIGITAL 115437

Eagles Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 Asylum 123481

Keith Richards: Talk Is Cheap • Big Enough, How I Wish, Take It So Hard, Struggle, I Could Have Stood You Up, more. Virgin 100518



Steve Winwood: Roll With It 154633

Liz Story: Speechless • Forgiveness, Speechless, Welcome Home, Back Porch, Vigil, Frog Park, more. RCA/Novus 100494

Decade/Best Of Steely Dan MCA 154135

Beethoven, Symphony No. 7: Coriolan & Prometheus Overtures • Royal Philharmonic/Previn. RCA DIGITAL 153621

Jethro Tull: Aqualung Chrysalis 124705

Whitney Houston: Whitney • I Wanna Dance With Somebody (Who Loves Me), Didn't We Almost Have It All, more. Arista 152854

Metallica: ...And Justice For All • One, Blackened, title song, To Live Is To Die, Shortest Straw, more. Elektra 200478

Talking Heads: Naked • (Nothing But) Flowers, Mr. Jones, Totally Nude, Blind, The Democratic Circus, The Facts Of Life, etc. Fly/Sire DIGITAL 153810

David Sanborn: Close-Up • Lush jazz sax effort! Slam, You Are Everything, J.T., Goodbye, Same Girl, etc. Warner Bros. 134408

Dwight Yoakam: Buenas Noches From A Lonely Room • Title Song, Streets Of Bakersfield (with Buck Owens), more. Reprise 100009

The Best Of The Band Capitol 134485

Classic Old & Gold, Vol. 1 • 20 hits! A Little Bit Of Soul, He's So Fine, A Teenager In Love, Sweet Talkin' Guy, etc. Laurie 134627

INXS: Kick • Need You Tonight, Devil Inside, New Sensation, title song, Never Tear Us Apart, The Loved One, Wild Life, etc. Atlantic DIGITAL 153606

The Glenn Miller Orchestra: In The Digital Mood • In The Mood, Chattanooga Choo Choo, more. GRP DIGITAL 143293

Tangerine Dream: Phaedra 100510

Steve Winwood: Chronicles • Higher Love, Valerie, While You See A Chance, My Love's Leavin', Talking Back To The Night, more. Island 134501

Pictures At An Exhibition, Night On The Bare Mountain, more • Montreal Symphony/Dutoit. London DIGITAL 125314

Whitesnake • Here I Go Again, Still Of The Night, Give Me All Your Love, Crying In The Rain, Bad Boys, more. Geffen 163629

ZZ Top: Afterburner Warner Bros. 164042

Carly Simon: Greatest Hits Live Anticipation, You're So Vain, Coming Around Again, Nobody Does It Better, etc. Arista 154537

Huey Lewis: Small World • Perfect World, Walking With The Kid, World To Me, Better Be True, Old Antone's, etc. Chrysalis 134347



Horowitz Plays Mozart 115436

Najee: Day By Day • Personality, title song, That's The Way Of The World, Tonight I'm Yours, Gina, Najee's Nasty Groove, etc. EMI-Manhattan 100001

Genesis: Invisible Touch • Land Of Confusion, title song, etc. Atlantic 153740

More Dirty Dancing • Do You Love Me, Love Man, Big Girls Don't Cry, Wipeout, Some Kind Of Wonderful, Cry To Me, more. RCA 130766

The Who's Greatest Hits MCA 164160

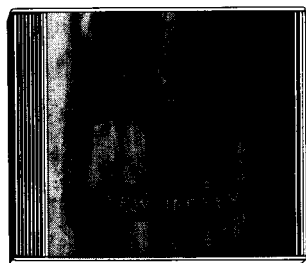
Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; Romeo & Juliet; Nutcracker Suite • Chicago Symphony/Solti. London DIGITAL 125179

James Galway: Greatest Hits RCA 173233

The Moody Blues: Sur La Mer • I Know You're Out There Somewhere, No More Lies, Here Comes The Weekend, Vintage Wine, etc. Polydor 124546

The Beach Boys: Endless Summer California Girls, Help Me Rhonda, Surfer Girl, more. Capitol 223559

Cinderella: Long Cold Winter • Gypsy Road, Don't Know What You Got (Till It's Gone), The Last Mile, etc. Mercury 114780



Bon Jovi: New Jersey 100516

Strauss, Also sprach Zarathustra Chicago Symphony Orchestra/Reiner. RCA 163627

Charlie Parker & Dizzy Gillespie: Bird & Diz • Leap Frog, My Melancholy Baby, Mohawk, etc. Verve 173413

Robert Palmer: Heavy Nova • Simply Irresistible, Disturbing Behavior, She Makes My Day, More Than Ever, Change His Ways, etc. EMI-Manhattan 100035

The Very Best Of The Everly Brothers Bye Bye Love, Crying In The Rain, Bird Dog, others. Warner Bros. 103826

Kenny G: Silhouette • We've Saved The Best For Last, title song, Tradewinds, Pastel, Against Doctor's Orders, Let Go, more. Arista 100603

D.J. Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince: He's The D.J., I'm The Rapper • Parents Just Don't Understand, Nightmare On My Street, etc. Jive 264134

Raffi: Singable Songs For The Very Young Shoreline 144494

Elton John: Reg Strikes Back • A Word In Spanish, I Don't Wanna Go On With You Like That, Goodbye Marlon Brando, Town Of Plenty, etc. MCA DIGITAL 100602

Elton John: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 MCA 163322

Vivaldi, The Four Seasons • English Concert/Pinnock. Archiv DIGITAL 115356

Joe Cocker: Classics Contains 13 Hits! A&M 104887

Bruce Hornsby And The Range: Scenes From The Southside • The Valley Road and Jacob's Ladder, plus others. RCA 180187

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: Greatest Hits (So Far) • Suite: Judy Blue Eyes, etc. Atlantic 130230

New Age Bach: The Goldberg Variations Joel Spiegelman plays the Kurzweil 250 Digital Keyboard. East-West 100488

John Cougar Mellencamp: The Lonesome Jubilee • Paper In Fire, Check It Out, Cherry Bomb, Rooty Toot Toot, etc. Mercury 134420

Elvis: 18 Number One Hits RCA 172190

Robert Cray: Don't Be Afraid Of The Dark Title song, Don't You Even Care, more. Mercury/Hightone 100471

Jimi Hendrix: Kiss The Sky • Purple Haze, All Along The Watchtower, Voodoo Child, Are You Experienced, etc. Reprise 161349

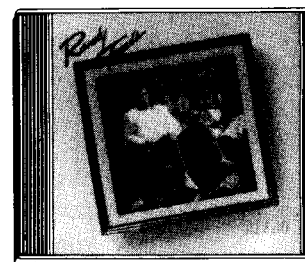
Parton/Ronstadt/Harris: Trio • To Know Him Is To Love Him, etc. Warner Bros. 114804

Chicago 19 • I Don't Wanna Live Without Your Love, Heart In Pieces, etc. Reprise 154404

Peter Cetera: One More Story • One Good Woman, more. Warner Bros. 100463

Buckwheat Zydeco: Taking It Home Why Does Love Got To Be So Sad? (with Eric Clapton), Creole Country, more. Island 100597

The Sound Of Music/Orig. Soundtrack RCA 100046



Randy Travis: Old 8x10 100008

The Police: Every Breath You Take—The Singles • Don't Stand So Close To Me ('86), Roxanne, etc. A&M 173924

Sting: Nothing Like The Sun • We'll Be Together, They Dance Alone, Be Still My Beating Heart, more. A&M 273965

Mozart, Overtures • Academy of St. Martin/Marriner. Marriage Of Figaro, 8 more. Angel DIGITAL 134267

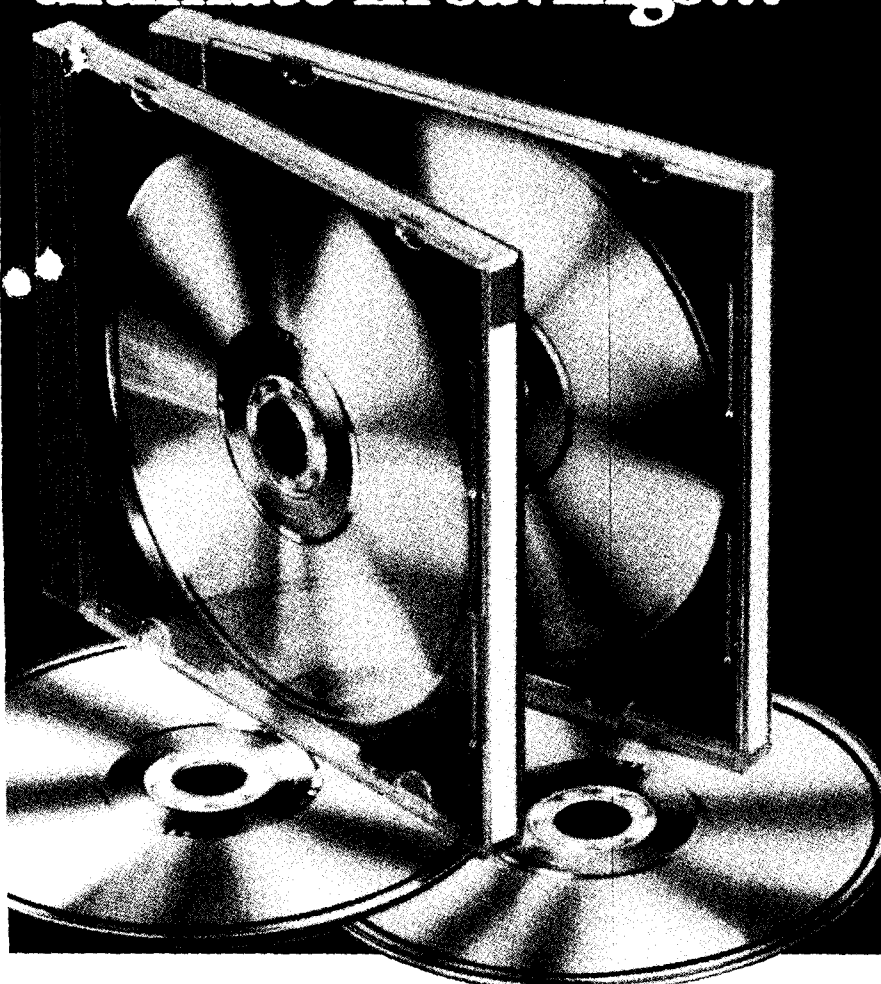
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Steve Miller: Born 2 B Blue • Ya Ya, Born To Be Blue, Just A Little Bit, Gold Bless The Child, Filthy McNasty, etc. Capitol 100591

Anthrax: State Of Euphoria • Be All, End All, Make Me Laugh, Out Of Sight, Out Of Mind, Schism, more. Island/Megaforce 100589

Johnny Cash: Classic Cash • Folsom Prison Blues, Ring Of Fire, I Walk The Line, Get Rhythm, Cry, Cry, Cry, more. Mercury 100595

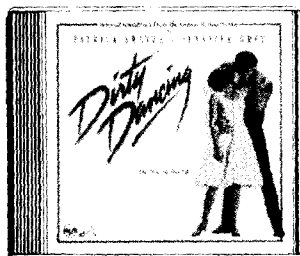
Procol Harum: Classics • 12 great hits! A&M 134445

Special EFX: Double Feature • The Lady And The Sea, Passages, Golden Days, Mirrors, more. GRP DIGITAL 100016

Jazz CD Sampler • Over 67 minutes of jazz, with 15 classic performances by Ella, Armstrong, Basie, Getz, etc. PolyGram 173406

The Judds: Greatest Hits RCA 144578

Allman Brothers Band: Eat A Peach Melissa, Blue Sky, Ain't Wastin' Time No more, etc. Polydor 163353



Dirty Dancing/Soundtrack 182522

Scott Joplin: Piano Rags • Joshua Rifkin plays The Entertainer, Maple Leaf Rag, Gladiolus Rag, 14 more. Nonesuch 164055

Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (The Best Of) Layla, I Shot The Sheriff, After Midnight, Cocaine, etc. Polydor 123385

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It may just be the factor that decides whether this year's sales goals are to be or not to be.



BUSINESS COMMITTEE
FOR THE ARTS, INC.

Prepared as a public service by Ogilvy & Mather

be given alone, with acetaminophen 325 mg and *caffeine*, or with phenobarbital" (emphasis added). It would seem quite possible, after all, that caffeine does enhance the power of aspirin and that American Home may have something more than a 23 percent stronger aspirin.

Another point: the label on a bottle of Anacin shows that for active ingredients each tablet contains aspirin 400 mg, caffeine 33 mg. With those figures on every bottle, how can the writers attribute mystery and skulduggery to the makers? The formula is clearly printed for all to see.

DUANE FLAHERTY
Overland Park, Kansas

It seems to me that an article in the *Enlightened Eighties* about advertising and the aspirin wars should mention the appalling illiteracy of the American consumer.

Only six percent of us read at least one book a year, while even fewer people read anything that requires logical thought. Sixty million of us are functionally illiterate, another sixty million read at about a fifth-grade level. These are your American consumers.

Using the term "creative advertising" in the subhead of that article implies that some talent is involved in selling a dubious remedy to an uninformed public. No talent is involved here, just greed.

DAVID B. ZOELLNER
Evanston, Ill.

I have just finished reading "The Big Headache." What is truly amazing is the advertisers' complete reliance, throughout history, on the utter stupidity of the American public. Most of the litigation would be superfluous if people would bother to read labels.

DARYL R. ALTMAN, M.D.
Lynbrook, N.Y.

I think everyone with a medicine cabinet should read "The Big Headache." It might be a good idea to supplement the article with the studies on the effects of taking aspirin to reduce heart attacks, in *The New England Journal of Medicine* (last January) and the *British Medical Journal*.

The six-year study covered in the *NEJM*, conducted in the United States, gave the subjects 325 mg of aspirin every other day, the lowest dose considered to be both safe and effective by the researchers. The data showed a reduc-

tion in heart attacks but a slight increase in strokes.

The British subjects, during a six-year study, took 500 mg of aspirin every day, and reported no reduction in heart attacks but a slight increase in strokes.

The fact that my doctor suggested taking one aspirin a day as a deterrent to heart attack prompts me to ask Mann and Plummer, since most headache tablets contain 325 mg of aspirin, and Anacin contains 400 mg, can taking an Anacin daily be more hazardous to my health than taking a Bayer tablet daily?"

KATHLEEN WIDOSH
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Would you believe that someone could read Mann and Plummer's masterly exposé of American Home Products Corporation and then claim that AHPC got off easily? Well, here I go.

Anacin was not always simply aspirin plus caffeine, as the authors describe it. Until roughly ten years ago it consisted of APC: aspirin, *phenacetin*, and caffeine. Then, after a number of reports in medical journals drew a connection between serious, often fatal, kidney disease and prolonged ingestion of phenacetin, this ingredient was quietly dropped from a number of products, including Anacin. Subsequent TV commercials acknowledged the change in a way that was clear only to those already in the know.

MARSHALL E. DEUTSCH
Sudbury, Mass.

Charles C. Mann and Mark L. Plummer reply:

Space considerations prevented us from discussing at length the various studies on aspirin, although we did mention that the English study "found that aspirin had no such [preventive] effect on heart attacks." For heart attacks and strokes, the relation of dose to response—Ms. Widosh's question—is as yet unknown. However, many researchers believe that doses much smaller than one 325-mg aspirin tablet can help avoid heart attacks and, perhaps, foster strokes, suggesting that a tablet of either ordinary aspirin or Anacin is more than enough to do both.

Space considerations also prevented us from exploring Anacin's changing makeup. Originally the drug had four ingredients: the three Mr. Deutsch cites and quinine sulphate. Quinine was dropped relatively quickly; phenacetin

stayed around for years, despite growing evidence of its harmful effects, and finally disappeared in 1963, when the present Anacin formula was created. When phenacetin was removed, the dose of caffeine was boosted, because, as Arthur Grollman, of American Home, told an FDA advisory panel in 1977, "many of the headaches that people have are due to the American addiction to coffee." The dose of aspirin was also raised, because, as Garrett Swenson, of American Home, told the same panel, "the methodology just is not available to us to show it, but we do know that there is a portion of the population who gets more relief [from the higher dose]."

To Mr. Flaherty: The citation in the *Merck Manual* does not mean that caffeine has been shown to enhance the analgesic power of aspirin or acetaminophen at over-the-counter doses. The list of ingredients simply means that any of the common analgesics, including those with caffeine, may be given. "The value of drug therapy," the manual says, "in most chronic headache depends less on the particular medication than on concomitant psychotherapy and the quality of the associated doctor-patient relationship."

Like Messrs. Zoellner and Altman, we are dismayed at the thought of widespread stupidity and illiteracy. But in this case the inability of people to comprehend what is on the label may stem from a misconception about aspirin—namely, that it is a substance like wine, which varies widely from maker to maker. What variation does exist in analgesics comes from mixing and matching different ingredients (and throwing in caffeine and various buffers); the potency of the individual ingredients is virtually identical for all analgesic makers.

The question of advertising versus labeling is difficult. Many people may view advertising as a substitute for reading labels or otherwise learning more about the products they buy. Advertising may then create false impressions that persist despite truthful information provided elsewhere, as in the case (we would argue) of aspirin. The Food and Drug Administration adheres to this point of view; the Reagan-era Federal Trade Commission believes that consumers are smart enough to see through the sham of such advertising. The tug-of-war between them accounts for some of the confusion we chronicled in our article.

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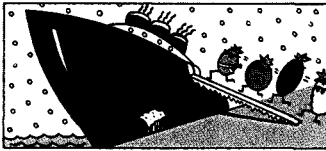
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THE JANUARY ALMANAC

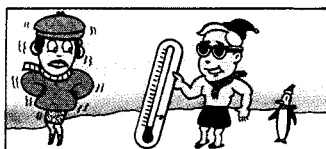


FOOD

This month the production of most exotic fruits tends to shut down in California and move for the winter to New Zealand. The consumption of such fruits as the kiwano, the feijoa, and the tamarillo has increased enormously in the United States. The U.S. production of another popular exotic fruit, the kiwi, increased by 19 percent in 1987. The reasons for the success of exotic fruits: aggressive marketing by businessmen in California and New Zealand, who have maintained cordial relations despite the America's Cup controversy; the interest that many young urban professionals take in expensive gourmet foods, which help disguise the fact that economically, their parents had it better; and the need of overpriced restaurants for strange juxtapositions of colors and tastes in skimpy portions on large white plates.

HEALTH & SAFETY

January is historically the coldest month of the year in the United States. Women, however, will feel a lot colder than men will, despite their larger proportion of body fat. This is partly because men have naturally higher metabolic rates than women; on average they require less clothing than women do to stay warm at a given temperature. Many women are also deficient in iron, which may be necessary for the body's proper regulation of temperature. Whether this male-female differential underlies any minor domestic disputes must remain a matter of debate.



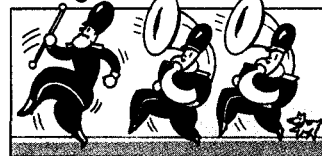
GOVERNMENT

January 1, the U.S.-Canada Free Trade Agreement goes into effect, gradually eliminating tariff barriers between the two countries. Also going into effect today is a ban on smoking in most workplaces of the executive branch of the government of the State of Washington. Only 10 states remain with few or no statewide restrictions on public smoking. Illinois, for example, prohibits smoking only in mines. South Carolina prohibits it only on school buses. On this day, too, a law goes into effect in New York whose goal is to reduce drunkenness at sporting events. Over a four-year period all major arenas must set aside 6 percent of their seats for alcohol-free zones; the sale of alcohol by roving vendors, but not the consumption of alcohol, will be prohibited in another 15 percent of the seats. January 2, TV cameras will be allowed to broadcast the proceedings of Vermont's trial courts for the first time. 3, Senate and House in session.



ENVIRONMENT

January 1, the Montreal Protocol, a treaty designed to protect the ozone layer in the stratosphere, is expected to take effect. The treaty calls for a 50 percent reduction over the next 10 years in the use of chlorofluorocarbons, which have a variety of industrial uses and which have been shown conclusively to damage the ozone layer. The protocol is remarkable because no country was greatly opposed to it. One reason may be the existence of substitutes for CFCs in many of their uses. Another is a recognition, spurred by the discovery of an ozone hole over Antarctica, that something simply has to be done about ozone depletion. A second ozone hole was recently discovered above the Arctic.



ARTS & LETTERS

January 22, more people will see an original work of choreography today than on all other days of the year combined. Approximately 70 million Americans, and 865 million people worldwide, will watch the Super Bowl's half-time show, "Be-Bop Bamboozled," which will have a cast of 1,500. What manner of person is behind such spectacles? The nation's high school and college marching-band directors, of whom there are several thousand, are usually university- or conservatory-trained. A National High School Band Directors Hall of Fame was established in 1985. While the Super Bowl show has producers with show-business backgrounds, the person responsible for organizing the marching and movement, the drill-team director Kay Teer Crawford, is firmly within the mainstream of the marching-band tradition. During her 47 years in the "pep arts" profession she has directed some 800 half-time shows. She is the editor of *Let's Cheer* magazine and the creator of the "Kay Crawford Pep Arts Training Series," a series of video tapes.

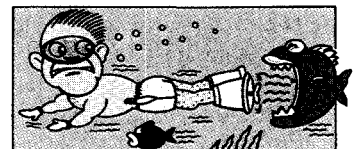
THE SKIES

January 1, the Earth reaches its perihelion, the point in its orbit when it is closest to the sun, at 6:00 P.M. EST. 3-4, peak night of the Quadrantid meteor showers. 7, New Moon. 21, Full Moon, also known this month as the Wolf Moon (from the Anglo-Saxon *Wulfmonath*, January being the month when hungry wolves stalked villages in search of food).



DEMOGRAPHICS

The new year is upon us, and the U.S. Census Bureau is willing to go on record with the following predictions for 1989. The U.S. population will grow by a scant 0.89 percent—the slowest rate in 50 years. The populations of seven states—Iowa, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia—and the District of Columbia will continue to decline, but Oklahoma and the District will soon begin to rebound. Also in 1989 the population of Asia will surpass the 3 billion mark.



EXPIRING PATENT

No. 3,635,188. Underwater propulsion device. "An underwater propulsion device having a separate housing carrying a propulsion motor and a propeller adapted to be attached to a swimmer's foot as by a shoe."

50 YEARS AGO

E. M. Forster, writing in the January, 1939, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "A chicken wants to be alone only when it is feeling poorly. . . . But a man who goes about alone is probably not ill, but trying to enter his Ivory Tower. He needs the Ivory Tower just as much as he needs the human chicken-run, the city. Both are part of his heritage—solitude and multitude. He is the gregarious animal who wants to be alone every when he feels well, and his glassy eye and sad little noises are often symptoms of something important. He may be getting a clearer view of the world, or thinking out a social problem, or developing his spirit, or creating a poem. He may be bored with the life around him, which is regrettable, and, worse still, he may be afraid of it. But, whatever his motive, he has an incurable desire to be alone."

Today's most wanted list

067
Pub. price \$19.95

808
Pub. price \$29.95

829
Pub. price \$22.95

858
Pub. price \$19.95

254
Pub. price \$18.95

807
Pub. price \$15.95

609
Pub. price \$19.95

830
Pub. price \$21.95

799
Pub. price \$19.95

487
Pub. price \$18.95

758
Pub. price \$15.95

704
Pub. price \$22.95

828
Pub. price \$18.95

623
Pub. price \$18.95

039
Pub. price \$17.95

657
Pub. price \$29.95

624
Pub. price \$16.95

632
Pub. price \$22.50

666
Pub. price \$19.95

337
Pub. price \$19.95

768
Pub. price \$16.95

154
Pub. price \$22.50

466
Pub. price \$29.95

189
Pub. price \$19.95

860
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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

A GRATEFUL NATION

OUR NEW PRESIDENT, George Bush, will deliver his inaugural address in a few weeks, and we all know what is going to happen. The President will recite the major problems the country faces, propose his remedies, and then go on to mention certain other improvements he'd like to see. Everything he suggests will cost money that we don't have, and by January of next year virtually nothing that he wants to do will have been done.

That is why I would urge the President not to overlook the smaller problems we all face—the ones he might actually solve. Let's be frank. Whether or not the federal deficit or the number of nuclear weapons is really being reduced has little effect on one's mood at any given moment. But an incident as insignificant as having the Sunday newspaper delivered a couple of hours late can ruin the whole morning and may, indeed, herald an entire day of mood-altering misfortune. If the new President is wise, he will pay attention to the quotidian tyrannies that take so high a toll.

I would applaud, for example, a bill that might be called the Paper-Encased-Wire-Twist Closure Act of 1989. So many consumer goods come wrapped in plastic sealed by a wire, which is twisted in no consistent direction. Does anyone in America successfully untwist these wires on the first try? No, we all twist the wire, believing that we are untwisting, until we realize that we aren't. All wires should be twisted in a single direction—probably to the right, to conform

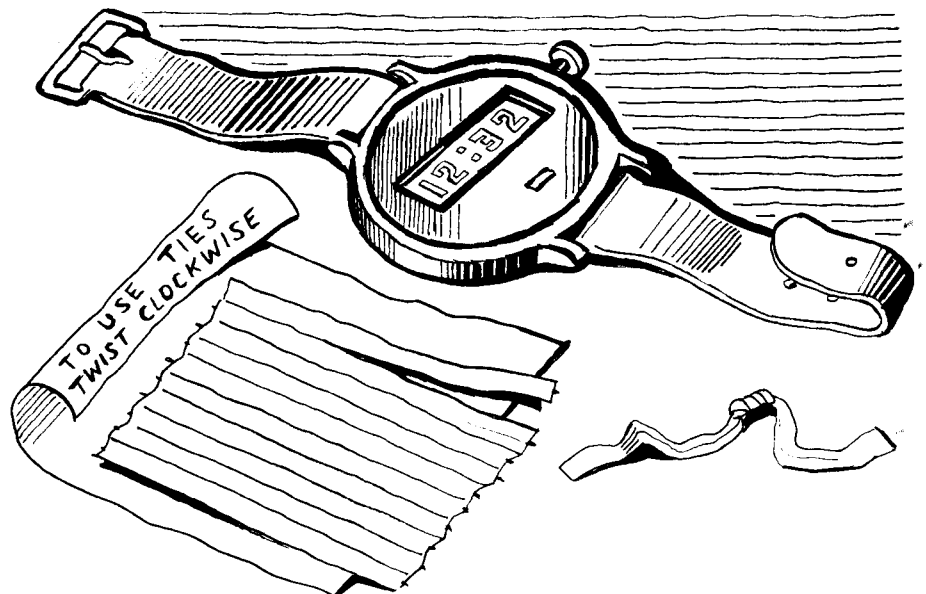
with our experience of light bulbs and screws.

The President should propose an Omnibus Coins Before Bills bill. Cashiers these days almost never give you your change properly. Let's say you give the cashier a five-dollar bill for something that costs \$1.45. You put out your hand. The cashier lays out three dollar bills on your palm and puts fifty-five cents on top of them. The coins slide down the bills and onto the floor. The reason cashiers give change this way probably has to do with the new kind of cash register that calculates the correct amount of change. Instead of having to work backward, in the old way, picking out coins until an even dollar is reached and then picking out the bills, the cashier now sees \$3.55 and picks out the bills first. These cash registers should be made illegal.

America would welcome a standardized line-alleviation system. Waiting in line is never fun, but some smart person several years ago invented a new kind of

waiting in line that makes a great deal of sense. Instead of waiting in a half dozen different lines that lead up to, say, a half dozen bank tellers, everyone waits in a single snake of a line and steps forward as tellers become available. No more standing behind the guy from the liquor store or the 7-Eleven as the teller counts his day's receipts, while all the other lines turn over five or six times and you weigh the benefits of staying where you are versus moving to another line. The new system should be universal, and Washington can take the lead by making its use a prerequisite for the receipt of federal funds.

I'd like to see a Seasonal Synchrony Act signed into law. Why can't you go into a store in August and be treated to a full line of summer shirts and bathing suits? Why can't you go into a store in February and see a full line of sweaters and coats? There is no one in America who has not been denied some desired or even essential article because merchants have decided that the seasons



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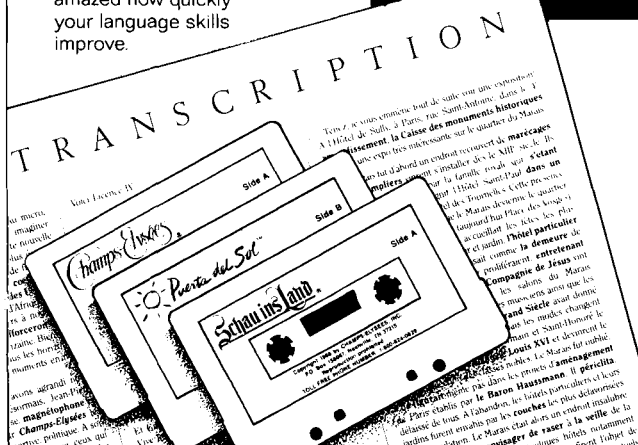
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end two months earlier than they actually do. This sort of thing has to stop. Spot checks by U.S. marshals and stiff fines for violators ought to do the trick.

Those marshals should be deployed on escalators, too. Escalators have been around for almost ninety years, and yet the etiquette of escalator travel remains widely unknown. Here is the rule: If you intend to stand motionless, you stand on the right of the stairs; the left side of the stairs is the passing lane. Those who stand still on the left, blocking people behind them, should be sub-

ject to something equivalent to a parking ticket. A fine of \$50 for a first offense would likely be sufficient.

Some of the other minor, picky reforms I would advocate, such as withdrawing agricultural subsidies for fruits that look better than they taste, abolishing the "Love" stamp, and making time zones horizontal, could perhaps be left for a second term. But the modest ones outlined above would suffice to earn for the new Chief Executive a coveted place in the history books.

—Cullen Murphy



EL SALVADOR DEATH'S DEMOCRACY

Civil war, corruption, political murder by left and right—such is the portrait of El Salvador on the eve of a critical election

THOUGH more than 60,000 people have been killed in the past nine years of war in El Salvador, one can still find a few optimists in this unhappy country. Over a cup of strong Salvadoran coffee one recent morning, Héctor Silva explained why he belongs to their numbers. The coalition of social democrats he works for has been receiving more support than expected. He is even willing to bet—against the odds—that the coalition, which was still mostly in exile until just over a year ago, will finish at least third, and maybe even second, in the presidential elections in March.

"It feels like 1980 again," said Silva, who was educated as a physician in the United States. "Back then many of my friends were deciding whether to sacrifice their careers. The choice was whether to go to the mountains and take up arms. Now it is whether to go on the campaign trail." That is a change for the better; dissidents have options other than revolution and death.

That Héctor Silva can sit in a downtown hotel and talk of the likelihood of a strong electoral showing is but one commonplace example of how much things have changed—a reality so pervasive that one sometimes forgets to notice it. Under four years of American-backed rule by President José Napoleón Duarte, a once-probable guerrilla victory has been averted and the death squads have retreated. Major national elections have been held. Some right-wingers have cooled their rhetoric. Anti-government demonstrations have been tolerated. And political space in El Salvador has been expanded to encompass even some of those sectors that remain

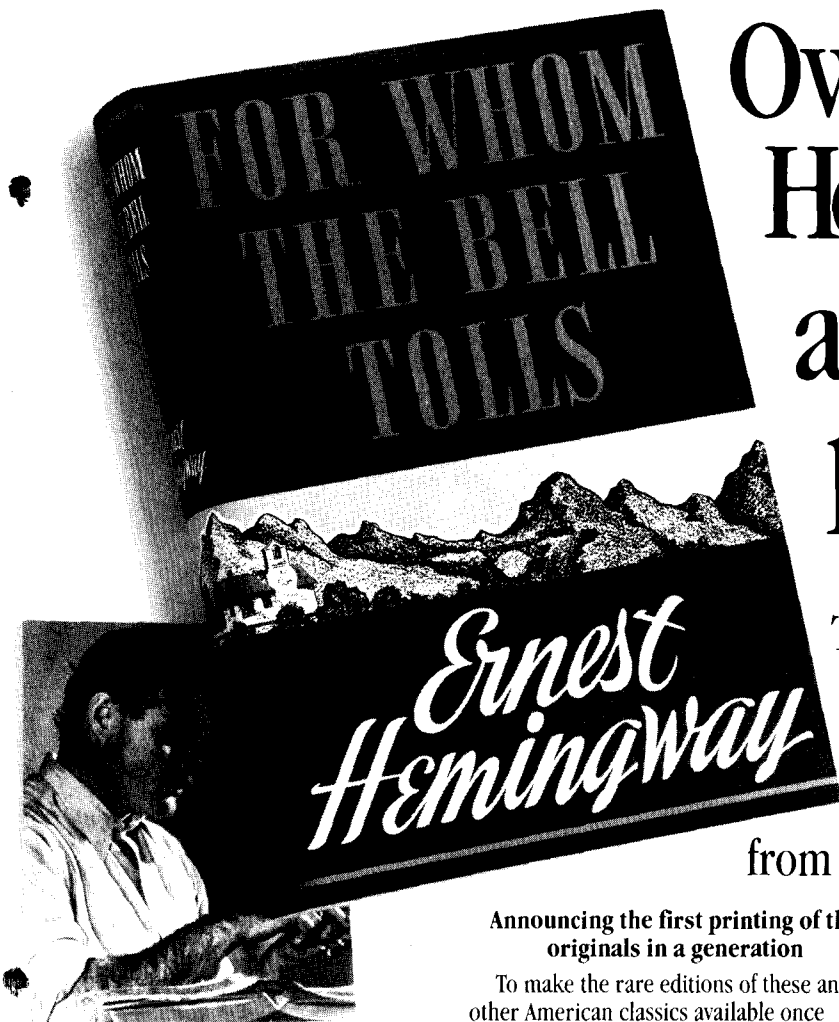
formally allied to the guerrillas.

Yet the boundaries of political space are still marked by murder. Indeed, the number of killings of civilians by both the army and the guerrillas went up sharply in the past year, according to the human-rights office of the Catholic Church in San Salvador. Right-wing death squads, the office says, which killed twenty-four people in all of 1987, claimed thirty-nine victims in the first half of 1988. Tension and war-weariness are accumulating; people are becoming susceptible to promises of a quick fix for the conflict. The country's most divisive issues, from control over land to the very legitimacy of the state, remain unsolved, as the war itself, practically a Salvadoran institution by now, shows.

The United States has spent \$3 billion in El Salvador since 1980, making this tiny fragment of Latin America, overcrowded with five million mostly rural people, the scene of America's biggest effort to defeat a Third World communist insurgency since Vietnam. El Salvador is also the scene of a major U.S. effort to apply a lesson of Vietnam: it takes development and democracy, not just military force, to root out revolution. Once bitterly debated, Reagan Administration policy toward El Salvador has more recently been hailed as a model of pragmatism and bipartisanship—when El Salvador has been talked about at all. But the very fragility of hope is perhaps the best measure of the ambiguity of American accomplishments here. If President Bush has to manage a crisis in Central America, it is more likely to be in El Salvador than in Nicaragua.

IN PART, EL SALVADOR'S current trauma is a tale of two elections. On March 20, 1988, Salvadorans chose a sixty-member national assembly and 262 local governments. In a paradox typical of Salvadoran democracy, this free and fair vote—held in spite of the usual threats from the guerrillas—destabilized the system. The winner, by a landslide, was the right-wing Nationalist Republican Alliance (ARENA). The rejected Christian Democrats were left divided into two hostile factions. Soon thereafter President Duarte was found to be suffering from terminal stomach and liver cancer.

This sequence of events scrambled the alliance that has governed El Salvador since 1984: Duarte's Christian Democrats, who have the support of the



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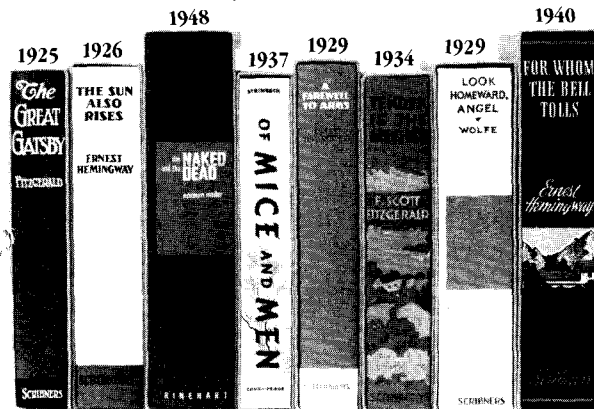
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United States, and pragmatic elements of the army, led by Defense Minister Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova. Duarte's centrist credentials and Vides Casanova's zealous response to a standing U.S. threat to cut off military aid if armed-forces killers got out of hand have persuaded the U.S. Congress to provide a steady flow of economic and military aid (now totaling more than \$1 million a day).

But despite the progress in reducing human-rights violations and establishing democratic procedures, the returns last March showed how badly the U.S.-sponsored alliance has failed to solve the social and economic problems underlying the conflict. Per capita income has fallen by about a third since the start of the war. Infant mortality stands at 88 per 1,000 babies, the highest rate in Central America. Only 10 percent of the country's peasants have access to potable water. At least 40 percent of the population lacks decent employment. Land reform gave land to cooperatives in which, according to some observers, some 26 percent of the rural poor participate, but many if not most of these new cooperatives are now bankrupt. Another, more sweeping part of land reform was gutted by the right. The economy has been victimized by billions of dollars' worth of capital flight and guerrilla sabotage. The country is still reeling from the October, 1986, earthquake and two droughts. But on Election Day what was perhaps foremost in the voters' minds was that under Duarte the price of a pound of beans had more than tripled.

The electorate might have forgiven that, too, if it hadn't been for the Christian Democrats' slide into corruption. Watching Duarte in the past several months, gamely staging press conferences and inaugurating public works despite the agony and emaciation of chemotherapy, one could glimpse an ember of the populist fire that once made him the best-loved politician in El Salvador. He is a gutsy man, but still a deeply flawed one. "Duarte is a truly tragic figure," a European diplomat who recently left the region after three years told me. "He set out to create a lasting democratic system in El Salvador, but circumstances proved too much for him. He was never able to establish his independence of the army. Many of the best people in his party were killed by right-wing death squads, fled the country, or were forced into opposition. Their places were taken by time-servers.

Many of his allies now are forces he once opposed."

Duarte did nothing upon receiving reports that cronies were stealing American aid money. Shortly before the election last March a *New York Times* story reported allegations that a prominent candidate of the Christian Democratic Party—a friend of the President's son, Alejandro—had misused or pocketed as much as \$2 million earmarked for a rural-development project. The official, who denied the charges, remained a party candidate and won a seat in the National Assembly—where he enjoys immunity from prosecution, under Salvadoran law. In Washington, Duarte continued to be regarded uncritically. In San Salvador one-colón coins, oversized, unwieldy, and rapidly losing value, became known as Duartes—"because," it was said, "no one wants them."

The second election of the year is the race for President this March. ARENA, flush with the triumph of the last vote and leading in the polls for the next one, is acting almost as if it had already won.

At a Teachers' Day fiesta in the village of San Miguel last summer the new ARENA mayor's guest of honor was Alfredo "Freddy" Cristiani. The scion of a wealthy coffee-growing family, Cristiani had recently been named ARENA's presidential nominee. ARENA has moved swiftly to integrate the local government apparatus that it now controls into its election campaign, and in San Miguel, Cristiani was hailed by the mayor and the large, mainly lower-middle-class audience as if he were already the most important man in the country. It fell to him to pin a medal on San Miguel's Teacher of the Year. Later, as the guests enjoyed ARENA-supplied food and drink, Cristiani spoke with reporters in the soft voice and flawless English that have enhanced his image as the leader of a new, moderate right. "There's been a metamorphosis in ARENA," he said. "It's no longer a one-man show."

The "one man," Roberto D'Aubuisson, remains nonetheless. Cristiani may be ARENA's candidate, but D'Aubuisson is the party's caudillo. With movie-star looks, a croaking voice, and a vocabulary laced with profanity, the former army intelligence officer is a living symbol of Salvadoran violence. And as the election has drawn nearer, the man who molded ARENA out of a few coup-plotters and oligarchs back in 1981 has returned to the center of attention and controversy. The latest tempest began with a *Wash-*

ington Post report that D'Aubuisson was rebuilding a paramilitary security apparatus at the National Assembly, along the lines of death squads he is alleged to have run in the early 1980s. In a dramatic TV interview D'Aubuisson denied the charges. But the line of questioning kept dragging him into nervous self-defense about a long list of other alleged crimes, going back to the murder of the archbishop of San Salvador, in 1980. "Okay, I think that's off the subject," D'Aubuisson finally snapped. "I think that's enough."

But the questions do not go away. An American official in San Salvador recently told reporters that the political section at the U.S. embassy gets a cable from Washington about once a week asking whether Cristiani or D'Aubuisson really controls the party. Secretary of State George Shultz was curious enough to invite Cristiani and other ARENA moderates to Washington last September. The point of the visit could not have been lost on anyone: it will be difficult, if not impossible, for the United States to forge a new counterinsurgency alliance if the government is run by the same extreme right-wing elements that U.S. policy was supposed to isolate once and for all. It will be easier if ARENA is under the control of a right-wing democrat like Cristiani, who has lately appeared to distance himself from the D'Aubuisson wing.

The focus on the question of who really runs ARENA—Cristiani or D'Aubuisson—has tended to obscure two things: the fact that Cristiani depends on D'Aubuisson to bring in votes, and the question of what even a moderate ARENA would do in power. The party opposes many reforms of the Duarte years, such as the nationalization of banks and export firms, and it wants to "privatize" land reform. And what would ARENA do about the war? D'Aubuisson and other hard-liners, who would still hold some sway, blame the Pentagon's doctrines, and Vides Casanova's willingness to abide by them, for dragging out the conflict. They have spoken ominously of "total war" as an alternative policy, a view that is said to enjoy considerable sympathy among army field commanders. The potential problems, for El Salvador and for the United States, don't end there. The hard-liners may be most dangerous in defeat. One ARENA leader, the former colonel Sigifredo Ochoa, recently announced that ARENA might launch a "guerrilla war" if it is cheated of its rightful victory.

THERE IS, HOWEVER, another new element in the electoral equation: the Democratic Convergence, the coalition that Héctor Silva works for. The Convergence is a direct descendant—a remnant, really—of the sector of leftist politicians, unionists, professionals, and intellectuals that was destroyed by the reign of terror in the early eighties. Its main component is the Revolutionary Democratic Front (FDR), itself a coalition, led by Rubén Zamora and Guillermo Ungo, who is the candidate of the Convergence in the March elections. Since 1980 Zamora and Ungo have derived most of their political muscle from their alliance with the guerrillas, the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN).

To most observers of Salvadoran politics, talk of a second-place finish for the Convergence is unrealistic. Many Salvadorans still fear what might happen to them if they associate with the left. And many others resent anyone linked with the guerrillas. The real importance of the democratic left's participation in the elections lies not so much in the number of votes its candidates get but in the fact that they are running at all. Zamora and Ungo were once close colleagues and followers of Duarte's but developed ideological differences with the Christian Democrats. In the bloody and polarized environment of 1980 they felt that their only hope for political—and physical—security lay in a pact with the guerrillas. Salvadorans often say that Duarte chose his army, and Zamora and Ungo chose theirs. By coming back they have legitimized the existing system, acknowledging tacitly that the conditions that drove them into their alliance have changed. They have also acknowledged that the guerrillas cannot win a military victory and that the tactics the guerrillas use in pursuit of that objective are driving people away from the left, risking permanent political isolation for the democrats.

Zamora and Ungo resist pressure to break their alliance with the guerrillas, arguing that it would thwart their chief objective—to persuade both sides to accept a negotiated settlement. To many, though, what they really seem to be doing is playing a double role—ally of a group that is fighting to destroy the existing system, and participant in that system—and asking everyone, right and left alike, to tolerate the ambiguity.

For now the leaders of the Democratic Convergence believe that the political

cost of killing them would be higher than the right or the army could afford. But they occasionally receive reminders of how their enemies feel about them. Recently air-force helicopters were seen dropping leaflets that labeled them “executioners of the people” on working-class neighborhoods. Colonel Juan Orlando Zepeda, the military commander for the zone that includes the capital, later conceded that the leaflets “could be” part of a military psychological-operations campaign. Zepeda has posted Zamora's and Ungo's pictures, along with those of guerrilla commandants, on a “Ten Most Wanted”-style bulletin board in his headquarters. “I believe they are here carrying out a mission of the FMLN,” he says.

ELECTIONS SEEM LESS important in the world beyond the capital. In the mountains, dappled with shadows and haloed by clouds, and in cramped villages of beat-up adobe with names like Arcatao, Perquín, and Lolotiquillo, the FMLN and the army are of more immediate interest. Here one is reminded that politics in El Salvador is a continuation of war by other means.

The guerrillas are at home in this environment. One day last September in Las Vueltas, a farming village crouched between two ridges near the Honduran border, thirty rebels were in town stocking up on food and supplies. The guerrillas had plenty of money to buy provisions and carefully noted each expenditure on a memo pad. They also had plenty of U.S.-made M-16 automatic weapons—captured from the army—and proudly showed me three 81-millimeter mortars that they had fashioned out of metal roofing sheets. They had the discipline to shoulder their packs late at night in a driving rain and march into the hills.

Although the FMLN can't march into San Salvador, as seemed likely in the early eighties, it has shown remarkable staying power and adaptability. Until late 1984 the rebels and the army slugged it out in quasi-conventional combat between battalion-sized units. But then the U.S.-funded military buildup, especially in air power, began to take its toll. The guerrillas were ground down from their 1981 strength of 12,000 full-time soldiers to about 6,000. However, the guerrillas have been able to counter the army's heavy use of firepower by breaking up into small groups and spreading out in the hills. Their

land mines, most of which are homemade, have caused a steady stream of demoralizing army casualties. FMLN “urban commandos” pick off policemen and blow up electric towers. The cost of their sabotage counterbalances U.S. economic aid. In a revolutionary war, where victory depends on breaking the opponent's will to resist, mere endurance counts as a kind of strategic victory. “The FMLN really does wear people down,” one American official in San Salvador conceded. “Including the U.S.”

The guerrillas' quandary is not military but political: they have not figured out how to translate their military endurance into the rapidly growing popular support that could bring an insurrection. Many of their recent attempts to do this have backfired. They have tried to use strikes, marches, and vandalism to destabilize San Salvador and stimulate a climate of revolt. Transport stoppages and blackouts may weaken the “economy of war,” but they make life difficult for ordinary people and turn them against the FMLN. This disturbs many Salvadoran leftists who once strongly supported the guerrillas. “The problem with the [guerrilla command] is that it has a presence very far from the capital,” says one such leftist. “War has made the country into two worlds: the capital and the rest of the country. A man can't feel it [the mood of San Salvadorans] from the hills.”

In the hills the guerrillas often demonstrate their sway over contested areas by brutalizing local mayors and other “enemies.” One priest in a guerrilla-run area told me of an Easter visit to his village by a guerrilla patrol. They ordered the expulsion of ten “enemy” families and the execution of a suspected informer. The priest ran to plead for the informer's life but received the response, “Padre, he's already dead.” According to the Catholic Church, the guerrillas killed twenty-seven civilians in the first half of 1988, a 74 percent increase over the toll in the comparable period of the previous year. This means that guerrilla executions are increasing faster than those committed by the army, although they are still far fewer in number. Guerrilla mines claimed additional civilian victims. In Las Vueltas a guerrilla chieftain named Raúl told me, “We even think executions have a political benefit for us. We always make it public in the areas where we do this.”

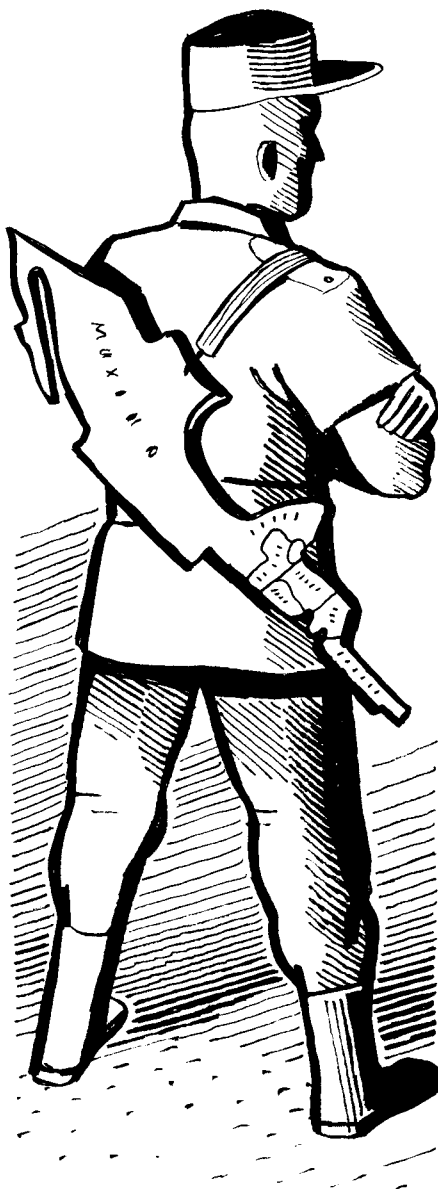
The FMLN sees the current political uncertainty in El Salvador as an opportu-

nity to shorten its long march. The guerrillas appear to be betting that the participation in the current election by Zamora and Ungo's coalition, the FDR, along with stepped-up military activity by their own forces, could destabilize the system to their advantage. "Whatever happens, it's good for Villalobos," says a foreign diplomat, speaking of the *primer inter pares* in the FMLN high command. "If the FDR get killed, it shows there is no hope [within the system]. If they don't get killed, they bring people into the street, and he can use them."

NOT LONG AGO Colonel René Emilio Ponce came to the village of San Antonio Mosco. Ponce, a husky forty-one-year-old officer who likes to sling an M-16 over his shoulder and tramp into the field with his troops, was then in charge of the Salvadoran army's operations in the hotly contested eastern third of the country. During most of the war San Antonio Mosco has received regular visits from both the army and the guerrillas. But this time Ponce said he came to help, not to fight. He promised the villagers a new road, water, and visits from a doctor. "It hurts the subversives much more to take away their civilian support than to kill them," he told me.

After two years of planning operations at the high command in San Salvador and another year of service in the east, Ponce has been promoted to chief of staff of the armed forces, a position that puts him in charge of the government side of the war. Experience has taught him that the war cannot be won by conducting business as usual. He understands the need to do more small-group patrolling and to spend more time hunting down guerrilla units in the hills and less time drilling in the barracks. Months of watching land-reform cooperatives fail has shown him that there will always be fertile terrain for revolution as long as the people don't have jobs. He understands that the military, through civic action like his visit to San Antonio Mosco, has to cultivate support among the rural population. And he argues, "If we had continued violating human rights, we'd be on the other side by now, with Nicaragua and Cuba."

Such views are considered progressive in the military, a force that the United States has built from a ragtag constabulary of 11,000 men to a heavily equipped force of 57,000 men—but that has often frustrated its American advisers. A team



of four U.S. Army colonels at the Kennedy School of Government, at Harvard University, wrote in a recent report, "Despite the oft-expressed American intent to convert [the army] into a counter-insurgent force, U.S. policy has failed to wean the Salvadorans from their conventional mindset."

Indeed, as much as the army has modernized and professionalized under U.S. tutelage, and as much as it may have accepted civilian rule as a necessity imposed by the even greater threat of communist revolution, it remains committed to some of the institutions and ways of thinking that have helped bring El Salvador to the current crisis.

Among these is the *tanda* system. Each class, or *tanda*, of the military academy is promoted en bloc up to the rank of colonel, without regard to merit.

The class lobbies for *tanda* interests over those of the army as a whole, or those of the civilian government. Ponce's class of 1966, an unusually large group, known as the *tandona* (big class), has proved especially insular, self-protecting, and powerful. A recent shake-up of the military hierarchy, the most sweeping since 1983, showed how successfully the *tandona*—hardened both politically and militarily by fighting the guerrillas—has consolidated its control of the army. Command of five of the six field brigades, the three security forces, five of seven military detachments, and the intelligence, operations, and personnel posts in San Salvador belongs to members of the *tandona*. Ponce, the top graduate in his class, assumes the top job.

The tradition of military primacy over civilian authority, together with the tradition of *tanda* loyalty, helps explain the most glaring human-rights failure of the Duarte government: not a single senior officer has ever been tried, much less punished, for human-rights violations. An amnesty issued by Duarte in November of 1987, under the Central American peace plan, formalized this defeat by excusing from any future prosecution all political crimes committed before October 22, 1987, except for the 1980 assassination of the archbishop of San Salvador.

The discouraging signs had begun earlier. In April of 1986 U.S. and Venezuelan investigators working with the National Police discovered a kidnap ring made up of several rightist military men and civilians close to Roberto D'Aubuisson. The kidnapers had been disguising themselves as guerrillas and ransoming members of El Salvador's oligarchy. Colonel Roberto Mauricio Staben was suspected of being a leader of the group. In the worst death-squad days he was responsible for patrolling El Playón, an area that was frequently used as a dumping ground for corpses. Since then he has maintained a reputation as one of the most hard-nosed field commanders in the armed forces. He is also a member of the *tandona*.

Because many members of the outraged oligarchy strongly supported prosecution, the case seemed a golden opportunity to send a message to the army about civilian authority. Staben was detained for questioning. The United States wanted him investigated. But the *tandona*, including Ponce, moved to protect its own. Ponce describes this as simple "moral support." "We told the Presi-

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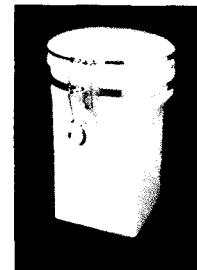
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dent, Look, what proof do they have?" But as one foreign source familiar with the events describes it, "The *tandona* went to the Minister of Defense and the President and said, 'Okay, fine. You may proceed on this. But we want to put you on notice that you'd better go by rule of law, and we want no politics in here. We've even designated one of our *tanda* mates to be present at the interrogation of all witnesses.' That's big-time intimidation." Duarte, rather than permitting the investigation to proceed, ordered Staben released on grounds of insufficient evidence. Staben resumed command of the elite Arce battalion—the force that Ponce has put in day-to-day command of his new program in the east. And the United States acquiesced.

In practice, then, the military has preserved self-regulation on human rights. Last year, in the tiny eastern village of El Tablón, human-rights officials exhumed the mutilated bodies of two young peasant men. Witnesses said that an informer had denounced them, and a third man who is still missing, to the army as guerrilla collaborators. Soldiers forced the three to run barefoot through a burning field, cut off their ears and inflicted other mutilations, and then stabbed two of them to death, while firing their weapons in the air to drown out the victims' screams. When American journalists asked Ponce about the incident, he read to them from a battle report in which his officers had recorded the killings as having resulted from an exchange of gunfire. "We cannot investigate every combat report," he said. "I must believe what my colonels report."

WHAT ARE AMERICAN interests in El Salvador? In late 1983 and early 1984 the Kissinger Commission, appointed by President Reagan in a quest for legitimacy for his administration's then-controversial policy, wrestled with this question. The security interest was easy to define: blocking another pro-Soviet revolution in the hemisphere. But beyond that, what stake did we have in a scrap of territory that we had previously ignored? The commission chose to emphasize our moral interests. El Salvador was beset not only by guerrillas and death squads but also by disease and poverty—and we simply had to help or risk losing "the moral authority of the United States." The commission argued that no contradiction had to exist between the security interests of a great power and the generous motives of a de-

mocracy. The two, indeed, were connected, because although El Salvador's revolution could be checked militarily, the threat of future revolution could be rooted out only by democracy, land reform, and "social development." The mechanism by which the linkage between the two interests was to be enforced was "conditionality": no military aid unless the death squads were stopped. And not only stopped—the commission wanted "vigorous action against those guilty of crimes and the prosecution to the extent possible of past offenders." That was the policy that Congress agreed to in 1984 when it approved the most military aid ever granted to El Salvador: \$206 million. That was the policy that, along with the election of Duarte, has kept the aid flowing and has all but silenced debate over El Salvador since 1984.

In practice the performance of the United States and its Salvadoran allies has fallen far short of the commission's objectives. In part, this failure is due to the sheer intractability of the country's problems, whose origins lie in social and political traditions that were established long before the United States even existed. In part, too, it is due to the inherent difficulty of establishing democratic institutions in the middle of a civil war—a special problem in the case of the army. For the army to do its job—beat the insurgents—it must be strengthened with military aid, and this has the effect of increasing the already extensive power that it has over Salvadoran society and government. But this effect clashes with the goal of building democracy, one of whose essential principles is civilian control over the military.

Under the Reagan Administration that trade-off has been made in favor of the military's power. U.S. hectoring has gotten most military men to recognize that rampant abuses create more guerrillas than they destroy. And gross misbehavior is still occasionally punished with "golden exile" to diplomatic posts in Europe or the United States. But Duarte never risked a showdown that would have established the principle of civilian authority. The United States never demanded that he do so, and the army grew confident that he never would. Indeed, in the Staben case, where there seemed to be a chance to teach the military a lesson about civilian authority, Duarte allowed himself to be bullied, or perhaps bluffed, into submission. As long as the threat of Marxist vic-

tory was no longer imminent, the United States was prepared to be complacent about such a thing. The same seems to have applied to the corruption by the Christian Democrats, which the United States did not protest until the damage was already done.

Thus the heavy American investment in El Salvador has bought neither success nor disaster. Instead, the United States and its Salvadoran allies have achieved a stalemate on the essential front in El Salvador's war—the political front. The government has gained legitimacy but not consolidated it. The guerrillas have lost legitimacy but can probably recover it if the government becomes much more repressive, or if economic and social problems grow much worse. Anti-democratic elements on all sides are blunted but intact. "In a guerrilla war, a stalemate is not the same as a balance of power," the Kissinger Commission said. "Moreover, while an insurgency can sustain itself over time if it has access to sanctuaries and external sources of support, there is nothing to suggest that a government, especially a weak one, can endure the cumulative toll of protracted conflict."

Now, as another period of war and instability looms in El Salvador, no one in the United States really knows what to do next. One temptation is to push for a prompt negotiated settlement to the war. Last summer the Senate Appropriations Committee only narrowly defeated an amendment that would have imposed limited but symbolically important restrictions on military aid to make the Salvadoran government pursue negotiations. But all previous efforts at dialogue between the FMLN and the government have proved fruitless, and there is no evidence that the two sides have recently moved any closer. If all the pressure is on the government, to strike a deal with the FMLN, this will hand back to the guerrillas much of the legitimacy that they have lost on the ground—and remove their incentive to bargain. For its part, the Salvadoran military would be shocked by such a change in signals from Washington; it might well stage a coup rather than obey an order to give up the fight.

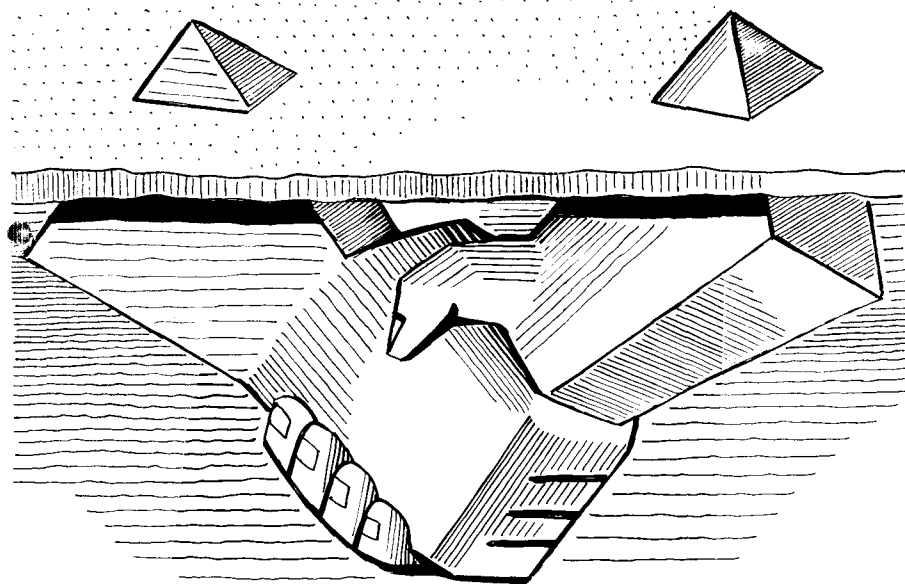
The other temptation is ARENA's "total war" option. But if this means opening season on civilians again, this course will fail. No U.S. President would—or should—support it. Sooner or later it will cause popular sympathy to shift back toward the guerrillas.

Thus the United States seems stuck with its commitment. It can try to inject new life into this: to put renewed emphasis on reforms and improving the lot of the poor. For the most part this will be a matter of defending past gains in the face of growing objections from a resurgent right—and for that the United States has itself largely to blame. But there are clearly definable issues on which the United States can and should draw the line. It can ensure that any changes in the land-reform laws don't wind up returning the land to the oligarchy. It can keep pressing for gross human-rights abusers in the military to be purged, if not jailed. And it can help ensure that political space remains open for the Democratic Convergence.

As the election approaches, the Convergence faces growing pressure over

the issue of its alliance with the guerrillas. It needs a face-saving way to shake off that alliance which placates the army and the right without unduly angering the left. American mediation with Salvadoran authorities can help. We should make it clear that we take an interest not because we support the Convergence's aims but because there can be no democracy in El Salvador without a place for the views they represent, and because without that place the armed Marxist left will always have an argument. If the United States and the Salvadoran military can swallow someone like Colonel Staben, then surely Rubén Zamora and Guillermo Ungo can be forgiven their alliances. And if El Salvador's rulers can't see the logic of that, then maybe they don't deserve to win.

—Charles Lane



EGYPT

A BENIGN BROTHERHOOD?

A political force often pictured as incendiary may in fact have a large stake in stability

WHEN WESTERNERS THINK of the Muslim Brotherhood, it is likely to be as the God-intoxicated vanguard of a would-be Iran-style revolution in Egypt. Meet four Egyptian Brotherhood members who challenge that stereotype:

- Ahmad Izzadin, who is thirty-three, was educated in political science at Cairo University, after serving as an officer

in the Egyptian Army. He is married and has two young children. In 1972 and again in 1978 he made extended trips to Europe, where his brother, who is married to a Frenchwoman, lives. He is now a political-affairs editor and columnist, and his desk, which is littered with copies of *Newsweek*, *Stern*, *L'Express*, and a dozen other journals and papers from around the world, is messy testimony to his catholic interests and sophistication.

- Dr. Issam al-Erian, thirty-five, a prominent clinical pathologist, has an immaculate desk, behind which, on the day we talked, he sat signing medical diplomas for the Egyptian Medical Society. Affable and articulate, he is considered by the Western diplomatic community to be one of the most promising new members of the Egyptian Par-

liament. He travels frequently to Europe and the United States, mostly to medical conferences but sometimes also as a tourist.

- Dr. Nihal Farid, when I met her in Egypt, was planning to come to Cincinnati for a two-year residency program in internal medicine. A poised, self-possessed woman of about thirty, she sat next to me on a bus for seven hours, insightfully discussing her life, career, and aspirations, and the fate of her country, in flawless English.

- Professor Salah Ezz, of Cairo University, earned a Ph.D. in engineering from the University of Pennsylvania in 1986. His studies kept him in the States from 1979 until he took his degree; at thirty-two, he has lived a substantial portion of his adult life in the United States. It isn't easy to get in to see him at his office, because the security control at Cairo University rivals that of the Pentagon. Ezz doesn't particularly like this, but he knows that the last thing Egypt needs is a bunch of excitable Muslim student militants hitting the streets of Cairo.

Beyond their affiliation with the Muslim Brotherhood, what these four people have in common is their conviction that God, working through history, necessity, and the popular will, is restoring Islamic society in Egypt. I chose to begin this article with them because I think the future of the Brotherhood—and of Egypt—is in the hands of people like them.

They and their peers are both evidence of changes taking place in the Muslim Brotherhood and agents of these changes as the organization moves into the mainstream and toward power in Egyptian political life. This development is a source of consternation in many Western and some Egyptian circles. But few informed observers dispute that it is a fact, and none disputes that the Brotherhood is emerging as a dominant political power in Egypt.

The Muslim Brotherhood, the strongest voice of the Islamic movement in Egypt, already represents the overwhelming majority of Egyptian Muslims, who make up more than 90 percent of the Egyptian population. However, the government of Hosni Mubarak and its army have the power to reduce the Brotherhood—the organization, if not the impetus behind it—to a fugitive remnant. Thus, in what is evolving into a peculiarly Egyptian accommodation, both sides deal from strength. It is often hard for outsiders to understand how

this works. As one Western diplomat remarked to me, "Egyptian politics today is like a Javanese shadow-puppet play. We can see the outlines and discern the movement, but there is no clear sense of what the players really look like or whether they are what they seem to be."

Indeed, the Muslim Brotherhood remains shrouded in myth and mystery. During a three-month stay in Cairo in the summer of 1985, and another of four months more recently, I spent considerable time with leaders and members of the Muslim Brotherhood. The Islamic movement in Egypt and elsewhere in the Middle East is a multifaceted phenomenon that does not conform to the one-dimensional caricature presented by American editorial cartoonists. In Egypt a congeries of influences is bringing forth new Islamic leaders who are sophisticated and reasonable—the opposite of threatening. But their ascendancy is by no means assured, and the alternatives for leadership range from the Iranian model to the Lebanese. The West's ability to identify and work with the emerging Muslim Brotherhood leadership will greatly influence the outcome.

THREE AND A half years ago, when I came to Cairo to research the Islamic movement here, political life in Egypt was in flux. The strength of the movement at all levels of society was undeniable, and the confidence felt by the Muslim Brotherhood was palpable. The Mubarak regime seemed to be vacillating between tolerance and repression, with no discernible pattern or consistent result.

The Western diplomatic community was hostile to the "fundamentalists" (American jargon), or "integrationists" (European jargon), and suspicious of Mubarak's ability to control the situation. Plainly the overwhelming popular will demanded a return to—or an evolution into—a society based on Islamic laws and precepts. Whether that Islamic restoration would come about violently or peacefully was very much the question.

At that point there were more grounds for pessimism than for optimism. The record of Western-supported governments in dealing with populist social movements is a litany of horror. Iran and Lebanon are only the most visible examples of the futility and tragedy that ensue when such movements are suppressed in an attempt to preserve a deeply flawed status quo. Certainly all

the elements for conflagration were present in Egypt in 1985. That summer Sheikh Salama, a radical cleric with a large and predominantly middle-class following, began calling for public demonstrations to demand the immediate institution of Sharia, or Islamic law. The government made it clear that this would not be permitted.

On a sweltering July day I went to the al-Nur Mosque, in the middle-class district of Abbasiyya, where Sheikh Salama had called for a demonstration. Word had gotten out that the government meant business, and the five hundred or so hard-core fundamentalists who showed up wilted before a carefully choreographed deployment of riot police. Sheikh Salama was arrested, and that was the end of any fundamentalists' hitting the streets in Cairo. The people I knew in the Brotherhood at this time seemed strangely undisturbed by all the commotion. "Sheikh Salama is a dangerous fool," said one senior leader, "but the government is mistaken if they think they can rely on the police against us."

Thus I had my own interpretation of events when "police riots" erupted the following February. Many observers thought that this was the end for Mubarak, because order broke down so rapidly and over such a wide area that for forty-eight hours it looked like peace could not be restored. Yet the disturbance was over in three days. Concessions were made by the government regarding pay and the terms of enlistment—the issues that, according to official explanations, had caused the outbreak. The police returned to their barracks.

The real cause of the riots remained too sensitive to discuss. That cause is clear: the riots were the Brotherhood's reply in kind to the government's suppression of Sheikh Salama the previous summer. The Brotherhood feared that the action against Salama was a prelude to a similar strike against the Brotherhood itself.

The Mubarak regime and the Muslim Brotherhood remain wary rivals, but Egyptian society is no longer in open conflict. Somehow the country has stepped back from the brink of revolution. What has transpired is an attempt to bring the Islamic movement and the government together for dialogue, or even for collaboration and power sharing, in order to make Egypt's politics and economics mirror its faith and culture.

The general policy lines of the Mu-

barak government are clear: to absorb, co-opt, or defang Islamic fundamentalism, in order to give the people the Islamic state they unambiguously want without igniting a pyre of domestic and international problems. For Westerners, at least, the policy of the Muslim Brotherhood is less clear. Nevertheless, there is an atmosphere of tentative openness between Western diplomats and the Brotherhood.

The Egyptian government has behaved far more prudently than have other governments faced with similar movements that threaten established power. And the Muslim Brotherhood has started to grow up. If this dual process of accommodation and maturation continues, its implications could well extend beyond the borders of Egypt to affect the Islamic movement as a whole and, perhaps, the nature of Islam itself.

WHEN HASSAN AL-BANNA, an Ismailia schoolteacher, founded the Muslim Brotherhood, in 1928, he synthesized two major historical currents of the twentieth century. The first, which remained opaque to the West for fifty years until it burst on the scene in the Iranian Islamic Revolution of 1978–1979, was the intellectual ferment sweeping through the Islamic world. In the twenties and thirties a generation of Muslim scholars, teachers, and intellectuals produced a vast corpus of books, tracts, sermons, and exemplary acts that infused Islam with a spirit of renewal and promulgated a powerful critique of the West, which Muslims found logically compelling and psychologically satisfying. The second current was Leninism. The Muslim Brotherhood is not to be confused with Islamic Marxism—there is not one shred of socialist content to Brotherhood ideology—but it originated as a revolutionary political party in the Bolshevik image, with all that that entails in terms of resilience, organizational strength, patterns of leadership, methods of operation, and ability to thrive on repression.

Formally governed by a "guidance council" that is elected by a process mirroring democratic centralism, the Brotherhood has in practice often been dominated by a single leader. First it was al-Banna and then, after his assassination in 1949 by the government of King Farouk, by a series of more or less charismatic leaders known as supreme guides.

Because of the clarity of its objectives, the strength of its organization, and the

high degree of motivation of its members, the Brotherhood in the thirties and forties embodied the resistance to British colonial rule. For similar reasons it fielded the only truly effective Arab fighters in the war against the establishment of Israel in 1948, earning itself a fearsome reputation in Israel and among the new nation's supporters.

In the forties both Gamal Abdul Nasser and Anwar Sadat were involved with the Brotherhood: affiliation was an essential credential for any Egyptian nationalist. But the contradictory claims of Islam and Arab nationalism did not survive Egypt's independence. In 1954 the Muslim Brotherhood was held responsible for an attempt on Nasser's life. The Brotherhood claims, credibly, that it was framed by Nasser's secret police. Whatever the truth, a long period of repression ensued. This generated a mentality among Brotherhood leaders and members which is characteristic of underground organizations. Doctrine and ideology ossified, diversity of opinion and dissent surrendered to discipline, and the world outside the group became a hostile terra incognita peopled by enemies and characterized by threat. In this environment the Brotherhood forged the hard edge by which it is known to Westerners today. Its leadership was necessarily suspicious and uncompromising. During this period the West was largely ignored, while a vicious conflict with Nasserite Arab nationalism redefined the goals and behavior of the organization.

This image of the organization, understandably, generates consternation in certain Egyptian circles and in the Cairo diplomatic community as the Brotherhood rises in the Egyptian political, social, and economic firmament. As someone with contacts in the Brotherhood, I am constantly asked by journalists, political officers at Western embassies, and friends in the Egyptian elite whether the Brotherhood has changed its spots.

The answer is a qualified yes. There are at least seven concrete reasons why the Muslim Brotherhood is being transformed.

- It now has an authentic constituency among all sectors and classes of Egyptian society.
- It is no longer forced to operate underground.
- It controls a network of social-service agencies whose roles proliferate and responsibilities grow daily.

- It is in Parliament and exercises legitimate influence, which means that it is becoming habituated to the political process and is learning how complicated Egypt's domestic and international situation really is.

- It has a vested interest in the rapidly expanding Islamic sector of the economy, consisting largely of financial institutions and investment companies.

- It has been both inspired and chastened by the Islamic Revolution in Iran.

- It has attracted an active new generation whose experiences and motivations are quite different from those of the old guard.

Skeptical Western observers who focus on one or two of these areas which coincide with their occupational specialties tend to miss the cumulative impact: a tightly structured, clandestine, conspiratorial organization cannot maintain the purity of its original ideological identity while conducting these multifarious public activities. That is the basis of the "yes."

The qualification is this: Extremism inspires violent fringe groups and even appeals to the minds of some in the old guard. Today, with the collaboration of the Brotherhood, the extremists are closely controlled by the police. In a peaceful evolution of Egyptian political life the interests of the old guard, who are enjoying power and its trappings, and those of the extremists, who threaten that power, will not coincide. If things turn violent, they will. But today violent revolution in Egypt seems a remote possibility. An examination of the reasons for the transformation of the Brotherhood shows why.

THE BROTHERHOOD'S mass appeal derives from its call for the recovery of Sharia. *Sharia* is usually translated as Islamic law, but it also means political and social institutions based on Islamic principles. Westerners hostile to Islam have fun with scare stories about barbaric Muslims chopping off hands and stoning adulterers, but these demonstrate only incomprehension. Sharia is worth a quick survey.

In the early 1980s Cairo began to have a serious problem with rape. In the space of a couple of months, the authorities caught and promptly executed several of the rapists, an exemplary punishment that many perceived as being derived from principles of Sharia. Temporarily, at least, the problem was solved.

This was an enormously popular ac-

tion. As Nihal Farid explained to me, "Putting an end to rape showed Egyptian women that the only real protection we have lies in Sharia. We have to have it because now we have all the disadvantages of women in a Middle Eastern culture with none of the protection provided by Islamic law. The Western laws we have now do not protect Muslim women from Middle Eastern men who do not take these laws seriously. Of course the laws sound nice, but they don't work, at least not here. Sharia does, and the rape problem proved that to everyone."

The movement for Sharia is powerful because Egyptian Muslims feel that not only is it a better system but it's theirs. "One hundred years ago the British came here and took away Sharia in order to establish colonial rule in Egypt," Issam al-Erian, the MP and pathologist, says. "Egypt was governed under Sharia and institutions based on Sharia for twelve hundred years. Our culture, our way of life, our religion—including orthodox Coptic Christianity—are all congruent with Sharia, not English common law. So naturally the people want Sharia back, and the colonial period in Egypt will not really be over until we get Sharia back."

Significantly, the Brotherhood leadership—including the old guard—is more cautious on Sharia than are the Egyptian people. "We will have to implement Sharia gradually," said Mohammed Hamid abu Nast, the supreme guide of the organization, in an interview with me last year, the only such interview he has granted to any Western journalist. "We have to negotiate with the Copts [the Egyptian Christian minority] and other sectors of society so that disturbances do not occur." Abu Nast added, "We have to develop our own form of Sharia that fits the modern world."

The question is whether the momentum of events and pressure from the Egyptian people will allow the Brotherhood leadership time to work out a form of Sharia that will not throw Egypt into civil chaos. The popularity of the movement for Sharia has brought an array of constituencies under the banner of the Brotherhood, and abu Nast and his colleagues have their hands full trying to harmonize markedly different voices.

THOUGH LEGAL proscriptions against the Brotherhood are still on the books, it operates openly and without restraint. Its modest offices bustle with

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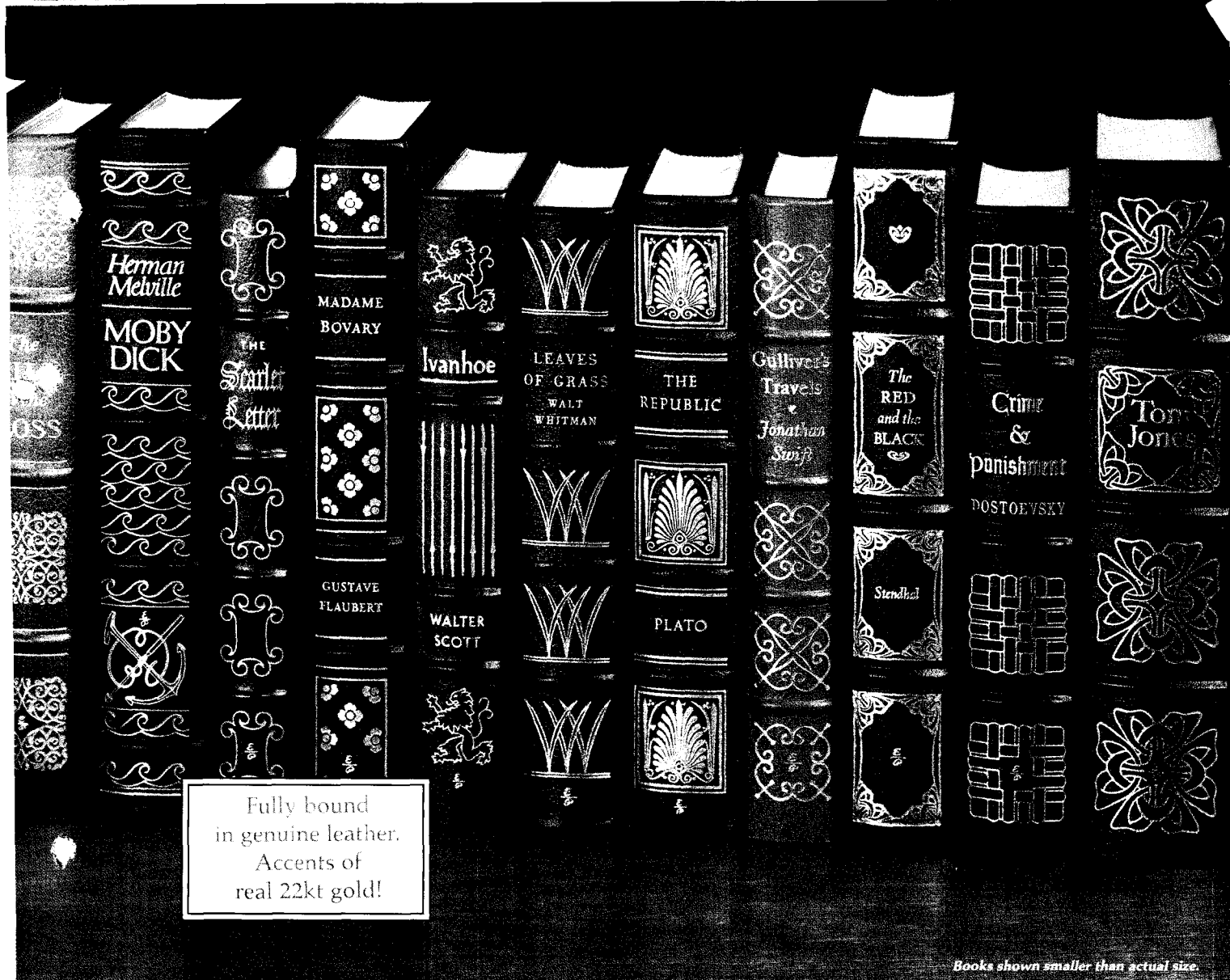
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activity as people come and go. Its magazine, though technically banned, simply publishes under another name with the same editorial staff and policy.

In 1985 contacts between the Brotherhood and Western diplomats, if they took place at all, were covert. The supreme guide now receives diplomats publicly, and members of the Brotherhood delegation to Parliament are in frequent contact with Western diplomats and journalists. Such contacts are of course healthy. Certainly nothing like them occurred in Iran either before or after the Revolution.

The Brotherhood has also emerged as an important provider of community and social-welfare services. It is parent to or affiliated with a vast network of community organizations, charities, clinics, and social clubs that provide essential services throughout Egypt.

As the Nasserite welfare state collapses, the importance of these organizations grows daily. It is commonly acknowledged that the Egyptian government depends on them to keep the social peace in the face of economic shocks of the kind that have sent mobs into the streets in the past.

The Brotherhood insists that it has no direct authority over these organizations, while nervous Egyptians and Westerners worry that it does. This misses the point: the Brotherhood's status as one of the leaders in the Islamic community in Egypt today is beyond dispute. The process of *ijma*, or authority by consensus—Islamic democracy—has elevated the Brotherhood to this leadership role. There is no need for covert links, because the Brotherhood is a legitimate authority in the eyes of most of the people who staff and make use of these organizations.

This kind of responsibility not only strengthens the Brotherhood but also moderates it. Intimate involvement with managing social problems is essentially incompatible with promoting civil disorder. Dissent, yes, but not revolution.

Operating under the legal cover of an alliance with a secular opposition party, the Brotherhood constitutes, as well, the main bloc of opposition in the Egyptian Parliament. In the recent presidential elections the Brotherhood MPs supported President Mubarak and proclaimed their adherence to the political process as the means for stable transformation of the social order. How much of this moderation is a tactic and how much is substance is the focus of debate

among observers in Cairo today. If a conversation with Issam al-Erian is any clue, he used the word "stability" often and with conviction—but also with a special meaning.

"It is the policy of the United States to oppose the introduction of Sharia in Egypt," Erian told me. "It's what the people of Egypt want, and I believe Mubarak would give it to them, even though he wouldn't like it. But the United States has a three-billion-dollar gun at Mubarak's head, and they say no. The government gets the point, and so do the people of Egypt. It is this American policy that is the source of instability in Egypt, not the Muslim Brotherhood."

Though he is clearly pleased to be in Parliament and enjoys his perks, Erian is somewhat cynical about the state of Egyptian democracy. "The government tells Parliament what to do, and the people know it. The people also know that their own votes will be changed if it suits the purposes of the government. In the United States you vote knowing that your vote will not be changed. But here it is different. When the people know that their votes and the votes of their representatives cannot be controlled or changed by the government, democracy will work in Egypt."

Some progress toward real democracy is being made. An Italian diplomat whose duties involve parliamentary liaison says, "It's in the parliamentary committees where the real education is taking place. They are learning what the budget really is and the frightening details of Egypt's finances. They are also being spoon-fed some of the hard realities of national and international security questions. I have noticed some perceptible changes in their behavior in Parliament since they first came in, and I attribute it to this process."

When I challenged Erian with what the Italian diplomat had said and asked him to tell me what he had been learning, he laughed and said, "Okay, that's fair. But we've only been in Parliament since April. Come back in a year and I'll tell you." This is not, by any stretch of the imagination, the attitude of a fanatic. Yet in his youth Erian was the leader of a radical Islamic splinter group.

THE SUBJECT OF the Islamic economy—its incredible rate of growth, its appeal to the Muslim community, and particularly its linkages to the Brotherhood—is a topic of endless fascination for diplomats, businessmen, and jour-

nalists in Cairo. Big money is involved, and that buys power and influence for those who control it.

The money has effects of two kinds. First, it empowers the Brotherhood. Second, it brings into the leadership men whose responsibilities are very different from those of revolutionaries. Managing large sums of money tends to move those responsible for the task away from radicalism and fanaticism. The Muslim money-men may be the single strongest force driving the Brotherhood toward some means of accommodation with the West.

Talking to Brotherhood members and officials, one is struck by the conservatism of their attitudes toward economic issues. "Nasser taught the Egyptian work force not to work," Ahmad Izzadin, the journalist, says. "Fifty work-days a year they would be called out into the streets to greet the Great Leader or demonstrate over nonsense. Even when they were supposedly working, they spent most of their time in political meetings or debating whether to strike or not. These habits have destroyed our productivity, and no one can change them except us [the Brotherhood]. The class struggle is un-Islamic, and we can get that message across to the Egyptian worker. The government can't."

"The integrationists are capitalists to the core," a senior European diplomat says. Himself a socialist, he bases his hostility to the Brotherhood on its "reactionary economics" and "deification of property." Much of the anti-Brotherhood feeling among European diplomats is grounded in the Brotherhood's hostility to communism and its role in dismantling Nasser's socialism. "I don't understand why a capitalist country like the United States is so opposed to us," Erian says. "We're the best economic friends they could have out here."

Foreign observers who are not hostile to the Brotherhood on ideological grounds in fact often do feel that the Brotherhood's role in revitalizing the troubled economy is extremely constructive. "I have dealt with a number of so-called Islamic businesses here in Egypt," a Jordan-based American businessman told me recently. "They are reliable and efficient beyond what I have seen elsewhere. There is one company in particular, which produces plastics, that is the best-run enterprise of its kind in the Middle East." The owner of the plastics company he was referring to is a man whose support for the Brotherhood is widely known.

ONLY ON THE lunatic fringe can one find those in the Islamic movement who wish to duplicate the Iranian experience in Egypt. Still, all believing Muslims everywhere are challenged by Iran.

"Iran awakened the hope that we can have an Islamic society in the modern age," says Ahmad Izzadin, whose commitment to the Brotherhood dates from 1979. "But we do not approve of many aspects of the Khomeini regime. It is Islamic, but it is not the kind of Islamic society we want."

"Everyone in the Muslim world reacted well initially [to the Iranian Revolution]," Professor Salah Ezz says, "but now it is very upsetting to us. The Khomeini people don't care what anyone thinks—about them or Islam."

There is a tendency among Westerners to misread this ambivalence. "They hate the Shiites and despise the Iranians," a senior French diplomat says. "Like all Arabs, the Brotherhood guys basically support Iraq."

This is not true. "Before the Iranian Revolution I was confused," Izzadin says. "I had no clear philosophy. Of course I was Muslim, but my ideology was a mush of socialism, liberalism, and Islam. The establishment of the Islamic republic in Iran was *dawa* to me and most of the people I know."

Dawa, or "call," means a summons to an activity or purpose mandated by faith. The Islamic Revolution in Iran summoned millions of bright young Muslims like Izzadin out of confusion and into a clearly ordered purpose: that of establishing the rule of Islam in their societies.

As a rather typical educated young man of the Third World, Izzadin was assigned, as it were, to the back of the historical bus. He was no happier there than Rosa Parks was, and given an alternative, he seized it. The Iranian Revolution took Izzadin and his fellows from the back of the bus to the forefront of contemporary history.

Thus the experiences and motivations of Izzadin's generation of Brotherhood members and leaders are vastly different from those of their elders. To those who came of age under Sadat, the long struggle with the British and Nasser is the stuff of myth, not reality. They are also a generation come of age in peacetime. The one way for the Brotherhood, or anyone else, to lose authority would be to move toward putting the Egyptian people through the horror of violence again. Though they can remember the

Nasserite police state well enough to appreciate political and economic freedom, they are now used to freedom, and regard it as more or less their birthright.

Ahmad Izzadin says of his brother in France, "He has his life, I have mine. He visits me, I visit him. We can disagree." Such pluralism within a family is in marked contrast to the attitude of the previous generation, in which whole families were Brotherhood, or else members became outcasts from their families when they joined.

The question of who is really in charge of the Brotherhood cannot be answered by scrutinizing either the formal structure of the organization or—as some embassies and intelligence services are wont to do—the literature attributed to any of the various fundamentalist factions.

The formal leadership would have to include abu Nast, Mahmoud Houdaibi (the Brotherhood leader in Parliament), Hassan al Banna (the son of the founder), Salah Shady (formerly the editor of *al-Dawa*, the Brotherhood magazine), and Erian. But the leadership includes, too, a constellation of influential businessmen, mullahs, military officers, and government officials whose sympathies are entirely with the Brotherhood, and whose roles remain—to the advantage of everyone—ambiguous.

WHAT DOES THE Brotherhood really want?

The answer, of course, depends on whom you are talking about. If it is the vast majority of Muslim Brotherhood supporters in Egypt, the answer is simple yet open-ended. They want an Islamic republic that embodies the recovery of Islamic-derived systems and symbols, which will finally put an end to the humiliation of the colonial period. They believe that God unambiguously demands an Islamicized state, and because they are Egyptians, they want one that is somehow better than the one in Iran. The vagueness of this vision should not obscure the urgency of the popular will that lies behind it.

For the extremists within the broader movement to recover Sharia—and their relation to the Brotherhood remains shadowy—the answer is simpler still. They want *jihad*. They want a cultural revolution to purge Egypt of all corrupting foreign and non-Islamic influences. They want to show God that they are purer and more zealous than the Iranian and Lebanese Shiites. The greater the

cost, the more suffering it entails, the more glorious the enterprise.

The old guard, I think, already have what they want. They waged a long and terrible struggle for power and legitimacy, and now they have both. They wanted their cause to survive and endure; it survives and endures. They want to do that which is pleasing to God, and by their lights God has caused their enterprise to flourish beyond all expectation. They are not finished, but at bottom they are satisfied, as is evident to anyone who deals with them with any intimacy over time.

The danger is that the younger leaders will suffer the same fate as the Bani Sadr people in Iran. The educated, idealistic, potentially moderate Iranian counterparts to Izzadin and Erian were swept away in the tides of the Revolution.

I do not doubt that instability and violence would throw the old guard into alliance with the extremist groups, especially those outside the Brotherhood, such as Jihad (which was responsible for Sadat's assassination in 1981), Takfir wal Hegira, and the Islamic Liberation Movement. But Egypt is well along a very different path, and in the absence of violence the younger leadership has had several years to entrench itself. Furthermore, the old guard are not clergy—which accounts for some very big differences in the prognosis.

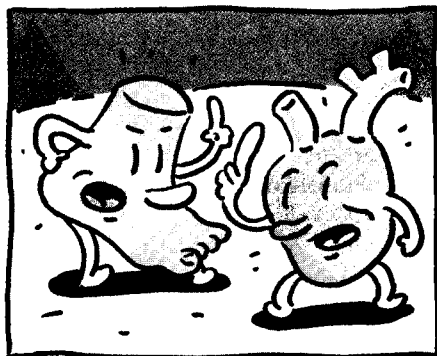
A sea change has taken place in the attitude of the American diplomatic community toward the Brotherhood and the Sharia issue. Every Egyptian I talked to about this issue assumed that the 1985 crackdown by the government was orchestrated by Washington, and the fact that Mubarak had visited Washington that spring and returned to adopt a hard line on Sharia reinforces this view. But the current staff of the U.S. embassy seems to take a far more realistic approach to the Islamic movement in Egypt. The result is that contact with Brotherhood leaders is sought and dialogue is developing. This augurs well for long-term American interests in Egypt and elsewhere in the Islamic world.

Finally, Mubarak's government has balanced the carrot and the stick with finesse and even wisdom. Sadat was not the only—or even the most important—peacemaker to come out of Cairo. If the grand experiment continues, it may be Mubarak who reconciles the Islamic movement to the modern world, by permitting it to grow up.

—James Pittaway

NO SENSE LENDING MY BODY AN EAR

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.



LISTEN TO YOUR BODY." That's what healthfolk tell you. Supposedly, your body knows. If you ought to stop doing something, your body will tell you. If you shouldn't do it in the first place, your body will tell you. If you ought to start doing it, your body will tell you. Right.

A couple of years ago I went through a period of intense health-consciousness—purism as to diet and fidelity as to exercise—and my body said things like "You don't really want that ice cream." Which I knew to be a lie. And "What are we just *sitting here* for? Let's get up and leap and thrust and fling and strain until our heart is pounding." Which made my work—the squeezing of quite enough but not too many words in between carefully selected marks of punctuation—impracticable.

So I subsided into temperance. A middle course between wholesomeness and degeneracy. And my body is its old self: a tower of Babel. Living in my body is like driving a station wagon full of three- to twelve-year-old children. I can't tune my body out entirely, and if I try to tune in all its voices distinctly enough to figure out what they are carrying on about, I can't keep my eyes on the road.

FOR INSTANCE, every time I sit quietly and try to reflect on something my body has no interest in, my neck-and-between-the-shoulders area starts going, "Ooo. Ung. Ohhhh. Mnk. Uhhh . . ."

"Yes?" I reply.

"Oh, uh. Didn't mean to interrupt."

"Well, then don't. I'm just beginning to perceive the connection between the rise of fundamentalism and the proliferation of subatomic particles, and—"

"Connection. Yeah," says the neck-and-between-the-shoulders area. "Somewhere there's a connection not right, because ooo, ngk, ummg . . ."

"Would you at least speak English?"

"Well, it's kind of hard to put into words . . . uh . . . twinge . . . uh . . . dull, kind of ache . . . Could ya roll your head kind of—oh, no, ow! That's . . . [crackle] . . . nngg . . ."

How much of that can a person listen to? Not that my body does nothing but gripe. Sometimes it screams. This morning I put my right foot into this big moon-boot house slipper I have a pair of, and all of a sudden the place between my third and fourth toes—a precinct I seldom hear from—exclaimed, "Whoa! Trouble! Alert! Something awful!"

"What? How could it be something awful?" my mind put in.

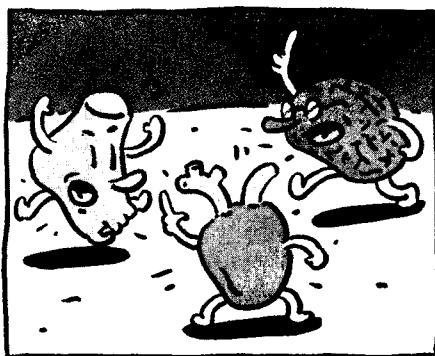
"Sure! Right! That's easy for a mind to say," cried my inter-toe gap. "A mind has no feeling! I'm telling you, *This is horrible! Yowtch!*"

So I pulled my foot out. There was pain. No denying that. But a person's feet sometimes have little cramps here and there. I didn't examine the affected spot carefully. It was too early in the morning.

"Oh! Mercy! Don't put me back in there! Get help!" cried the place between my toes.

I turned my slipper-boot over and shook it. A wasp wobbled out.

"See! See!" cried my entire foot. "Look at that thing! I *knew* it was awful. Wasp! Wasp! *I'm going to start swelling so all your toes will be pressed so painfully against the sides of your shoe you won't be able to walk, you won't be able to get any work done, I'll be yelling and hollering and—*"



"Cool it," my mind told me and my foot at the same time. Meaning, to me, put some ice on it, and, to my foot, put a sock on it.

And my mind was right. My feet—perhaps because I stepped on so many bees as a barefoot child that my soles got weary of rendering themselves convex—handle insect stings very well. So why don't my feet themselves remember that? If I didn't take what my body says with a grain of salt, I would run around like—there is no other phrase for it—a chicken with its head off.

AND WE HAVE been talking just about again, so far. We haven't even touched on pleasure. Pleasure is worse. That's the problem. For instance, my



body *loves* to taste. Also to swallow, to get a little buzz on, and to lie around digesting.

I was standing in the kitchen last evening, about six o'clock, and my taste-buds were clamoring, "Spaghetti! Spaghetti! With a whole lot of homemade sauce with hamburger and mushrooms and peppers and onions and Parmesan cheese! Come on! Can we? Pleeceze?"

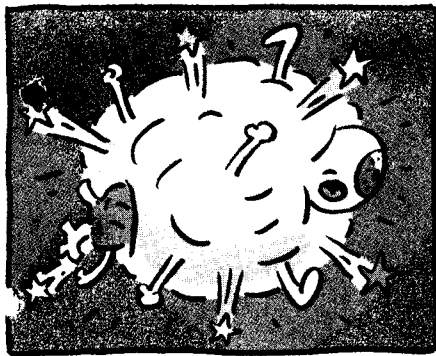
And my mind was saying, "Wellll . . ." And my stomach was saying, "I'm not so sure."

And my going-to-the-trouble-of-cooking muscles were saying, "Nahhh . . ."

And my conscience was saying, "Raw carrots! Raw carrots!"

And all of a sudden several parts of my body, in one voice, said, "How about a nice glass of bourbon with some ice in it?"

"No," I said. "We're not going to drink. We've got too much work to do."



"Well, hey," my body said (more and more voices chiming in), "you know we want you to get that work done. 'Cause we feel good when you do. Well, sometimes. But we *always* feel good when we have a nice glass of—"

"No," I said. "You know what the mind and I resolved yesterday. Nothing to drink, at all, till we get this work done."

"Hm," said my body. "Sounds kind of *abstract*. Sounds kind of *dogmatic*. Thought you were a tolerant, open-minded, visceral kind of fella. And what was it you were saying the other night? 'The body is the measure of all things?'"

"You heard that, did you?"

"I've got ears."

"Ears, yes. Sense, no."

"Sense!" cried my body. "I've got five senses. And a glass of bourbon would look good, taste good, and smell good, and the ice would make a nice little clinking sound. And it would make me feel good."

"While you were drinking it. But then you'd want more. And then tomorrow morning—remember last Sunday morning? Remember what you were saying then?"

"Well, vaguely, but . . . Well, no."

Fortunately, my mind jumped in. "Okay, that's it," it said. "End of discussion. We'll go ahead and make spaghetti, but no bourbon."

"Oh yeah?" my body said.

"Yeah," I said.

"You are *no fun*!" my body said. "I'm getting a headache." And it pouted. My body pouts!

So, I GUESS you think you know what my conclusion is going to be. That what I should do is listen to my mind.

No. I don't think so. For one thing, my mind is usually far less opinionated than my body. It is inclined to say, "Oh, well, all right. It's your body."

My mind doesn't have a great deal to say to my body, directly. The truth is that I have translated most of the body language in this essay from the original drone, with every now and then a yelp, a plea. Nor is my body at all self-conscious about this. It feels that its level of expression is more basic than anything my mind can understand. Whereas my mind finds most of what my body says to be such an old, subrational story that my mind drifts away, and there I am, alone with sluggish animal sounds—which, however, are almost preferable to the vague, staticky signals my mind is sending back from wherever it has drifted to.

Usually my mind and my body ignore each other and nag at me.

But I can't count on that. You know what happened this morning? Before the wasp? First let me say that I resolved last night to arise bright and early and get to work. Very important. I put both mind and body on notice that we were going to jump right out of bed.

Okay. This morning. Seven A.M. The alarm went off. And here's what my body said: "Ooohhh. Feeeels sooo gooood in here. Just gettin' commmf'table. Ummmm. Lessss jussss dooozzze back offff."

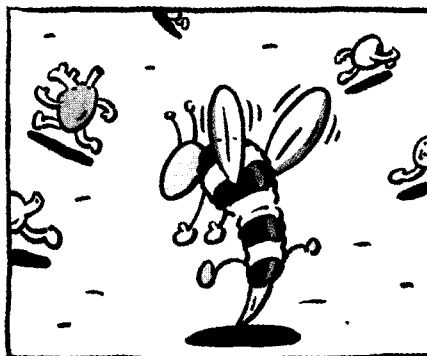
And do you know what my mind said? I know this is strange, but it actually happened. My mind, just completely out of the blue, and with none of its too-frequent archness, said, "Hey, I know what! We can just watch this movie here, which is about, um, something you need to know for your work. Sure! That's a good idea!"

This movie? What movie? There was no movie—no *screen*—anywhere in sight. Even if there had been, my eyes weren't open.

But I fell for it. I went back to sleep. *Dreaming that I was watching an educational film.*

And do you know why I did it?

Because my body said, "Listen to your mind." □



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The "helping professions," notably psychotherapy and the ministry, appear to attract more than their share of the emotionally unstable

WOUNDED HEALERS

BY THOMAS MAEDER

"What asylum doctor has not had his own attack of madness by dint of continual association with madmen? . . . But before that, what obscure inclination, what dreadful fascination had made him choose that subject?"

—*Marcel Proust*

"I think that my parents were crazy, and I think that, somehow, being psychiatrists kept them in line. They used it as a protection. They're both *quite* crazy, but their job gave them a really good cover."

—*a child of psychiatrists*

ALFRED ADLER, ACCORDING TO HIS SON, ONCE SAID, "I think I could make out of a sadist a good butcher—perhaps even a good surgeon." He would need to imbue the sadist with social interest and modify certain patterns of behavior, and he would end up with a constructive member of society who nonetheless retained the sadist's underlying personality pattern and motivations. One might wonder what sort of pathological type Adler would have selected as raw material for a psychotherapist.

One does not need to search for pathology to explain career choice any more than one needs underlying scatological or sexual explanations to understand every innocuous bit of behavior. Altruistic people, who work hard to help others, should not be suspected *ipso facto* of harboring ulterior selfish motives. Nonetheless, the "helping professions," such as nursing, charitable work, the ministry, and psychotherapy, attract people for curious and often psychologically suspect reasons. Something is a bit odd about people who proclaim "I want to help other people"—the underlying assumption being that they are in a position to help and that others will want to be helped by them. Such people may be lured, knowingly or unknowingly, by the position of authority, by the dependence of others, by the image of benevolence, by the promise of adulation, or by a hope of vicariously helping them-

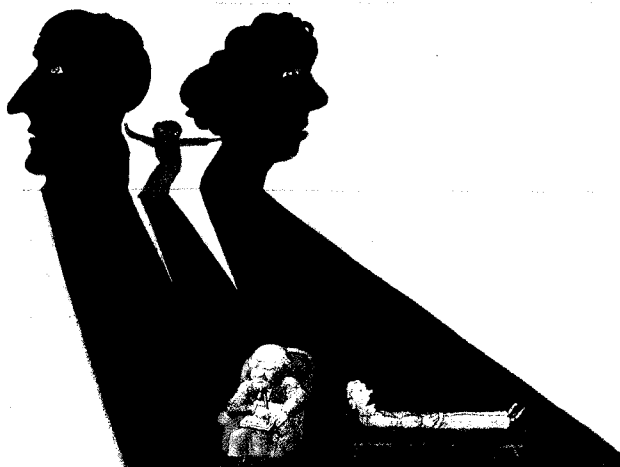
selves through helping others. Though some helping professionals have humbly and realistically perceived that they have something to offer and are willing to accept the responsibilities inherent in their calling, others use the role to manipulate their world in a convenient, simplistic manner, ultimately failing to take responsibility and using authority precisely to avoid it. For such people their job is not merely a way to earn a living: it is the essence of their lives.

It is a commonplace that psychotherapists are crazy, and

that this is probably what led them to their jobs. "What still strikes me," one woman I interviewed said, "is I'll go to a party in New York, and inevitably the craziest person there is a psychiatrist. I mean the person who is literally doing childish, antisocial things, making a fool of himself and embarrassing everyone else. I just shrug. That's the way it is." A president of the American Academy

of Psychotherapists once said, in an address to the members of his organization, "When I first visited a national psychiatric convention, in 1943, I was dismayed to find the greatest collection of oddballs, Christ beards, and psychotics that I had ever seen outside a hospital. Yet this is to be expected: psychotherapists are those of us who are driven by our own emotional hunger."

Psychotherapists often take a perverse delight in criticizing their peers, and the amount of abuse I have heard



them heap upon one another is truly astounding. Psychiatrists often say that analysts are crazy. Analysts say that psychiatrists, being unanalyzed, are crazy. Both of them say that social workers and psychologists, whose training is more limited and subject to fewer quality controls, are crazy, and are particularly harmful because a little bit of knowledge is a dangerous thing. Social workers and psychologists accuse psychiatrists and analysts of being pompous asses—pompous *crazy* asses, so puffed up with theoretical abstractions that they are out of touch with the real world.

**PSYCHIATRISTS
SAY THAT ANALYSTS
ARE CRAZY.
ANALYSTS SAY THAT
PSYCHIATRISTS
ARE CRAZY. BOTH
OF THEM SAY THAT
SOCIAL WORKERS
AND PSYCHOLOGISTS
ARE CRAZY.**

"I very rarely have found a healthy, well-integrated, happy person *seeking* this profession," one training psychoanalyst says. Another man, a clinical psychologist, told me, "I questioned your calling it a myth that therapists are crazy because the *fact* is that most of them *are*. If you need any proof, let me tell you that every patient who comes into this office who has had a previous experience with another therapist has some kind of horror story to tell, about some *major* failing on the therapist's part, including, quite often, sexual abuse, verbal abuse, things that cross the boundary of mere bad technique and come pretty damn close to the criminal."

Various statistical surveys of the psychopathology of therapists have been published, but this literature yields inconclusive results. In one study 91 percent of psychiatrists surveyed agreed that psychiatrists had "emotional difficulties that are special to them and their work as contrasted with non-psychiatrists." The psychiatrists said, however, that some of these problems were related to the personalities of people who went into the field, and others stemmed from the nature of the work. Few considered their "emotional difficulties" to be diagnosable clinical problems. But an interesting Swiss study compared the military-conscription records of people who subsequently became psychiatrists with the records of those who became surgeons and internists, and found that significantly more of the eventual psychiatrists were declared unfit for military service because of psychiatric disorders.

In another survey, this one of psychologists, social workers, counselors, and other nonmedical psychotherapists, 82 percent of respondents said they'd had relationship difficulties, 57 percent had experienced depression, 11 percent admitted to substance abuse, and 2 percent said they had attempted suicide. Again, the survey does not make clear how serious the relationship difficulties and depression were, nor does it give comparable figures for a non-therapist population.

With respect to alcohol and drug abuse, a concrete mea-

sure of emotional problems, physicians in general show a higher incidence than nonphysicians, and a study that examined ninety-eight physician members of Alcoholics Anonymous found that 17 percent were psychiatrists, who constituted only 8 percent of physicians at the time. Though this has been interpreted to mean that a disproportionate number of psychiatrists (among physicians in general) are alcoholics, it may also mean that out of the total population of alcoholic physicians, psychiatrists are among the most likely to seek help. Other studies have found that alcohol-abuse rates among therapists range from 6 to 11 percent, but in the absence of proper controls such studies seem inconclusive. When therapists are asked about themselves, 4 percent of them report drug or alcohol abuse serious enough to affect their work. When asked about their colleagues, these same therapists say that 18 percent of them are so impaired.

Studies of suicide among psychiatrists also furnish contradictory results. "Among the specialties, psychiatry appears to yield a disproportionate number of suicides," said an article on suicide among physicians which appeared in the *British Medical Journal* as long ago as 1964. "The explanation may lie in the choosing of the specialty rather than its demands, for some who take up psychiatry probably do so for morbid reasons."

Physicians in general do not seem to commit suicide at a rate significantly different from that of their nonmedical peers, although, perhaps because of their knowledge of drugs and access to them, their methods of choice are characteristically nonviolent: doctors poison themselves more than twice as often as the lay public, and shoot themselves less often. Psychiatrists, however, show a markedly greater tendency to commit suicide than the population at large or their medical peers. After several conflicting and methodologically flawed studies of suicide among psychiatrists were published, the Task Force on Suicide Prevention of the American Psychiatric Association instigated its own study of psychiatrists' suicides. Investigators examined the records on nearly 19,000 physician deaths from 1967 to 1972 and calculated the ratio of suicides to members for each medical specialty. They found that psychiatrists killed themselves about twice as often as other physicians. No other specialty showed a frequency significantly greater than average. Moreover, when individual years of the time span were examined, the rate was found to be constant, "indicating a relatively stable over-supply of depressed psychiatrists from which the suicides are produced."

Some people have argued that many psychiatrists who commit suicide have good reasons for doing so. One view is that psychiatrists are more likely to kill themselves when they are terminally ill than are most other people, because they take a more realistic and enlightened view of human life and suffering. Some of the prominent early analysts are examples: Paul Federn shot himself when he was dying of cancer, and Wilhelm Stekel, faced with declining health, poisoned himself.

Others suggest that the strains of the profession, wheth-

er practical or emotional, may drive practitioners to despair. Judd Marmor, a well-known professor of psychiatry, points out that the burden of constantly associating with depressed people, the stress of the transference-countertransference situation, the problems of role uncertainty, the burden of continuing education, and economic difficulties might be expected to take their toll on anyone. Fritz Wittels, originally an antagonist of psychoanalysis but later an ardent supporter, wrote of analysts who

involve their own unconscious in the dreams of others as in a distorting mirror; so that a gremlin catches them and drives them to death. Weininger was one of those who became involved in a bit of self-analysis, saw a distorted image of his unconscious that pressed a revolver into his hand. I have known three brilliant analysts, Schrötter, Tausk, Silberer, who voluntarily ended their lives. And in Vienna alone. Others will follow.

After Wittels changed his opinion of psychoanalysis, he retracted this view, saying that Weininger was not really a qualified psychoanalyst, that the others had not been properly analyzed, and that these facts, in the end, were to blame. "An analyst who has not himself been analyzed is in danger, be it suicide or otherwise."

THUS

I've never wanted childhood back—
long days of baseball, nights of math,
which I could at least hate in private.
Before I went to bed, I'd show
my father what I'd done that night.
The work was always smudged. I'd strain
to set the problem, then pound
the numbers into it. Hunched
over the kitchen table, I'd copy
each page until he said it looked
acceptable. *Quit sniffing*, he'd say.
I'll give you something real
to cry about. And he was right.
I knew, even then, I wasn't entitled
to misery. My father'd put his head
down close to mine and say,
softly, *You've never had to worry*
where your next meal was coming from.
What could I say? From algebra
I was learning Plato—nothing fancy—
learning that numbers were more cruel
than I could ever hope to be,
and I had hoped to be ruthless.

—Andrew Hudgins

On balance, however, with the significant exception of an apparent high suicide rate, the evidence that psychotherapists are disproportionately *impaired* is slight, and to accuse them of pervasive gross psychopathology would be foolish. Therapists are not crazy. Nonetheless, in terms of personality types, emotional weaknesses, and psychological motivations, a substantial majority of them may differ from the general population in ways more subtle than full-blown pathology yet more important than mere style.

WHAT FACTORS LEAD PEOPLE TO BECOME PSYCHOTHERAPISTS? On this, not surprisingly, such information as exists is poorly controlled, open to wide interpretation, and generally anecdotal, as is psychotherapy itself. A book by William Henry, John Sims, and S. Lee Spray, titled *The Fifth Profession*, presents statistics that are diverting but scarcely enlightening. Given a questionnaire asking why they had become interested in the field of psychotherapy, 15.8 percent of all polled therapists said they wanted "to help people," 14.4 percent wanted "to understand people," and 9.6 percent wanted "to gain professional status." Psychoanalysts and psychiatrists, which were considered separate groups, were more interested in "gaining an identity," whatever that means, than in any of the other possibilities, whereas this was of negligible concern to the clinical psychologists and social workers. And 24.4 percent of all therapists gave an "other" reason for their interest.

Once one gets past the responses that invoke benevolence and civic-mindedness, one finds reasons that tend to involve a search for compensations and cures for the therapist's personal unhappiness. Freud theorized that a strong desire to help others stems from longings that are the consequence of childhood losses. Indeed, several articles on related issues assert that many therapists grew up in rejecting or inadequate families and were thus led to what Karl Menninger has called a "professional interest in lonely, eccentric, and unloved people."

One book that examines the lives of twelve psychotherapists concludes that most of them felt responsible for maintaining family happiness during their youth. In the cases the authors studied, the mothers were seen as pallid or uninspired women, notably indifferent to their children except insofar as the children could be manipulated for the mothers' own gratification. The fathers were typically weak and estranged, though their children admired them. "Since every study shows that [therapists] mostly come from disrupted or disjointed families, often with the father physically or psychically absent, the therapists-to-be were delegated the task of assuring the fate and fulfillment of the family. They became, and are, the family nurturer."

Often the psychotherapist's secret goal is to continue in the role of family support. In analytic transference the analyst comes to represent aspects of the patient's parents, and the patient represents aspects of the therapist's earlier life. Unfortunately, however, patients are not trained to

manipulate this curious relationship, nor is that what they have come and paid money to do. Meanwhile, the therapist treats a succession of patients not only for their own problems but also for other problems, belonging to another time and place in the therapist's life, that haunt his consultation room. One study describes several therapists who seem to have done this. A psychiatrist undergoing analysis became depressed when she realized that she would not be able to cure her mother, an idea that lay in the back of her mind and had been her most important motive for entering psychiatry. A psychiatrist who in childhood had been saddled with the burden of maintaining family harmony was found to harbor the fantasy that one day his father and mother would be happy together as a result of his efforts. Meanwhile, he had particular difficulty treating patients with severe marital problems, and his own marriage suffered from his tendency to treat his wife as if she were a patient. In a third case a medical student embarking upon his psychiatric residency broke under the strain of caring for his emotionally disturbed mother and dependent psychiatrist father; he had planned to work in child psychiatry, and was especially interested in helping doctors' families.

The children of psychotherapists seem to talk more than most people do about their parents' emotionally dismal childhoods. They portray their therapist parents as exceptionally lonely and unhappy, socially ostracized at school, and abused at home, either psychologically or physically. The parents were ill at ease with themselves and with others, and sought through association with the world of adults and a retreat into the world of the intellect, and ultimately through the field of psychotherapy, to understand and manage their misery and to protect themselves and, later, their families. In many cases, the therapist parents themselves had said that their unhappy early lives were the primary motivation for their choice of career. In others, the motive seemed so clear that the children drew the conclusion on their own.

A host of other less-than-selfless motives may enter into the choice of psychotherapy as a profession: sublimated sexual curiosity, aggression, the problem-solving pleasure of clarifying emotional confusions, and a voyeuristic interest in the lives of others. These factors, which have been discussed by other authors, are very likely important, but they seem to be secondary rather than determining characteristics and will be considered here only insofar as they enter into what I believe to be the primary one: that of the wounded healer.



The idea of the wounded healer has ancient roots. In Greek mythology, Chiron, the centaur who taught medicine to Aesculapius, suffered an incurable wound at the hands of Hercules. Saint Augustine was conspicuous but not alone among the Christian saints in using his own weaknesses and his struggle against them to help him find compassion and strength. Mythology and religion are fraught with figures who must learn to heal themselves before healing others—who must recognize and forgive their

own sins before they can, with authentic humility and understanding, forgive anyone else. Many of Freud's significant early discoveries arose out of the scrutiny of his deeply buried memories and then heroic confrontations with the painful things he found. In case histories of his patients he drew upon his own experience often enough to show that he regularly put his own flaws at the

service of the empathic process. Psychoanalysts in training are required to undergo analysis for two complementary reasons. First, they must try to rid themselves of their psychological problems, so that they will be less likely to project their preoccupations onto their patients and then mistake what they perceive in them for objective fact. Second, the painful analytic process is itself instructive: an analyst who ventures into the patient's world needs to know how analysis can hurt and how it can help, and to recognize that therapist and patient are made of the same mortal stuff. Having emotional problems may not actually be a prerequisite or an advantage for a psychotherapist, but, clearly, having had problems is not in itself a handicap, so long as these problems have been recognized, confronted, and successfully resolved.

The danger occurs when the wounded healer has not resolved, or cannot control, his own injury. The helping professional's career can follow either of two paths. The more difficult, but ultimately more satisfying, road leads to a painful confrontation with his own problems and weaknesses, and ultimately to self-knowledge. Ideally, he overcomes the difficulties; at worst, he is forced to resign himself to insuperable handicaps. In either case, though, the end result is a clearer perception of his ambitions and needs and their relationship to the task at hand. He can approach others with honesty, compassion, and humility, knowing that he is motivated by genuine concern, and not by some ulterior motive.

The other path is easier but often disastrous. The psychotherapist comes, consciously or unconsciously, to see in his profession a means of *avoiding* the need to deal with his problems. He gains authority and power to compensate for

his weakness and vulnerability. He learns slippery techniques that enable him to justify his actions in almost all circumstances, and perhaps even to shift blame onto somebody else. In his work with his patients, the entire therapeutic relationship is perverted and turned to the service of his hidden purpose. The therapist is there not to treat the patient but, by circuitous and well-concealed means, to treat or protect or comfort himself. The patient is not an object of empathy and altruism but an unsuspecting victim who is taken into the therapist's realm of personal needs and subjective impressions and assigned a role there that he does not recognize and would not want. And in the course of this strange, unacknowledged process, the patient's own problems may be neglected.

In choosing his profession, the therapist-to-be may even make his problems much worse, because he discovers a justification for divorcing himself from the emotions that have caused him so much pain. He is to become a cold, accurate instrument instead of a sloppily warm and vulnerable human being. He may console himself with the heady deceit that he is martyring himself for the good of others: rather than live a happy and self-interested life, he says, he will forgo his own satisfaction in order to transform himself into someone who can do greater good. The flaw in this idea is that he is not being selfless at all but seeking, through the very medium of ostentatious self-denial, a perverse gratification of his personal needs. For such a therapist, the wound has become sealed off, prevented from causing pain but also left inaccessible to healing. Since his energy is directed toward defending the status quo, he is diverted from the arduous and humbling process of self-examination which might otherwise have made him whole, and is forced, continuously and forever, to work just to stay where he is. With this sealed-off problem now at the center of his personal and professional life, the further along he goes the more difficult and costly it becomes to try to correct the mistake. His situation is almost Faustian: he has sold his hopes of redemption in the future for power, comfort, and knowledge in the present.

THE PARALLELS IN THE WORLD OF RELIGION ARE conspicuous and instructive. The Church has often been regarded as a haven for the emotionally disturbed. Like studies on the mental state of psychotherapists, studies of the clergy are contradictory and emotionally charged. Overall, however, they suggest a high incidence of family problems and narcissistic disorders, and a host of other problems involving interpersonal relations and self-esteem. In the course of my research I spoke to several psychotherapists who had begun their careers as ministers, and who now specialize in treating the emotional problems of their erstwhile professional colleagues. Some of these problems are incidental to the occupation, or result from its peculiar pressures and strains, but others seem to be both causal and recurrent enough to rate as a mild but characteristic clerical pathology.

One type of clergyman, like one type of psychotherapist, is a repentant sinner who has recognized his or her weakness and can therefore align himself with other mortal men in the search for salvation. Another kind, the sealed-off sinner in his most extreme form, is the rigid and damning preacher who exhorts and chastises his flock from above, who has no sympathy for their weaknesses, and who may hurt his congregants by condemning their transgressions, instead of helping by leading them, through understanding, to righteousness. These preachers are so deeply beset by uncertainty and unresolved problems that they have organized their external life through sheer brute force and imposture, but they have left their internal life untouched. They cannot understand their congregants because they cannot understand themselves, and they cannot constructively help with many emotional problems because the solution they have adopted themselves is to cap such tensions tightly and hold them unseen.

Perhaps the most interesting and significant problem shared by many "healers," which has been described by a number of therapists, is that of the person, often a first-born or only child, who was rushed through childhood too quickly, without the warmth, the protection, and the love that children deserve, and who was obliged to become a little adult. Such people grow up believing that hard work and responsibility are the only things that give them value in others' eyes. They have a chronically low sense of self-worth and a stunted ability to receive genuine love or friendship from others; only their selfishly selfless labors make them feel satisfied with themselves. As a result, they may be driven into a veritable frenzy of wholesale

helping, which is motivated not by altruism but by a desperate need to fill an inner vacancy—an effort that ultimately helps very little, because, like trying to fill a bucket with a hole in the bottom, it can never succeed until they have attended to the necessary repairs. As one man, a Jungian analyst and an Episcopalian minister who has treated many clergymen, describes the problem:

THE CHILDREN OF PSYCHOTHERAPISTS PORTRAY THEIR THERAPIST PARENTS AS EXCEPTIONALLY LONELY AND UNHAPPY, SOCIALLY OSTRACIZED AT SCHOOL, AND ABUSED AT HOME.

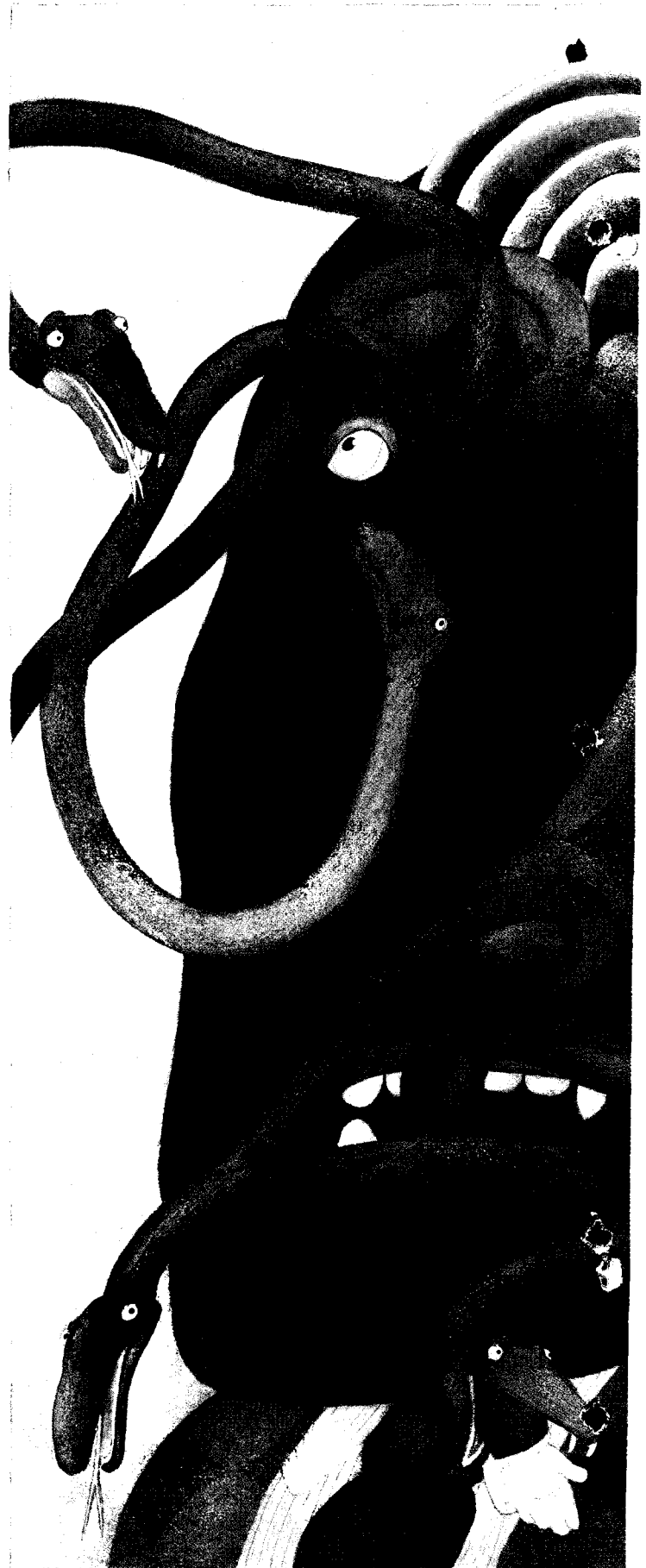
"They give too much, without knowing how to take, and it has an effect on them as well as on their families. They build up even more of an inhibition against being able to appropriately take things for themselves, which is taboo. They can justify this attitude with all sorts of theological jargon that says 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and so on. They are into loving their God and loving their neighbor, but they forget that little, crucial, additional thing: 'as thyself.'

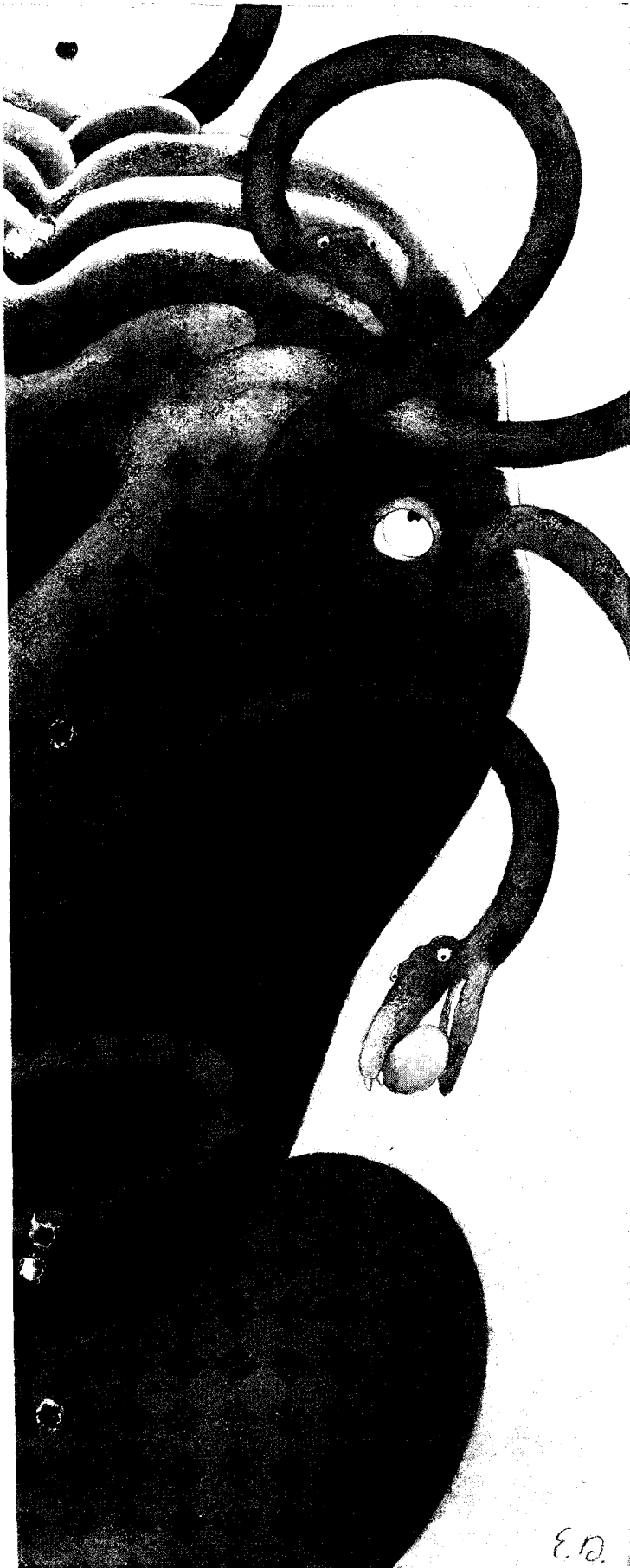
"These people are pathological givers, and so they become servers, pastoral counselors, and so on, and they can even be good at it, to a degree, but they become impoverished after a while. They have given so much that they finally run out of spiritual and nervous energy, and what remains is the underlying resentment. You find a great deal of resentment and sourness among the clergy. Just go and interview your garden-variety Catholic priest in the parish. Get to know him a little bit, and you will find a lot of anger and bitterness, even though he will maintain a façade of benevolence and contentment. He has given more than he had to give, and gotten very little back."

In choosing the ministry as a profession, these wounded healers have embarked on an ultimately doomed quest, one that perverts the purpose of their work. One bishop summed up the issues quite neatly when he said that in screening candidates for the ministry, one of the questions he asks himself is, "Is this a whole person seeking to express his wholeness through the ministry? Or is this a person trying to *find* his wholeness in the ministry?"

William Dewart, a clinical psychologist who works primarily with clergymen, points out another interesting, common problem. One of the lures that drew these people to the Church was a position of authority that might help them to compensate for their feelings of inadequacy and emptiness and to escape from painful impositions by others. "Some go into the clergy believing that 'in the end, I answer only to God.' That is a very nice arrangement, they suppose, because God is a spiritual entity, after all, and His love is unconditional. They won't have to deal with a foreman or boss, no changes of administration. It's just you and God, who, after all, called you in the first place. At least that's what they believe when they begin. But before they know it, they find themselves running up against authority and issues of power everywhere, from the vestry of their own small parish all the way up to the bishop of the diocese. For example, in the Episcopal Church the canons provide for the bishop to make the final decision regarding the very question of one's calling to an ordained priesthood. So the poor individual unconsciously seeking the priesthood in hopes of circumventing issues of authority and power will certainly find himself walking straight into one of the more authoritative, political organizations in the world."

Among psychotherapists this is rarely a problem, except among those entering a psychoanalytic institute, who may feel that the institute's teachers and training analysts hold despotic power over their fate. Indeed, the psychotherapist in private practice is responsible to no outside authority. Information about what he does comes only from what he chooses to tell and from the perceptions of his patients, who tend to mistrust their own judgment. The therapist truly has the independence that the clergyman hoped for; he is the solitary ruler of his microcosmic domain. This unusual circumstance tends to exacerbate whatever problems he brought to his profession and to add novel difficulties.





IN AN IMPORTANT PAPER TITLED "THE GOD COMPLEX," published in 1913, Ernest Jones, a pioneer psychoanalyst now best remembered as Freud's biographer and chief English-language ambassador, described a set of character traits resulting from a pathological unconscious belief that one is God. People with this complex do not wander the streets proclaiming themselves the deity but have both a concealed, insidious faith in their own importance and entitlement, and an inability to conceive of others as comparably important, which color every aspect of their relations with the world.

The type in question is characterized by a desire for aloofness, inaccessibility, and mysteriousness, often also by a modesty and self-effacement. They are happiest in their own home, in privacy and seclusion, and like to withdraw to a distance. They surround themselves and their opinions with a cloud of mystery, exert only an indirect influence on external affairs, never join in any common action, and are generally unsocial. They take great interest in psychology, particularly in the so-called objective methods of mind-study that are eclectic and which dispense with the necessity for intuition. Phantasies of power are common, especially the idea of possessing great wealth. They believe themselves to be omniscient, and tend to reject all new knowledge. . . . The subjects of language and religion greatly interest them. . . . Constant, but less characteristic, attributes are the desire for appreciation, the wish to protect the weak, the belief in their own immortality, the fondness for creative schemes, e.g., for social reform, and above all, a pronounced castration complex.

Oddly enough, this comes very close to being a description of many psychotherapists, or even a job description for psychotherapy. Some of the qualities are ones that psychotherapists go out of their way to cultivate as part of their professional persona, and the training process may encourage them. Indeed, Jones said that people with God complexes were more likely than others to go into psychology and related professions. He hastened to add that they were not drawn to psychoanalysis, his own specialty, for it required intuition and an ability to empathize with others. A great many analysts and analytically oriented therapists, however, plod through their jobs on the basis of dogma, with little empathy at all. Jones himself was notable for his lack of psychological intuition, and was a curious mixture of radicalism and conservatism. He left medicine and Wales, his native land, which threatened in separate ways to hold power over him, yet once he had embraced Freudian psychoanalysis he became its most inflexible defender. His belief in the powers of psychoanalysis, by his own admission, bordered on grandiosity:

Perhaps, indeed, in centuries to be, the medical psychologist may, like the priest of ancient times, come to serve as a source of practical wisdom and a stabilising influence in this chaotic world, whom the community would consult before embarking on any important social or political enterprise. Mere megalomania, it may be said. Perhaps,

but it is my living faith none the less, and only our descendants will be able to say if it was a misplaced one.

Freud himself had a strong element of grandiosity, insisting that he was not a man of science, an observer, an experimenter, or a thinker, but a conquistador. His bitter relations with Jung, Adler, Rank, and others who strayed from his patronage and guidance are in keeping with Jones's image of the man who can tolerate no god but himself.

In any psychotherapist, for that matter, an unusual degree of self-assurance is essential. After all, the therapist's patients are people whose attempts to conduct their own lives have failed, to some degree, and who are seeking help from another. However much therapists may wish to play the part of mere mediators rather than guides, the situation forces them into a position of superiority in which, by whatever direct or subtle means, they must assert their notion of what is good for their patients above what the patients may believe to be proper in the management of their own lives. Moreover, therapists need self-confidence and poise, combined with a great deal of humility, to withstand the emotional onslaught of the patients' unreasonable expectations and assumptions. Patients force therapists into a position of superiority through their idealization: the therapists must have wonderful marriages, perfect children, cultured and profound interests, clear and correct understanding of issues. Many patients want to be like their therapists, to adopt facets of their therapist's tastes and mannerisms, and some patients go on to become therapists or counselors themselves, because the profession has emerged in their minds as the most perfect of all occupations. Patients do not simply want advice from their therapists: as children, they expected magic from their parents, and often with their therapists—thanks to the transference—they entertain similarly unrealistic hopes that their fears will be soothed and their problems miraculously resolved.

The field of psychotherapy inevitably attracts people with God complexes, and it is custom-designed to exacerbate the condition when it exists. Psychiatrists sometimes expect, and are often expected by others, to address questions that lie well outside the range of their expertise. They are expected to do so simply because they study human beings and, by erroneous implication, are therefore supposed to understand all things human. Psychiatrists comment on the law, politics, art, literature, and ethical questions, which nothing in their training has qualified them to comprehend any better than any other intelligent

and educated person. Above all, within the therapeutic situation itself therapists who do not have the personal strength and equilibrium to resist the temptations of power and to see the patients' adoration as the epiphenomenon of their actions that it is may subside into self-importance.

Each profession carries its respective difficulties, and the danger of analysis is that of becoming infected by transference projections, in particular by archetypal contents. When the patient assumes that his analyst is the fulfillment of his dreams, that he is not an ordinary doctor but a spiritual hero and a sort of saviour, of course the analyst will say, "What nonsense! This is just morbid. It is a hysterical exaggeration." Yet—it tickles him; it is just too nice. And moreover, he has the same archetypes in himself. So he begins to feel, "If there are saviours, well, perhaps it is just possible that I am one," and he will fall for it, at first hesitantly, and then it will become more and more plain to him that he really is a sort of extraordinary individual. Slowly he becomes fascinated and exclusive. He is terribly touchy, susceptible, and perhaps makes himself a nuisance in medical societies. He cannot talk with his colleagues any more because he is—I don't know what. He becomes very disagreeable or withdraws from human contacts, isolates himself, and then it becomes more and more clear to him that he is a very important chap really and of great spiritual significance, probably an equal of the Mahatmas in the Himalayas, and it is quite likely that he also belongs to the great brotherhood. And then he is lost to the profession. We have very unfortunate examples of this kind. I know quite a number of colleagues who have gone that way.

This description by Carl Jung is probably exaggerated, which is fortunate in one obvious sense, though unfortunate in another, inasmuch as therapists of the sort described are not necessarily lost to the profession but may continue to practice. They can justify their attitude to themselves and to others—but someone who wields power in the name of some perceived ultimate good is always potentially dangerous. The zealot can find a moral



excuse for oppressing others that is unavailable to the mere bully or the charlatan.

IF VIEWED CLINICALLY, THE GOD COMPLEX CAN BE RELATED to narcissism, a personality disorder whose chief features are well established. Those with narcissistic personality disorders have grandiose self-images, often entertain unrealistic notions of their abilities, power, wealth,

intelligence, and appearance, and feel entitled to things they haven't earned, simply by virtue of their inherent greatness. This exalted view of themselves, however, lacking the comfortable and certain support of reality, is very fragile. Narcissists constantly need admiration and praise from others and can be incongruously devastated by relatively unimportant failures, which threaten the fragile tissue of their belief. A paradoxical indifference to the wishes and feelings of others, combined with a simultaneous dependency upon their praise, is a particularly striking feature of narcissists. Many of them have a deep-seated sense that they are frauds—as in many ways they are.

Narcissists are much more concerned with the appearance of things than with the reality; thus their ambitions tend to have a driven quality but to be empty of genuine sustained interest or pleasure. They are ethically empty, though their fundamental amorality is often masked by an intense but superficial show of morality and social, political, or aesthetic concern. Since these cosmetic ethics do not touch them personally, however, narcissists may readily change their views or entertain conflicting ethical beliefs.

Their relations with others tend to be emotionally hollow and exploitative, since narcissists are ultimately interested only in themselves (failing, in a profound way, even to perceive other people as separate from themselves) and are thus unable to maintain equal give-and-take relationships. They are insensitive and lacking in empathy; their views of others are chiefly projections from within themselves, and therefore vacillate between idealization and debasement. Frequently they believe other people to be basically unscrupulous, unreliable, false, and opportunistic. Though they may make an extravagant show of generosity and concern for others, this behavior inevitably proves to be just that—a show, which serves to polish the fine image they strive to hold of themselves.

Various schools of psychoanalytic thought postulate different origins for narcissistic disorders, but all agree on the fundamental outlines. Narcissists were deprived in infancy and childhood of the affection and the deep emotional interactions with their parents that would have allowed the normal development of a distinct sense of the difference between self and other and a feeling of personal value. According to the psychoanalysts Heinz Kohut and Alice Miller particularly, pathology in the parents (who are often narcissistic themselves) kept them from treating the child as an independent person and responding to him on his own merits, and led them instead to use the child for their own gratification. As a result, the child's sense of self was stunted and his sense of value was structured around his ability to comprehend and fulfill his parents' wishes. As Miller comments,

This ability is then extended and perfected. Later, these children not only become mothers (confidantes, comforters, advisers, supporters) of their own mothers, but also take over the responsibility for their siblings and eventu-

ally develop a special sensitivity to unconscious signals manifesting the needs of others. No wonder that they often choose the psychoanalytic profession later on. Who else, without this previous history, would muster sufficient interest to spend the whole day trying to discover what is happening in the other person's unconscious?

Thus the peculiar miseries of the narcissist's childhood have encouraged him to develop a sensitivity to others' needs and a knack for anticipating and dextrously catering

to them. These are extraordinarily useful in the practice of psychotherapy, as is a need to exercise these talents and to achieve the approval of others. The very same qualities, however, ultimately hinder the therapist's ability to help patients or to raise children who are free of emotional problems, because the empathy and altruism are basically false. Meanwhile, the profession he

has entered presses him further than ever from the chance of cure.

One of the best ways to avoid or counteract feelings of grandiosity is to cultivate genuine human loves and friendships. By dealing with people as equals, in symmetrical relationships in which the corners tend to get knocked off people's fantastic monuments to themselves, and in which they may grow comfortable with their shortcomings through others' acceptance of them, they can learn to be real, solid human beings who take true pride in genuine strengths and are able to recognize and deal with genuine weaknesses. Healthy, loving marriages, in particular, wean people from lonely grandiosity, and also mitigate the effects of their particular problems on their children.

Unfortunately, this is not the sort of marriage many psychotherapists seem to have or to seek out. When measured in superficial statistical terms, psychiatrists have a divorce rate insignificantly higher than the rate among other medical specialists, and considerably *lower* than the rate among the general professional population. Their marriages, however, according to one respected research team, often appear to be remarkably distant and formal, based on shared intellectual and recreational activities rather than on affectionate interaction. Moreover, considerable anecdotal evidence suggests that therapists, both men and women, tend to marry troubled and dependent partners who will not counteract their narcissistic disturbances but will supply the admiration they crave. It is said that they marry their patients—which is sometimes even literally true—and end up in relationships that are anything but equal. The psychiatrist Richard Robertiello, speaking from professional and personal experience, writes,

THE FIELD OF PSYCHOTHERAPY INEVITABLY ATTRACTS PEOPLE WITH GOD COMPLEXES, AND IT IS CUSTOM-DESIGNED TO EXACERBATE THE CONDITION WHEN IT EXISTS.

[Therapists] tend to be drawn to partners who have rather serious emotional problems and who are looking for a wise understanding person who will help, support and perhaps "cure" them. . . . They are drawn by their own feeling of grandiosity and omnipotence. They think they will be able, by their love and caring and wisdom, to make this person happy, especially one who has frustrated several previous therapists in their efforts to accomplish this. Of course, the therapists feel very noble and generous and altruistic in this endeavor.

But their satisfactions are hardly only altruistic. They start off having tremendous adulation and admiration from their "sick" mates. They begin in an unchallenged position of superiority and control. They are always "right" or "healthy" and their mate is always "wrong" or "sick." In addition to all of the narcissistic gratification this provides, it also gives a perfect assurance of acceptability and a near-guarantee against being abandoned.

Ultimately, this sort of relationship is not very profitable for either person involved. The therapist may eventually outgrow his spouse and come to resent the dependence that originally brought them together. "I used to complain that I saw outpatients all week long, and then had an inpatient on my hands every weekend," Robertiello says. But growth on the part of the spouse can pose a threat to the therapist. The couple may end up in a stale relationship, where even the gratification of adoration and dependence wears thin. Meanwhile, the whole household revolves around the initial narcissistic demands of the therapist, and the subordinate spouse may come to function more as a part of this pattern than as an autonomous entity. "My father was very shy and insecure," says one woman, a lawyer and the daughter of an analyst, "and he insisted that the family provide him with a lot of reassurance all the time. He stayed very close to home in every way—his office was in the house—and there was this ritual that my mother had to tell him how wonderful he was even though he wasn't, and how great the things he did were even when they weren't. That seems to be why he needed her."

Close friendships are the other curative, but psychotherapists, as it happens, tend to have very few friends. Therapists explain this away as a result of the tremendous demands of their professional lives—long hours, teaching, society meetings—but such rationalizations seem forced. Statistics show that psychiatrists have more free time than almost any other medical specialists and that compared with many lawyers and businessmen—people not noted for a paucity of friends—psychotherapists do not have demanding sched-

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ules. Moreover, having little time does not automatically mean that one cannot make friends.

The real reason for the lack of friendships often appears to be a much more unpleasant, unconscious one. Many therapists do not need friends, because they live vicariously through their patients, just as clergymen seek love and self-worth vicariously through devotion to a congregation. For people who are uncomfortable with others and with themselves, the therapeutic situation offers an unparalleled opportunity for asymmetrical intimacy. The rules of therapy demand that the patient tell the therapist everything, while the therapist is under no obligation to reveal anything at all and thus can minimize the risk of pain incurred in normal human relationships. Life in the office can be exciting. One therapist told me the story of an analyst who retired and looked forward to the joy of reading novels but was dreadfully bored after a few months, because fiction did not possess the immediacy and veracity of clinical cases. And therapists who are allowed entry into their patients' lives are repaid for this privilege by the patients' grateful adoration. "My father had an inability to relate with his family or other people," says an analyst and the son of an analyst, "and his way of being close was through his patients. It was a way for him to have an interaction, but there was always a wall, or a desk, or a couch to protect him."

The Swiss psychotherapist Adolf Guggenbühl-Craig describes the tragic consequences to the therapist of this kind of vicarious living.

His own private life takes a back seat to the problems and difficulties of his patients. But a point may be reached where the patients might actually live for the analyst, so to speak, where they are expected to fill the gap left by the analyst's own loss of contact with warm, dynamic life. The analyst no longer has his own friends; his patients' friendships and enmities are as his own. The analyst's sex life may be stunted; his patients' sexual problems provide a substitute. . . . His own psychic development comes to a standstill. Even in his non-professional life he can talk of nothing but his patients and their problems. He is no longer able to love and hate, to invest himself in life, to struggle, to win and lose. His own affective life becomes a surrogate. Acting thus as a quack who draws his sustenance from the lives of his patients, the analyst may seem momentarily to flourish psychically. But in reality he loses his own vitality and creative originality. The advantage of such vicarious living, of course, is that the analyst is also spared any genuine suffering. In a sense this function too is exercised for him by others.

The particular danger for the patient, against which therapists must be vigilant but often are not, is that the therapy begins to settle in as part of the patient's life rather than remaining an active process through which he can reintegrate himself into living. The patient may begin to look forward to sessions excessively and to live his life for the unacknowledged purpose of interesting and pleasing the therapist. Problems may apparently be resolved and

changes made because the patient feels that this is what the therapist wants; such changes have no profound or permanent effect, because they are performed more for dramatic value or the therapist's approval than from a sense of inner need. Patients do not want to leave the idealized therapist; nor, in the pathological relationship described above, is the therapist motivated to help the patient leave. In the worst case, the entire therapy is poisoned, because ultimately, unconsciously, the therapist cannot bear to cure the patient, for then he would lose him. He therefore perpetuates a curious relationship of a kind that he may have had with his parents and that he may inflict not only on his patients but also on his children.

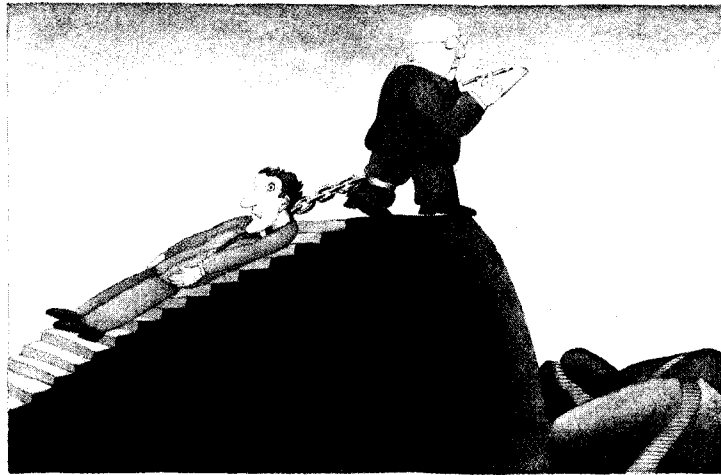
I have heard such stories again and again. One of the first and most dramatic accounts came from a respected psychoanalyst who had always admired and sought to emulate his analyst father, had gone to the same medical school and analytic institute, and had set up his practice in the same city. He dated the beginning of his most significant personal growth from the time his father, during a period of illness, asked him to take over some of his cases.

"I agreed. I wasn't that busy. I was in analytic training and was getting some supervision analyzing, and I thought this would be more grist for the mill. Besides, I figured I could do it as well as anybody else, and I never thought about the possible consequences of this kind of involvement with him. But in the course of doing this two or three times, I began to realize that my father had a number of patients who were very dependent on him. He charged them low fees, for one thing. That should have been a clue. But then, more important, with a number of his patients I realized that he had no good idea of the difference between maintenance, support, and cure. With some of them he had developed a kind of *collusion*; they needed him, and he needed them."

What both alarmed and helped this man most of all was his realization that the same process was at work in the relationship between his father and himself. He idolized his father, and his father depended on this idolization, much as he did in his relationships with his patients. Though his father was willing to help him grow to a certain degree, and though the son benefited in many ways from his closeness to his father, at some point his independence worked against his father's interests—both the father's selfish interests and his inappropriate wishes for his son. "I saw the contrast in the relationships between my psychoanalyst and me and my father and me. My analyst was providing me with an opportunity to grow up, while my father, ap-

parently, didn't want me to go through the same sort of pain he had experienced growing up." Gradually the son established his own independence: he divorced his wife, having married in part to please his father, moved to another state, and eventually abandoned full-time psychoanalysis in favor of a psychiatric practice whose orientation was altogether removed from that of his father's.

Several teaching analysts and psychotherapists agree that what poses as professional dedication is often at heart a morbid addiction. A training analyst in New York has discussed with me the unwillingness of analysts to leave their practice even when they reach retirement age. "They may say that they can't give up the income, or offer some other explanation, but what they really miss is feeling needed. Personally, I think that it is unethical and immoral for analysts to practice beyond a cer-



tain time in life. You can say a word for experience, but how much experience is experience? You can't really say that a seventy-year-old's experience is better than that of someone who is fifty-five. There comes a time when you are simply repeating the same experiences. Yet analysts will not retire. They *won't*. Myself, I don't take on new patients anymore. I do consultations or see an occasional expatient, and mostly do teaching or supervising. But someone who is now in his eighties, a New York analyst whom everyone knows, said to me the other day, 'I have time,' meaning that he wanted some referrals. I told a friend, and she said I should have replied, 'Not much.' What is someone like that doing for his patients? He can't see as well, he can't remember as well, he can't hear as well, but he's still in there, and nobody's going to tell him what to do, and since there are no rules or laws or need for operating-room privileges, nobody can stop him, and he'll just keep doing it. And, transference feelings being what they are, the patient doesn't have enough sense to move on or move up. Sometimes patients actually stay because they feel sorry for the therapist. I've known cases like that."

For most patients the problems of the wounded healer are irrelevant. Most people who seek therapeutic help need the benefit of knowledge, experience, and objectivity, and the opportunity to devote a specific amount of time to the careful scrutiny of whatever is wrong with their lives. The narcissistic therapist's sealed-off wound and secret self-centered agenda may have no discernible effect on this simple program. But in cases that demand more from the therapist, or tread close to his own problems, or issue challenges that his therapeutic persona cannot easily handle, serious harm may be done. □

A Short Story



A VAN FOR VIOLET

BY ERNST HAVEMANN

WE HAVE LADIES' PISTOL PRACTICE ON THURSDAYS, after Afwelf (that's short for African Welfare Society), at what used to be the Boy Scouts' hall. The basement has been fitted with sandbags and soundproofing and foot pedals that make the targets pop up when you want them. I believe it's one of the best private ranges in Johannesburg.

Some of the girls have big .38 revolvers. These weapons can blow a gigantic hole right through Oliver Tambo. That's what we call the cardboard figure that we use as a target. Tambo is that Communist, in Lusaka or London, you know, who keeps trying to stir up the blacks here.

A lot of the girls get quite excited when they shoot. They shout, "Kill him! Kill the bastard!" and things like that, but most of the time they don't even hit the figure, let alone get the yellow card that shows where his heart would be. I don't shout or scream. I put both hands round my weapon (you must call it "weapon," not "gun," the instructor says) and I don't pull, I squeeze, like you're supposed to. I've never actually had a bull's-eye, but five times out of ten I hit the figure somewhere. My score would be better if I could resist closing my eyes when I fire. Frikkie—that's my husband—gave me this lovely little pistol. It's a flat double-barreled derringer, like American gamblers used to carry. It weighs only eleven ounces, but it's quite deadly at short range. Frikkie calls it my Tutu-shooter, because it uses .22 magnum cartridges and because of Desmond Tutu—you know, that agitator who's our archbishop now.

When His Almighty Grace was just the suffragan in Johannesburg, he sometimes came to St. John's. In fact, he thought it an honor, because this is a pretty snob suburb, you know, but now I suppose he fancies himself too much, going to unrests and preaching sanctions and getting Nobel Prizes and all that sort of thing. Perhaps he thinks he wouldn't be welcome, but I'm sure if he came the church would be packed, because all the servants would want to come. And not just the Anglicans but also the Wesleyans and the Bush Baptists and the Holy Rollers and the Jesus Jumpers and the AmaZions. You name it, we've got them.

We let servants come to our services now. Everybody thinks it's right, though Mrs. Macintyre did ask who would pay the fine if we were had up for contravening the Group Areas Act. I said Frikkie would. I don't know what Frikkie would say if he knew. Anyway, it won't happen. Everybody agreed it was a matter for the whole congregation,

and even old Ma Macintyre said if we had to pay a fine for doing what was right, she wouldn't be one of those who say, "Oh, dear, I have just a few rand with me. I do all my shopping on Visa." Someone said, Shouldn't the church join Visa? Then people could make their offertory with their credit cards, and they would give a lot more. I thought it was a good idea, but Father Wilson laughed and said, "Render unto Visa, eh," and went on to the next item.

Most of the servants sit at the back of the church, to the left of the aisle, where they can quietly slip in late or leave early, like if they have to get the lunch ready. But Pamela Fisher has her maid, Zodwa, sitting with them, and Gideon Fisher finds the page in the prayer book for her and things like that. I'm sure it's Christian, but, you know, Zodwa is really quite sexy when she's in her church dress, with that low scallop front. I suppose Pamela knows what the score is, and of course everybody has problems with the Alternative Service. I prefer the old Book of Common Prayer, because "hast" and "thou" and all those old English words sound kind of holy, don't you think? Anyway, I wouldn't want Frikkie leaning over our Violet like that. Violet's a wonderful nanny and she's absolutely devoted to Jenny, but that's where I want it to stop. She'll have to find her own way round the prayer book.

The only big problem about servants attending our service is drinking from the same chalice for holy communion. Some white people are pretty quick off the mark, and rush for the altar rail to be sure they won't have to drink from a cup that a black person has just used. Because they sit at the back of the church, most black worshippers reach the altar rail after the white people, but sometimes that isn't how it works out. The minister is conscientious about wiping the place where the last person drank, and they do say the alcohol in the wine should kill any germs. When I hear those deep phlegmy coughs some of the blacks have, I wonder, though. And aren't viruses different? I believe that in some churches one doesn't actually drink from a common cup: the priest gives out wafers or bread fragments like croutons, and you dip yours in the chalice of wine, just as if you were dunking rusks in coffee. It's called intinction. Violet says the Wesleyan church she used to go to has separate little cups, like egg cups, one for each person—but they don't wash them between relays of communicants, so where does that get them?

Somehow black people don't think germs are so impor-



tant, do they? Even Violet. She has passed standard seven and she reads the Bible and *Home Health* and *The Ladies' Journal*, but she will still kiss Jenny on the lips. I keep telling her not to, but she just wipes Jenny's mouth and says, "There, I have wiped away those bad Bantu germs."

I have Violet examined every three months, and she's always clean, but you can't be too careful, can you? Frikkie says it's an insult to her self-respect, and I can see she doesn't like it, but I tell her lots of white women would be jolly grateful if they could afford a medical every few months. The way some of them carry on, they would be wise to have a checkup every few weeks, I would say.

Actually, Violet knows all sorts of science from going to

the nannies' classes they have at Jenny's nursery school. When I go to Afwelf and my pistol practice, I drop Violet at Peter Pan for her child-care class. They teach them hygiene and nutrition and child psychology. Can you imagine—child psychology! She comes home with all sorts of ideas, like Jenny shouldn't call her golliwog a dirty little nigger boy. I tell Violet, "My girl, in this house there's only room for one child psychologist, and that is old Professor Me. Do you hear?" She doesn't object, just calls me Professor Me—like asking, "Would Mrs. Professor Me like her tea now?" Sometimes when she knows it's me phoning from outside, she replies, "This is Mrs. Professor Me's house." It's cheeky, but not in a bad way, eh?

When she first came to work for me she used to call Frikkie Master and me Madam. Then suddenly one day she started calling us Mr. du Toit and Mrs. du Toit. It was a bit of a shock, like having a stranger in the house. I mentioned it at somebody's cocktail party that evening. Pamela Fisher said their Zodwa had explained to her that all the maids in our part of Parkview had decided not to say "Baas" or "Master" or "Madam" anymore. Some of the women at the party thought it was, well, not actually subversive but still not quite as it ought to be: if the maids were ganging up collectively, wasn't it a conspiracy? However, the husbands said not to worry, it's harmless, it's only a kind of black women's lib: in some mines black laborers don't call the white supervisor Baas anymore, they call him Foreman.

Well, so I accepted the situation. Violet would call me Mrs. du Toit because that was now the fashion. Next thing she slipped into saying "Mrs. Doo," like my friends, not "Mrs. du Toit." I said to Frikkie, "You see, it's like people say. If you give them an inch, they'll take an ell." He laughed, as usual, and asked how long an ell was. I said, "But seriously, isn't it the thin edge of the wedge?" He said we should thank God a few wedges were still being driven into the system: wouldn't it be nice if the President and Tutu started calling each other P.W. and Desmond? So I said, "Okay, but don't you start calling Violet Vi, eh. I can tell a wedge when I see one."

Actually, I don't mind Violet's nonsense, because she's almost part of the family, you know. Apart from other servants and her boyfriend and the checkout girls at the shopping center, she doesn't have much contact with black people. I don't think she's been to an African township for two or three years. I asked her once if she didn't miss her family, and she said, "No, Jenny is my baby."

WHEN WE FIRST STARTED THINKING ABOUT EMIGRATING, Violet used to talk as if she were coming too. She saved tourist brochures and maps that we had thrown out, and I once heard her tell Jenny, "See that red soldier with the big hairy hat? He looks after Queenie. One day Jenny and Violet will walk along this street—its name is The Mall—till we get to Queenie's house. Look, there it is. Its name is Buckingham Palace. Then we will say to the soldier, Please, sergeant, can we see Queenie? He will say, I will see if Madam Queenie is at home, and then Queenie will come out on the balcony with Princess Di, wearing a blue dress with millions and millions of diamonds. . . ."

I joked along with her until Frikkie said, "You're half making a promise," so I told Violet to stop it. Jenny was heartbroken, because it was her favorite story. I heard her demanding it and Violet replying, "No, darling, Mummy says that is a bad story. It is banned."

Violet sulked for a couple of days after that. She really is very worried about our emigrating. I think it's mostly because she's so fond of Jenny, but it's also partly her picture

of what will happen afterward. She thinks that if we leave, other white people will leave. Then there won't be enough soldiers left, and gangs of comrades and *tsotsis* of Bandla boys will take over the townships and kill all the Africans who used to be friendly with white people. She's just as scared of going to one of the black homelands. She says it's uncivilized: they don't have running water and their pit privies smell and the faction fighting is worse than Soweto and no one has a job and the men expect the women to wait on them just as if they were white.

She hears us talking about Australia and Canada and England, and making jokes about joining the chicken run, and saying what furniture we would take. The papers are full of big adverts from the moving and storage companies. You can pay for it in rand, so it can be worthwhile to take several lift vans of stuff.

I worry about my lovely yellow-wood chairs and chests, but I know that isn't really the problem. The problem is a job at the other end and a visa to get in. Black people don't have any difficulty about papers and permits for England. Frikkie says it's a sort of topsy-turvy club, where you need two blackballs to get in. Isn't he awful?

If you're not black, you must have either special qualifications, like being an atom expert, or else you must be rich. Frikkie and his friends have been into it in detail. England and Canada and Australia will all let you in if you have enough capital to qualify as an investor immigrant or under business migration or entrepreneurial relocation or something like that. But they all expect you to have lots of money—about a million rand, I think. Even if you've got a million, there's the problem of getting it out. Some nights Frikkie sits up and does calculations on his home computer till two in the morning. When he eventually comes to bed, he says, "Well, perhaps P.W."—that's the President—"perhaps P.W. will pull us out of the mess after all. Perhaps it's not as bad as we think."

I know that means we can't possibly scrape together enough money to get out, and that the next time we motor down to Durban or Capetown he will look at the veld, at those rocky kopjes with aloes growing on them, or at the flat corn fields, and he will say, "Sheila, it's a wonderful land, our land!" For a few weeks after that we'll have crayfish and steaks and the best wines, and he'll double-tip the waiters and slap everybody on the back to show what a great place South Africa is and how lucky we are to live here. He'll talk about how a bit of violence is normal for human beings. Look at India or South America or even the United States or England—there's always a bomb or some riot or other. What's important is who is winning, Frikkie says. If we can just team up with the Indians and the better class of coloureds and the educated Africans, we'll outnumber the disorderly black elements, and eventually they will calm down and qualify for a vote, like American Negroes or Canadian Indians.

Even so, he's stopped talking about buying a beach cottage or a retirement farm, and as soon as another incident

occurs, we're back to reading the London and Sydney and Toronto papers to see what opportunities there are for a thirty-five-year-old accountant who hasn't got a million yet.

Some people, like Bert and Karlina Williams, say they wouldn't think of emigrating. They say, look at the people who stayed behind in Zim: Mugabe has leaned over backwards to make things comfortable for them and they are just as well off as they were when Zim was Rhodesia. What does it matter if you can't get toothpaste, or oven cleaner, or antibiotics and things like that? The pioneers managed without them. Bert could get a Citizen of the UK and Colonies passport with a Right of Abode stamp, because his father was born in England, but Karlina won't touch it: she says she has one-sixteenth English blood and every time she cuts her finger she lets the English blood drip out. She's very scathing about Bert's cousin, who did emigrate back to the UK and who is so ashamed of being South African that she pretends her accent is Australian.

Whenever she hears us talking emigration, Violet finds a reason to mention Martha, the Rabinovitzes' maid—for instance, by remarking on the vase Rachel Rabinovitz gave me. When the Rabinovitzes emigrated, they gave Martha I don't know how many thousands of rand, made sure she got a cottage in the native township, arranged to move the furniture she had in her room, and left her dozens of air letters with their Australian address already typed on them so that she wouldn't be worried about her untidy handwriting or about getting the address wrong or forgetting to add the postal code. Within two months a gang of teenagers broke in and burned the place down. Apparently they assumed that anyone who was so well cared for by whites must be a police informer. Martha ended up in hospital with the most dreadful injuries. When Violet visited her just before she died, all Martha asked was that Violet should send off one of the air letters and say in it that Martha was well and happy and that she hoped Mrs. Rabinovitz had found a nice kosher butcher.

Rachel told me that Martha hadn't wanted the money they gave her: in fact, she offered the Rabinovitzes all her own pathetic little savings to help make up their million rand. Martha said if only they would take her with them, she wouldn't expect any wages; she would just work for her keep, like a granny. The Rabinovitzes talked it over, but their emigration consultant advised against even raising the subject with the Australian consulate. He said it would create a problem about the Rabinovitzes' own visas, because the Australians might think they were trying to bring apartheid along with them.

THE OTHER DAY VIOLET ASKED ME WHY I HAVE A PISTOL. I could see she was baiting a hook, but I explained that it was in case a *skebengu* tried to break in when Frikkie wasn't home. She said weren't *skebengus* more likely to break into her room or attack her in the

street in the evening, because when she goes out she walks, not like a rich white lady who rides in a Mercedes? She says she wants a revolver too. She can pronounce "revolver" perfectly well, but she calls it a *volovolo*, as if she's trying to prove something by talking in a native way. I told her the police won't give her a permit, and she replied that she doesn't want a permit, you can't shoot anyone with a permit, she wants a *volovolo*. Suppose a *skebengu* came when Frikkie and I were out to dinner or a dance—how would she protect Jenny?

A fellow Frikkie knows tried to get a firearm permit for a black man. The police nearly had a fit and demanded to know whether he could guarantee that the man wasn't a terrorist or that he wouldn't be robbed of the gun accidentally on purpose. A couple of weeks later a plainclothes officer came to check on the white man's own gun and permit, and he thinks they've opened a file on him.

Violet says if the Rabinovitzes had given Martha a *volovolo* instead of a boxful of aerograms, Martha would still be alive. She could have shot the young *skebengus* who attacked her cottage and the police wouldn't even have investigated; they would just have shrugged and said, "Black on black. That makes one less for us to trouble about, eh."

When Violet is not speaking her mind about the Rabinovitzes, it's about the Graafs. The Graafs had almost as much trouble about Brezhnev, their borzoi, as they did about their visas. Brezhnev was fifteen years old, and fat, and had heart attacks if the kitten stole his food. He was so smelly that they couldn't have him in the house. He slept in the tool shed, next to the cook's room, and nobody talked to him or petted him except the cook. Nevertheless, when the SPCA mercy van was booked to fetch him, all the Graafs went away for the weekend, so that they wouldn't be there to see him being taken away to be put to sleep. The cook had to deal with it, Violet says. And when the Graafs finally left, they didn't even invite the cook to come to the airport to see them off. As they left, perhaps they were thinking they should have arranged for an SPCA mercy van to deal with him, too: after all, they wouldn't be there to see it. And, Violet goes on, perhaps certain other people also wish that when they emigrate they could hire an SPCA van to come and take away the poor old nanny that they don't want anymore. But these particular people won't tell the mercy van to come while they are out, she says. Oh, no. They will have a party and take colored pictures of the nanny, who will never see Jenny ever again and who does not even have a *volovolo*.

When Violet is in one of her Bolshie moods, you can't get through to her at all. She makes her mouth thick and goes back to calling me Madam: "Yes, Madam. Madam knows best, Madam." You can't tell her anything when she's like that. I get so cross I could shake her.

Frikkie is no help either. He says, "You should be glad she won't listen. If she did, what would you tell her?" □





*An inside look at
how personal enmity, political
calculation, and policy misjudgments prevented
any effective prosecution of the War on
Poverty by either Lyndon Johnson
or Richard Nixon. Part two
of a two-part article.*

THE UNFINISHED WAR

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SYSTEM IS FAMOUS FOR reacting to national crises after they happen instead of anticipating them, but in the case of what became known in the sixties as the urban crisis, the problem was almost the opposite. The Watts riots, in the summer of 1965, made it obvious to everyone that the big-city black ghettos were in bad trouble, and instantly the ghettos became the leading domestic issue. Rather than being caught unprepared, the government already had at least part of the supposed solution in place—the War on Poverty, which President Lyndon Johnson had declared in January of 1964, when there was virtually no political pressure on the government to do anything about either ghettos or poverty. This meant that after Watts, Johnson did not have the luxury of basing a government response to the problems of the ghettos on the lessons of the riots. There were already too many givens. The programs of the Office of Economic Opportunity, the agency created to run the War on Poverty, were well under way, and the OEO quickly defined itself as the locus of riot prevention inside the government. The OEO was fully committed to a poverty-fighting strategy that had emerged while the ghettos were still seen as straitened but strong ethnic enclaves: community action, in which new, independent local organizations in poor neighborhoods would be given federal money to vanquish poverty.

Another problem for the OEO was that an intense rivalry between Johnson and Robert Kennedy was essentially built into it. The War on Poverty was Johnson's first major initiative as President, and Johnson intended it to demonstrate that despite his reputation as a Texas conservative he was more liberal than John F. Kennedy. But the idea of fighting poverty had germinated during the Kennedy Ad-

ministration, with Robert Kennedy playing a more important role than his brother. In the aftermath of Watts, Johnson was convinced that whatever he did about the ghettos (and Vietnam, where he had committed American combat troops just two weeks before the Watts riots broke out), he would have to contend with the opposition of Robert Kennedy, who was the most popular figure in Johnson's party.

The antipathy between Johnson and Kennedy went back a long way. At the 1960 Democratic Convention, after Johnson had accepted John Kennedy's offer of the vice-presidential nomination, Robert Kennedy humiliated Johnson by coming to his hotel room and asking him to change his mind. Each man made the other a symbol of his greatest disappointment: Kennedy saw in Johnson the end of Camelot; Johnson thought that Kennedy was the main architect of his rejection by the liberal establishment, which made it impossible for him to achieve the Rooseveltian status he wanted.

In the summer of 1965 Harry McPherson, an aide to Johnson, wrote him a memo pleading with him to stop worrying about whether his Cabinet members were more loyal to the Kennedys or to him and to stop opposing good policies just because Kennedy was for them. It contains a fair rendering of Johnson's view of Kennedy:

He is trying to put himself into a position of leadership among liberal Senators, newspapermen, foundation executives, and the like. Most of these people mistrusted him in the past, believing him (rightly) to be a man of narrow sensibilities and totalitarian instincts. . . . as we know the intellectuals are as easy a lay as can be found. I can imagine them believing that, although Bobby is an absolutist with little sense of the subtle shadings of an argument, and little tolerance for those who cross him, they can still *use him* to get across radical ideas. . . . The Kennedys are handsome and dashing, they support fashionable artists, and they can pay for almost anything. They support a great many good causes. And to some people even their rudeness and ruthlessness is exciting.

Although the main area of substantive dispute between Johnson and Kennedy was Vietnam, there was also a deep-seated competition between them on race. During John Kennedy's presidency Johnson was the chairman of the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, and Robert Kennedy was a member. Johnson removed the original executive director of the committee, a Kennedy appointee, and set up a program called Plans for Progress, which tried to get government contractors to hire more blacks voluntarily, nudged along by Johnson-style persuasion. Robert Kennedy, who was worried about how the administration's hiring record would look in the 1964 campaign, favored a tougher system, and considered Johnson's vice chairman, a black man, to be an Uncle Tom. Kennedy and Johnson often quarreled in committee meetings, in a way that went beyond the bounds of usual behavior in government and made the other committee members intensely uncomfortable.

When President Kennedy was about to propose the landmark bill that became the Civil Rights Act, Johnson thought it had no chance of passing, partly because Kennedy was reluctant to undertake a major speaking campaign in its behalf (one Kennedy Administration official has said that the most nervous he ever saw John Kennedy was at a meeting to discuss the Civil Rights Act). Johnson urged the Kennedy people not to propose the bill if Kennedy wasn't prepared to spend his own political capital on it. When Johnson passed the bill, in 1964, there was a feeling in the Kennedy camp that he was taking credit for a Kennedy idea that he had not supported the year before. Robert Kennedy, who even after the assassination referred to his brother as "the President" and to Johnson as "Johnson," sent one of his civil-rights assistants a pen in a frame with a photograph of the ceremony in which Johnson signed the bill (the photograph shows Robert Kennedy in the center of the front row of the audience, staring desolately into the middle distance); the inscription read, "Pen used to sign President Kennedy's civil rights bill."

THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES THAT JOHNSON AND Robert Kennedy had with race in the sixties were completely different. Kennedy began visiting the ghettos early in his brother's presidency and continued to do so for the rest of his life, but Johnson had relatively little contact with blacks. His favorite story about his own experience with the horrors of segregation had to do with the time his servants, Helen and Gene Williams, transported his dog by car from Washington to Texas and were unable to stay in motels or eat in restaurants. He felt uneasy with civil-rights leaders to the left of Roy Wilkins, of the NAACP, and Whitney Young, of the Urban League—including Martin Luther King, Jr., whom Johnson considered to be vain, preachy, Communist-influenced, and, when King began to oppose the Vietnam War, a man who cared more about posturing than helping his own people. (Robert Kennedy didn't especially like King either.) Up close, Johnson had a hard time treating the many civil-rights landmarks of his administration with the dignity they deserved. He summoned Louis Martin, his closest black political adviser, to the White House for the announcement of the appointment of the first black Cabinet member by saying, "I was sitting in the toilet here and I got to thinking about you." Johnson never completely shed the racial language of his youth: he occasionally used the word "nigger" in private.

Johnson's views on how to solve racial problems were those of a man whose whole world was politics. He began telling friends shortly after the Second World War that he believed that blacks, having fought and died to protect the world from a racist dictator, were not going to, as he put it once in 1948, "take the shit we're dishing out" much longer. The best peaceable route to equality for blacks, he thought, was "vote power." When he heard about the Supreme Court's decision in the 1954 *Brown v. Board of Edu-*

In the aftermath of Watts, Johnson was convinced that whatever he did about the ghettos he would have to contend with the opposition of Kennedy, the most popular figure in his own party.

cation case, he told a friend, "They should have done voting rights first and then education." He believed that politicians are largely prisoners of their constituencies and that black enfranchisement would quickly change the supposedly intransigent southerners in Congress. "If they give the blacks the vote, ol' Strom Thurmond will be kissing every black ass in South Carolina,"

he told a friend once. He knew this lesson from his own life. He never liked segregation, but for a long time he confined his passionate public outbursts against it to settings where he knew his career wasn't at stake.

Just as it was instinctive for Johnson to think of racial problems in political terms, it was instinctive for Kennedy to believe that a deep-dyed politician like Johnson was incapable of truly confronting racial problems. Much more than most people in government, Kennedy saw life as a morality play, and he came increasingly to reject the New Deal and the flabby, talky, deal-making politicians who were its legatees in the Democratic Party. "God, I hate that," he told his aide Peter Edelman after a long meeting with the California politician Jesse Unruh in 1968. "We used to send Larry O'Brien to do that. . . . He could talk the balls off a brass monkey." A few weeks after the assassination Kennedy told Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., "My brother barely had a chance to get started—and there is so much now to be done—for the Negroes and the unemployed and the school kids and everyone else who is not getting a decent break in our society. . . . The new fellow doesn't get this. He knows all about politics and nothing about human beings."

In the spring of 1966, during the formulation of Johnson's Model Cities program, which was designed to spend billions on the rehabilitation of the ghettos, Kennedy arrived late at a small dinner attended by several administration officials and delivered a tirade against Model Cities. "He said, 'It's too little, it's nothing, we have to do twenty times as much,'" says one person who was there. Kennedy began to distance himself more and more publicly from the Johnson Administration. He served as the conduit for a "peace feeler" from the North Vietnamese, participated in hearings on hunger in Mississippi, helped orchestrate hearings on the urban crisis which were critical of the Johnson Administration, and proposed bills to create two million new public-service jobs and to channel government and private investment into rebuilding the housing stock and employment base in the ghettos. Johnson, a devoted believer in the Getting Things Done faith, had no respect for this kind of position-striking; he considered the real



Kennedy tours Appalachia, 1967

purpose of all Kennedy's actions to be the embarrassment of Lyndon Johnson. He opposed Kennedy's jobs bill, his ghetto-development bill, and an expansion of the food-stamps program which was proposed after the hunger hearings.

It is commonly said that Vietnam drew Johnson's attention away from the War on Poverty and weakened his financial commitment to it. That may be, but if the war in Vietnam had suddenly ended, Johnson would still have disliked the War on Poverty for having turned out to be, to his mind, a stronghold of his enemies.

His general attitude is indicated by a memo that Harry McPherson, mimicking Johnson, wrote to Joseph Califano, Johnson's chief domestic-policy adviser, as a comment on a letter from a small-town Ohio Jaycee complaining about the OEO: "If you and Sarge [Sargent Shriver, the head of the OEO] weren't in this thing and always working and humping for that program that never mentions anybody's name we wouldn't get into this kind of problem with these people here. Neither one of you ever ran for constable and you just can't sit still for wanting to talk about this program everybody says is just criminal and wrong."

Johnson told Wilbur Cohen, a high official at the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, that he considered virtually everyone at the OEO to be disloyal and a troublemaker. "They're not against poverty, they're for Kennedy," he told his adviser Bill Moyers. Toward the end of his term Johnson had a rueful conversation with Abe Fortas, then a Supreme Court justice, in which he recalled that an old New Deal friend of his and Fortas's, Elizabeth Wickenden, had been unable to gain the ear of anyone in the administration for her warnings about community action in late 1963 and early 1964. "I should have listened to Wicky," Johnson said.

In the final stages of his presidency the idea of large-scale government programs for the ghettos had become so bound up in his mind with liberal opposition to him that Johnson became positively hostile toward them. He was deeply suspicious of the Kerner Commission, which he had appointed after the terrible Newark and Detroit riots of 1967 to determine how future riots could be avoided. Johnson was convinced that there was a conspiracy behind the riots—in fact, Shriver had to reassure him that OEO employees were not instigating some of the riots. David Ginsburg, the Kerner Commission's executive director and an old friend of Johnson's, says that when Johnson called him in after his appointment, "he made it very clear that in his view it was simply not possible to have so many out-

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

breaks at the same time without someone orchestrating it."

The Kerner Commission recommended billions of dollars' worth of new government programs for the ghettos, which Johnson thought put him in an impossible position, by making whatever he did thereafter look like a sellout. Despite the entreaties of his staff, he refused to comment on the report, refused to allow the commission to present it to him, refused even to sign the form letters his staff drew up thanking the members for their work. "I just can't sign this group of letters," he told Harry McPherson. "I'd be a hypocrite. And I don't even want it let known that they got this far . . . otherwise somebody will leak that I wouldn't sign them. Just file them—or get rid of them."

On April 10, 1968, in the aftermath of Martin Luther King's assassination, Joseph Califano sent Johnson a long memo suggesting that he react to the crisis by making an address to a joint session of Congress, adding billions to anti-poverty programs, and appointing well-known experts to look into a major re-ordering of the government's fiscal priorities. Johnson, who rarely wrote anything down, scrawled angry comments all over the memo. To Califano's reminder that he had promised to address a joint session of Congress, Johnson responded, "I promised nothing. I stated my intention only. Since changed by riots." To the suggestion that he ask the advice of "someone with a completely open mind," like McGeorge Bundy, the former national security adviser who was then the very visibly liberal head of the Ford Foundation, Johnson responded, "Ha! Ha!" At the end of the memo he wrote, "Forget it."

How the Ghettos Could Be Helped

IN THE FOUNDING DAYS OF THE WAR ON POVERTY, Sargent Shriver and his aides assumed that as time went on, their efforts would only become grander. There would be much bigger budgets. As new ideas about fighting poverty emerged, they could be tried out, and expanded if they worked. Instead, Shriver's group found that as the importance of the problem they were working on became clearer, their room to maneuver steadily decreased. Instead of spending the late sixties experimenting with new programs, they were forced to defend the programs already in place—in particular, *community action*.

In 1964, when the enabling legislation for it was passed, community action was not a widely agreed-upon cure for poverty. It stood in relation to mainstream liberalism as supply-side economics would to conservatism in 1981: it was an untested idea championed by a small group of thinkers who seized an opportunity to make it government policy. Just as supply-side tax cuts have never been clearly shown to do what they're supposed to—increase government revenues—community action never demonstrably reduced poverty in a neighborhood. Still, by the end of the sixties, if community action itself had not become a part of the political consensus about ghettos, its lineal descendant community development had. Community action was de-

signed to let poor people substantially determine their own poverty-fighting strategies, which might be anything, including organizing opposition to the local power structure. Community development meant, more simply, turning the ghettos into healthy neighborhoods: rebuilding the housing stock, establishing an economic base by encouraging the location of factories and offices and the creation of new businesses there, and strengthening the web of local church, voluntary, and political organizations. This was a much more concrete and politically acceptable idea than community action, but there was still no proof that it would work. One of the reasons no other coherent political solution to the problems of the ghettos emerged in the late sixties is that in every other case the way was blocked.

Besides community action and community development, three other broad paradigms for helping the ghettos were part of the public discourse in the late sixties. One was racially desegregating the northern cities; another was simply giving poor people money; another was giving them jobs.

The idea of integration as a cure for the ghettos, with its implication that blacks would do well to assimilate into white culture, lost some of its appeal for liberals because of the rise of the black-power movement. But by far the most politically important opposition to integration came from whites who weren't liberal, especially whites in the North. Every elected official in a northern city knew that the residential line between black and white neighborhoods was the place of maximum political danger to him. Robert Kennedy said in 1964 that his brother had been late to issue a housing desegregation order that he had promised during his presidential campaign because northern Democratic congressmen were worried that it would hurt them in the 1962 elections. Over the Christmas holidays in 1962 John Kennedy had mentioned to an aide that it would be a good idea to break up the black ghettos, but very difficult politically.

In 1965, after the Johnson law that established federal aid for local school districts as a major government program went into effect, the commissioner of education threatened to withhold funds from the Chicago school system, largely on the grounds that it was segregated. Mayor Daley spoke with the President, and the commissioner of education was moved to a different job. In 1967 the next commissioner of education was stripped of his civil-rights-enforcement responsibilities after offending powerful congressmen on the integration issue. The Model Cities bill, proposed by Johnson in 1966, originally contained a provision requiring that local Model Cities projects promote residential integration; Senator John Sparkman, of Alabama, the chairman of the housing subcommittee, objected, and all mention of integration was dropped from the bill.

We are now in a period of widespread concern that welfare, if not carefully limited, will reduce its recipients to a state of permanent dependency. But from roughly 1965 to

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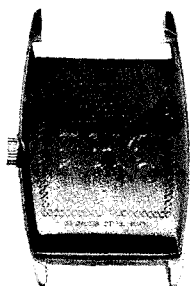
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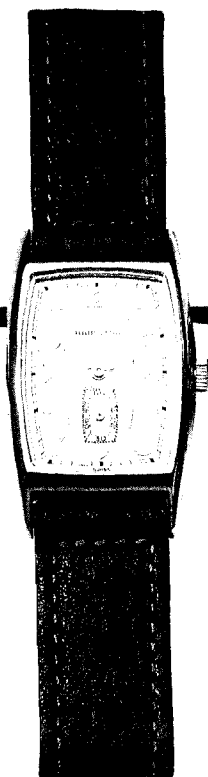
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Shriver, who at the outset of the War on Poverty was promoting slogans like "A hand up, not a handout," had within a year become a convert to the idea of a guaranteed income.

1975 liberal opinion overwhelmingly supported the idea of a "guaranteed annual income"—that is, giving all poor people enough money to lift them out of poverty. Shriver, who at the outset of the War on Poverty was promoting slogans like "A hand up, not a handout," had within a year become a convert to the idea of a guaranteed income, and he proposed it to Johnson.



Shriver with Job Corps youths, 1967

The problem was that Johnson hated welfare. "You tell Shriver no doles," he said to Bill Moyers early in 1964. On Johnson's instructions the economist Lester Thurow, then on the staff of the Council of Economic Advisers, was given the task of going through the annual Economic Report of the President and removing anything that could be construed as a reference to putting cash in the hands of poor people. One year the White House staff succeeded in slipping into the annual presidential budget message a promise to extend welfare benefits to families with unemployed fathers, which was supposed to be the way to make sure that welfare wouldn't break up families; Johnson refused to follow through, because he saw it as more welfare. (This change will finally take place in October, 1990, as one of the provisions of the major welfare-reform law that Congress passed last fall.) In 1968 he appointed a presidential commission on income maintenance, but nothing ultimately came of its work. All through the Johnson Administration a welfare solution to poverty (except poverty among elderly people on Social Security) was not a serious option, because of Johnson himself. And in this one instance Robert Kennedy was never willing to embrace the liberal anti-Johnson position, because he, too, was against welfare, and resisted the entreaties of his staff and of Martin Luther King, among others, to endorse a guaranteed income.

THERE WAS NO SIMILAR OPPOSITION AT THE TOP TO the idea of creating jobs. Johnson had established a large public-works jobs program from scratch when he was the Texas director of the National Youth Administration, in the thirties, and his glowing memories of its success made him instinctively like the idea of jobs programs. Robert Kennedy, through the late sixties, was a strong advocate of a federal jobs program for the ghettos. Shriver's favorite anti-poverty program was the Job Corps, so named partly because his aides decided that *job* was the only word in the entire lexicography of government programs with no negative connotations. The government's failure to adopt a large-scale jobs program in the sixties seems especially

painful today, because, unlike a guaranteed income, jobs programs are still widely proposed as the answer to the problems of the ghettos.

One reason—probably the main reason—that a big jobs program never happened in the late sixties is the cost. Creating jobs is the most expensive kind of anti-poverty program, much more expensive per beneficiary than

even a generous guaranteed income. In the early planning stages of the War on Poverty, when there was a ceiling of \$500 million on its entire budget, Willard Wirtz, the Labor Secretary, was proposing \$3 billion to \$4 billion a year just in Labor Department jobs programs. In February of 1964 Wirtz, with Shriver's blessing, made a plea at a Cabinet meeting for a new tax on cigarettes to finance his jobs program, and Johnson snubbed him, first turning his head in a sideways pout so as not to look at Wirtz, and then picking up his ever-present telephone and making a few calls in the middle of Wirtz's presentation. The people there took this to be Johnson's way of saying that he didn't want to raise taxes just then.

Economists, who were very important in the planning of the War on Poverty (the original idea of an anti-poverty program had come from the White House Council of Economic Advisers), tended to be unenthusiastic about jobs programs, because they thought that bringing down the overall unemployment rate through fiscal and monetary policy would do more good. Organized labor, at the time the most powerful Democratic interest group by far, was always touchy about jobs programs, because they might weaken wages and compete with unions. (The Job Corps didn't ruffle labor's feathers, because it was engaged in job training in special camps far away from the labor market, and it didn't create jobs. Most of the success stories about it involve graduates of the camps who joined the military, rather than getting skilled jobs in their home towns.) Also, the two leading advocates of creating jobs, Wirtz and his assistant secretary for policy planning, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, were not skillful bureaucratic players. Their ideas were good, but Wirtz and Moynihan were not good at selling them.

In the earliest days of the War on Poverty, Wirtz adopted a position that Shriver's group (to whom he had to sell his poverty-fighting ideas, because they were the ones writing the legislation) found extremely annoying: proposing unrealistically expensive programs and insisting that they be run by the Labor Department instead of the OEO. While HEW, the OEO's other established rival, cooperated with the poverty warriors, Wirtz refused to be a team player,

and he took every tiny detail so seriously that dealing with him on anything came to be viewed as an onerous chore.

Moynihan, for his part, was not much more beloved by Shriver's group than Wirtz was. He was given the task of drafting the presidential message that would accompany the Economic Opportunity Act, the initial piece of War on Poverty legislation; his draft came in late, was too long, and emphasized jobs to the near exclusion of community action, which was meant to be the centerpiece of the legislation. Shriver's task force scrapped it. Moynihan now remembers going to see Kermit Gordon, the budget director, to warn him about the political perils of the community-action program, which sent its funds into neighborhoods without necessarily going through the local mayor and congressman. He recalls, "I said, 'I know you've thought of community action as a way of coordinating services at the local level, but another view is, they could raise a lot of hell.' But I realized there was no point in going on, because it was clear that Kermit Gordon thought I was out of my mind."

When Wirtz heard about the Job Corps, he wanted the Labor Department to run it. Since the Job Corps was so important to Shriver, the last thing he would have done is let Wirtz control it. To mollify Wirtz, Labor was given jurisdiction over the second-biggest employment program in the War on Poverty, the Neighborhood Youth Corps. But Wirtz remained bitter, and blamed Moynihan, his emissary to Shriver, for having let the Job Corps slip away. When Moynihan took time off to work in Robert Kennedy's Senate campaign in New York, Wirtz let Johnson know about it, which guaranteed Moynihan a permanent place in the President's bad graces.

Wirtz and Moynihan continued to be the most ardent advocates of jobs programs within the administration, and anything they proposed drew almost automatic opposition from the White House. Wirtz's hammering finally induced Johnson to ask Kermit Gordon to price out a jobs program; Gordon's memo, written in early 1965, stands out today in the reams of White House memos on the ghettos as the one that most gives rise to the thought, Now this really would have helped. It recommended creating 600,000 new unskilled public-works jobs, expanding delivery of the mail (the Postal Service was then the major employer of blacks in the government), and increasing the OEO payroll by 100,000 on the theory that it could fight poverty better as an employer than through ministrations to the poor. But the memo is full of subtle bureaucratic cues that said to Johnson, Don't do this—it would be expensive and politically unpopular. Johnson didn't do it.

The Labor Department was always looking for ways to dramatize the need for jobs programs, even during a time of a falling national unemployment rate. Moynihan, a great spotter of trends, had seen an item in *The Washington Post* in 1963 saying that the Selective Service was rejecting half of all potential draftees, because they couldn't pass the military entrance exams. He got the idea of conducting a national survey of the Selective Service rejectees, which

would provide Wirtz with dramatic evidence that poor young men, and especially poor black young men, needed special training—by the Labor Department, of course. The study (named "One-Third of a Nation," to evoke FDR) did not produce action from Shriver's group, though; Labor needed more ammunition.

The Infamous Report

TOWARD THE END OF 1964 MOYNIHAN NOTICED ANOTHER significant little fact: although the black male unemployment rate was going down, the number of new welfare cases was going up. Also, the percentage of black babies born out of wedlock was rising. Moynihan, a man with a journalistic love of the scoop, was eager to get this information out quickly. He decided to begin work on a new report, "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action." From the Christmas holidays of 1964 to February of 1965 his staff worked on the report full time, meeting with Moynihan to discuss their progress at the end of every day and not even taking weekends off. Drawing on the work of the sociologist E. Franklin Frazier and the historians Stanley Elkins and Frank Tannenbaum, they assumed that American slavery had been so brutal that it had weakened the traditional husband-wife family structure among blacks, and that the welfare system and high unemployment in the ghettos had hurt the black family still more. Now the ghettos were, as the sociologist Kenneth Clark put it in *Dark Ghetto*, characterized by "pathology."

Wirtz wanted Moynihan to end the report with policy recommendations, but Moynihan didn't. He said that he didn't want to give people who disagreed with the recommendations an excuse to ignore the problems; also, he was never as zealous as Wirtz in promoting the bureaucratic interests of the Labor Department. The report began to circulate inside the government. Johnson's Howard University commencement speech, written by Richard Goodwin and delivered that June, contained a passage about the black family that drew on the Moynihan report. At Howard, Johnson announced that a big White House conference would be held in the fall of 1965 to discuss the next step in civil rights, and plans were made for a panel on the black family.

Although the report was supposed to be secret, copies began to leak out. A story in *The New York Times* in July of 1965, for example, described the report in great detail. Although Moynihan always insisted that he had written the report for a small, private audience of policy-makers, his colleagues suspected that he had caused a copy or two to pass into the hands of people outside government. Moynihan at heart was more a writer than a bureaucrat. Even now, he not only writes books but also (a still surer sign of a real literary temperament) can remember specific lines from bad reviews twenty years after they appeared. His achievements in government have been more intellectual than political. The classic Moynihan pattern, broken only

when his welfare-reform bill passed last year, with much help from other senators, is to propose a wonderful and original initiative and then see it fail to be enacted. As an example of a type, he is more English than American, the gentleman scholar-politician whose writing is passionate and graceful but does not relish the spade work that both pure academics and pure government officials in this country usually have to do.

The word "attention" has come up repeatedly over the years in Moynihan's explanations of why he wrote the black-family report—attention to the problem, of course, but Moynihan has never minded personal attention either. He had the classic writer's fear of being denied the credit for an original thought. In the summer of 1965 he had a special reason for wanting a higher profile—he was preparing to run for president of the New York city council in the fall.

The report did not get attention from the one person in the best position to do something about the problem: Lyndon Johnson. He didn't read it. But it got a fantastic amount of attention in Moynihan's own intellectual world, almost all of it negative and much of it bitterly, wildly, unreasoningly hostile. The Moynihan report might be the single most refuted document in American history, a slim pamphlet to whose discrediting book after book has been devoted. There was a mood change among liberals, after the Watts riots, that coincided almost exactly with the publication of the Moynihan report and caught Moynihan by surprise. For a professor, he was not averse to a little rough-and-tumble. He had grown up partly in the slums himself, and was raised by a single mother. He knew what the world was like. His best-known work at the time, the chapter on the Irish in *Beyond the Melting Pot*, was written with an air of jaunty confidence that the time had come to talk about ethnic-group characteristics (like his own group's drinking) in a frank way, and let the devil take the hindmost. Now he had come up against the black-power movement, which did not like it when a white man described black society as being somehow ruined, and also against the white left, which was becoming less sympathetic to the idea that the values of middle-class America—the values that had gotten us into Vietnam—were so noble that poor people ought to embrace them.

The White House conference was postponed until the next year. Moynihan lost his race in New York. He withdrew to academia, and his mood became understandably bleak. In 1966 he wrote Harry McPherson, his closest friend on the White House staff, that his current status as a pariah was so obvious that "if my head were sticking on a pike at the South West Gate to the White House grounds the impression would hardly be greater." He became convinced that the left had become the greatest obstacle to the achievement of liberal goals. His report was after all a call for "national action" in the area of employment, and the reaction to it, inaccurately painting it as an attack on poor blacks and thus neutralizing it, was the prime example.

In government the effect of the Moynihan report was to

make black out-of-wedlock childbirth—and, more broadly, the "culture of poverty" in the ghettos, which had been a staple of liberal books of the early sixties (notably, Michael Harrington's *The Other America*)—a taboo subject. Johnson's attitude toward the report was, in Bill Moyers's words, "I don't know what was in there, but whatever it was, stay away from it." Moynihan wrote to McPherson, "Obviously one can no longer address oneself to the subject of the Negro family as such." He dropped his own plans to write a book on the subject. Not until 1975, when Eleanor Holmes Norton gave a keynote address at the Urban League on the black family, did a prominent black leader publicly address the issue. The whole idea that there was any kind of inherent weakness in black ghettos became disreputable, and the prohibition of discussions of the ghetto culture seemed to strengthen the idea that the ghettos could be turned around.

Trying to Heal the Ghettos From Within

THE REJECTION OF ANY OTHER OVERALL STRATEGY for helping the ghettos had the effect of strengthening liberals' allegiance to the community-action program. Community action was unpopular in Congress, but defending it became a cause, partly because there was nothing else around to defend. Over time the claim made for community action became attenuated: the program was not so much reducing poverty as it was developing a new generation of black leaders. Indeed, many people have since gone from jobs with community-action agencies to elective office, although if there had never been a community-action program, demographics and the Voting Rights Act would still have practically guaranteed a great increase in the number of black elected officials.

As the community-action creed gained adherents, there was a constant struggle, inside the OEO and in the liberal press, to push local community-action agencies to serve the "hard-core poor" rather than the "easy-to-reach poor"; to steer the funding straight to community groups, bypassing elected officials; and to support strategies of political confrontation instead of accommodation. It was in a way inevitable, given the roots of community action in the theory that juvenile delinquents turn to crime only because of a lack of legitimate opportunity, that the OEO would come to the idea of funding youth gangs. The OEO did so in Chicago.

The Woodlawn Organization, in Chicago, founded by Saul Alinsky in a black neighborhood on the South Side, was by the mid-sixties a national model for liberals of how a community organization could turn a ghetto around (though by then the Woodlawn neighborhood was already suffering heavy population losses). Two gangs, the Blackstone Rangers and the East Side Disciples, were engaged in violent warfare over the turf of Woodlawn. Inside the community-action world, the feeling was that the gangs were really part of the legitimate leadership structure of



the community and could be made into a positive force if provided with opportunity in the form of a federal grant. In 1967 the research and demonstration division of community action, which was more daring than the operations division, gave The Woodlawn Organization \$927,000 to run a job-training program that would use the gang structures of the Rangers and the Disciples to teach teenagers the skills they needed to enter the labor force. The grant "will put the Blackstone Rangers and the East Side Disciples to work," Shriver wrote Joseph Califano exultantly. "The City Police will see that armed fighting stops between the Rangers and the Disciples, and that our money is not used 'to arm both sides' . . . Finally, the grant was concluded without any exhortation from the Citizens Crusade Against Poverty, Walter Reuther, RFK, Chuck Percy, Dick Boone, the Presbyterian ministers, Pat Moynihan, or other heavy thinkers."

The grant was made in June. By December two of the gang members receiving funds had been arrested on murder charges. (The Blackstone Rangers went on to change their name to the El Rukns and to run into legal trouble for such activities as dealing cocaine and contracting with the Libyan government to carry out terrorist activities in the United States.) The Chicago press and the conservatives in Congress, having been handed an example of criminal-coddling by Washington liberals more perfect than they

could have dared dream of, launched a flotilla of exposés, denunciations, and hearings. Johnson was furious, and the grant was canceled in 1968—but it is a testament to the power of the idea of community action that many of the people who were leaders of the OEO at the time are still proud of it.

COMMUNITY ACTION INTRODUCED INTO THE DISCOURSE the idea that urban black poverty could be solved from within the ghettos. This idea became much more appealing politically when decoupled from the OEO's tendency to engage in confrontation with the power structure. The beauty of community development for a politician was that it allowed him to express concern about the ghettos without angering white neighborhoods. Community development did not imply busing, opposition to which by the mid-sixties was already strong in many neighborhoods. It did not imply scatter-site public housing. It did not imply shifts in the compositions of congressional and councilmanic districts (every established local politician likes a stable constituency). It was popular among blacks in the cities, because it connoted pride and community control and jobs. It had a strong crossover appeal to Republicans, even those from districts where integration wasn't an issue, because it put government power

Johnson's aides turned over to Nixon's a stack of blank executive orders declaring martial law—all you had to do was fill in the date and the name of the city.

in local rather than federal hands and promoted small-business development.

Although Johnson sponsored a large community-development program in Model Cities, the most important patron of community development in Washington was Robert Kennedy. Perhaps part of its appeal to him was that the Kennedy family's success was rooted in an ethnic urban ghetto. Community development would also have appealed to the side of Kennedy that was uncomfortable with the New Deal approach to government. The liberal positions that he took as a senator from New York were in a way misleading; he never really considered himself a liberal. He said in 1964 that his father's famous remark about all businessmen being sons of bitches applied to liberals, too. Right up to the end his pantheon of heroes included General Douglas MacArthur, Herbert Hoover, General Maxwell Taylor, and C. Douglas Dillon—tough, unsentimental men who did things. Community development seemed lean and practical. The entities Kennedy proposed to promote it were always called "corporations." Politically, advocating community development was an element of Kennedy's famous ability to appeal both to blacks and to white ethnics. In a debate with Eugene McCarthy before the 1968 California primary, he accused the integrationist McCarthy of wanting "to take ten thousand black people and move them into Orange County."

All during the ascendancy of the idea of community development the ghettos were going through a kind of community devolution, suffering heavy losses of population, housing stock, and institutional life. Model Cities, like community action, on the whole failed to turn the ghettos around, and like community action, it is praised today mostly for its success in leadership development. Robert Kennedy's large community-development program in Bedford-Stuyvesant, a black neighborhood in Brooklyn, is one of the few efforts that seem to have had any lasting effect. The neighborhood has stabilized, thanks in part to a tremendous influx of outside resources, but even in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Kennedy's dream of creating jobs inside the ghetto was hardly realized. Only one major employer, IBM, was induced to open a plant in Bedford-Stuyvesant, and IBM was unusual among corporations for having a Democratic board chairman and two senior executives who were former Kennedy aides.

Black poverty decreased substantially during the sixties, even as the ghettos were deteriorating: 55 percent of blacks were poor in 1959, and 32 percent in 1969. The strong economy helped accomplish this, and so did the



Detroit riots, 1967

many and varied domestic works of Lyndon Johnson other than the War on Poverty: the Civil Rights Act and education programs and affirmative action, among others. The Great Society's less obvious role as an employer of blacks was also crucial. The political scientists Michael K. Brown and Steven P. Erie estimated in 1981 that the Great Society created two million new govern-

ment jobs, most of them nominally in state and local government but funded by new federal programs in education, health, housing, and other social-welfare areas. A disproportionate share of these jobs went to blacks—Brown and Erie estimated that black employment in public social-welfare programs increased by 850,000 from 1960 to 1976, a period during which the black middle class tripled in size. In 1970 the government employed 57 percent of black male college graduates and 72 percent of black female college graduates.

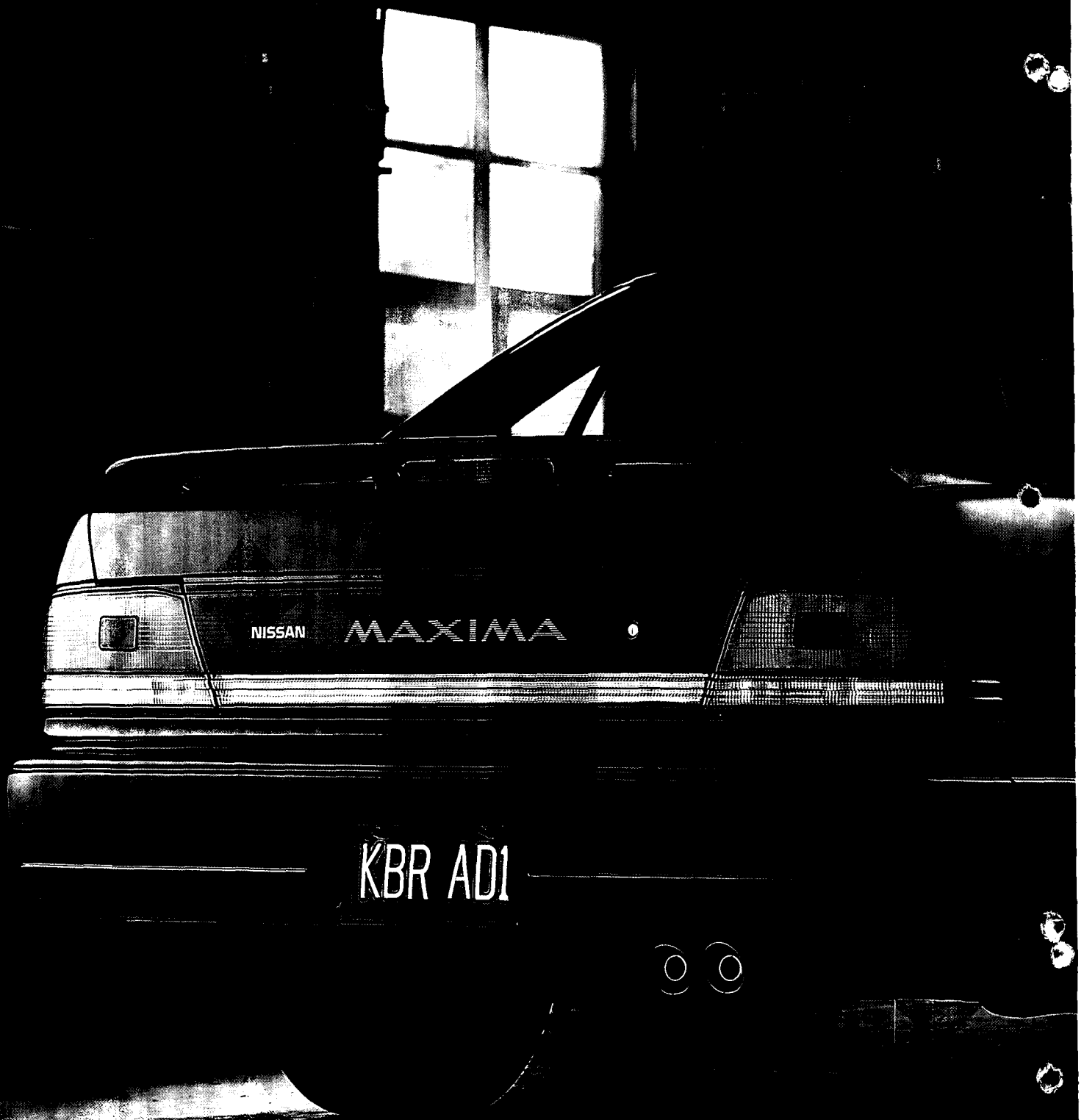
The government social-welfare programs of the sixties—compensatory education, Medicare and Medicaid, child nutrition, and so on, as well as the programs of the War on Poverty—gave jobs to hundreds of thousands of blacks (many of them the "easy-to-reach" poor the OEO was trying to avoid: that is, people with an education), who used their newfound modest prosperity to leave the ghettos. In effect, all the while that employment programs were losing out to community-development programs within the high councils of the government, employment was working as a solution to ghetto poverty and community development was not.

The Most Free-Spending Administration

RICHARD NIXON ATTAINED THE PRESIDENCY HAVING won probably the smallest percentage of black votes of any President in American history, as his new adviser on urban affairs, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, reminded him in March of 1969. Very occasionally Nixon entertained wistful hopes about discovering a contingent of blacks who would vote for him—"30% who are potentially on our side," he once scribbled in the margin of a memo—but on the whole he was far too much the realist to believe that he would ever have a black constituency. Race was hardly the uppermost of his concerns. In the fifties he had a mildly liberal reputation on civil rights. As Vice President he was an honorary member of the NAACP, served as chairman of the President's Committee on Government Contracts, which was intended to make sure that blacks got a share of the government's business, and got to know

Just because
you have a family,
a career and
responsibilities,

doesn't mean you can



Don't have a sports car.

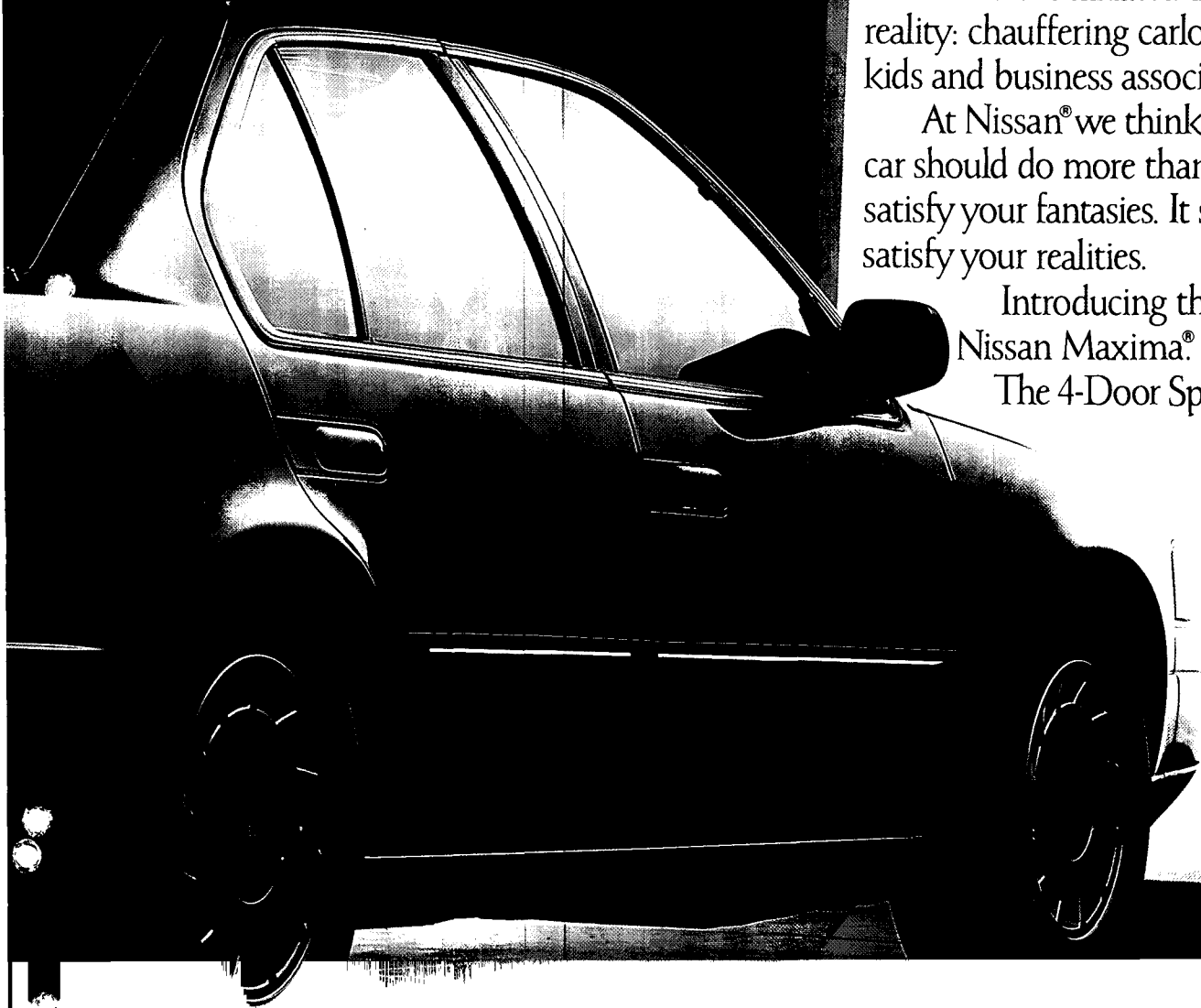
We've all had the same fantasy: driving a sleek, powerful sports car.

And we've all faced the same reality: chauffeuring carloads of kids and business associates.

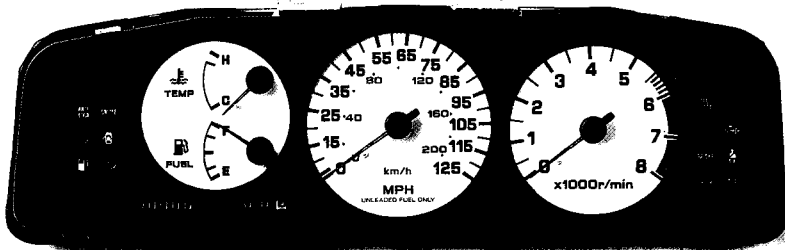
At Nissan® we think a sports car should do more than just satisfy your fantasies. It should satisfy your realities.

Introducing the new Nissan Maxima®.

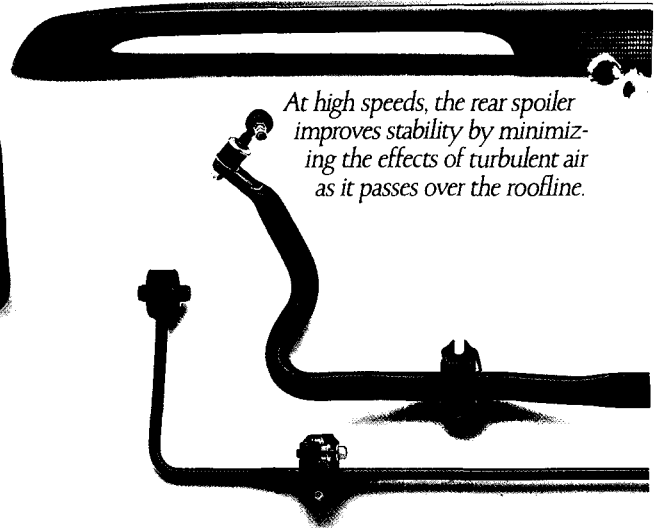
The 4-Door Sports Car.™



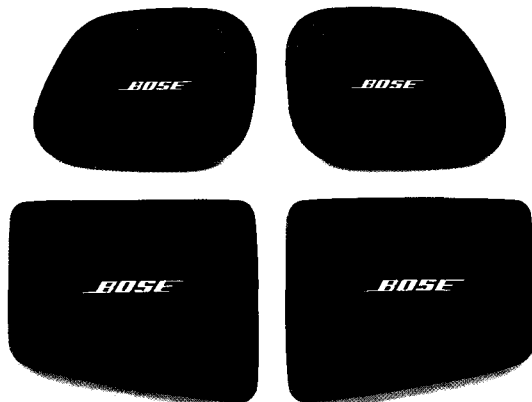
Here are the keys



The Nissan Maxima SE's unique analog gauges allow easy daytime reading. With the headlights on, they automatically reverse to white on black. The GXE model offers a head-up display. Taken from jet fighters, this technology shows vehicle speed directly on the windshield.

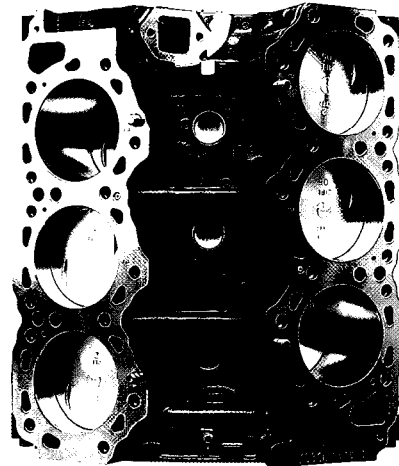


At high speeds, the rear spoiler improves stability by minimizing the effects of turbulent air as it passes over the roofline.

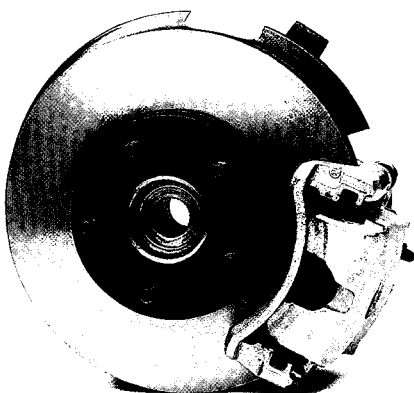


Each of the Maxima SE's four Bose® bass reflex speakers has its own active equalizer for a more natural, high-fidelity sound.

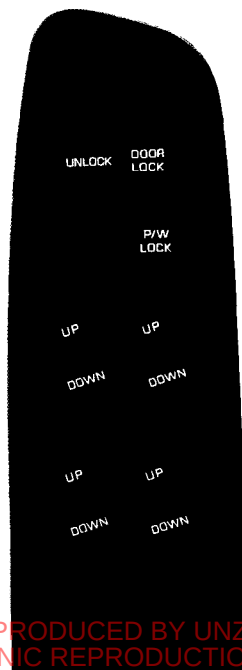
Bose is a registered trademark of Bose Corporation.



At the heart of the Maxima is the heart of a Z-Car. Nissan's powerful 3.0-liter, multi-port, fuel-injected V6. Churning out 160 hp, it produces lap speeds usually reserved for more exotic, less functional two seaters.

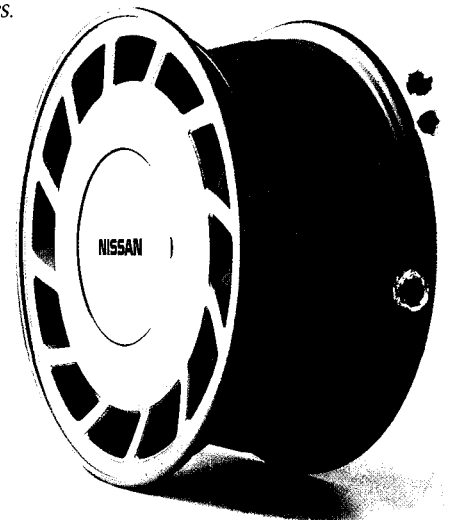


Second generation, 4-wheel anti-lock brakes (ABS) with twin load sensors are standard on the 4DSC™ model. Among the most advanced in the industry, they make possible straighter, shorter stops even in curves and on slick roads.

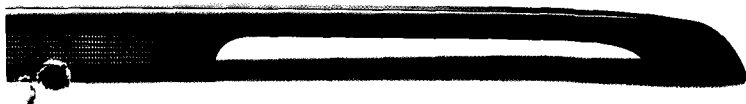


Standard on the SE model are high-performance 15-inch cast alloy wheels. These light alloy wheels reduce the unsprung weight of the car as well as enhance the cooling of the disc brakes.

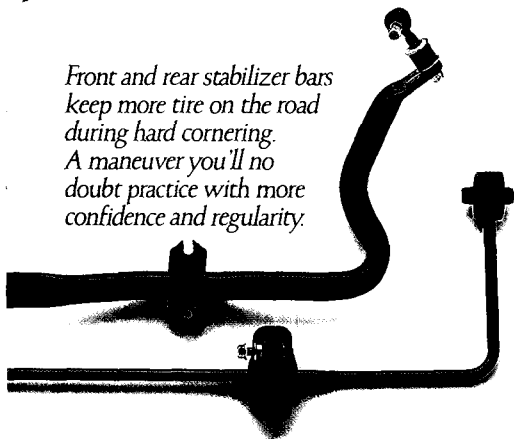
Electrical and cockpit switches have raised surfaces so they can be identified without having to take your eyes off the road.



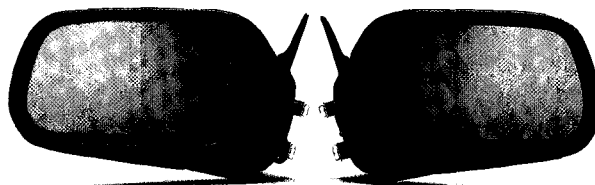
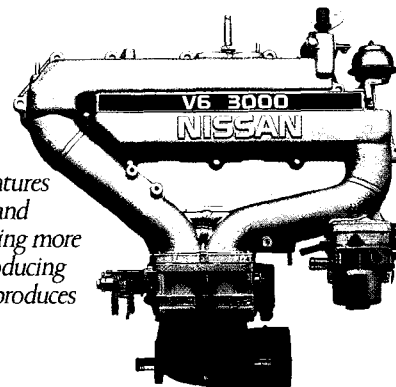
to your sports car.



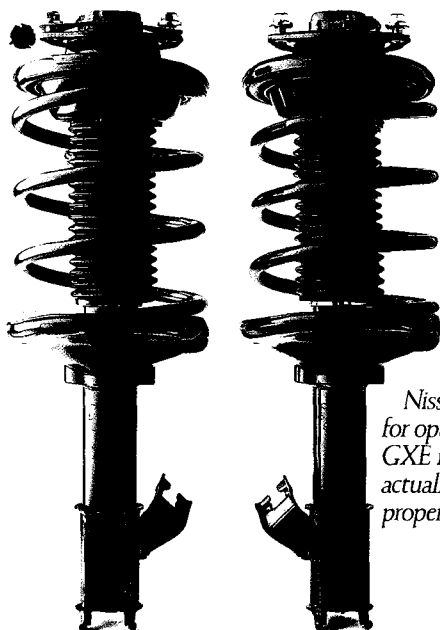
Front and rear stabilizer bars keep more tire on the road during hard cornering. A maneuver you'll no doubt practice with more confidence and regularity.



Our dual plenum intake system features a variable induction valve. At low and mid rpm's, the valve closes, producing more torque. At high rpm's, it opens, producing more horsepower. Which in turn, produces fiendish grins.



Aerodynamic mirrors minimize air resistance and enhance overall speed by reducing drag. They're also handy for looking at all the cars you've just passed.



Our Engine Management Computer knows all. It responds to air temperature, barometric pressure, engine speed and accelerator pedal position to improve performance and fuel economy. It even senses when you're using premium unleaded fuel and adjusts the ignition timing to produce extra horsepower.



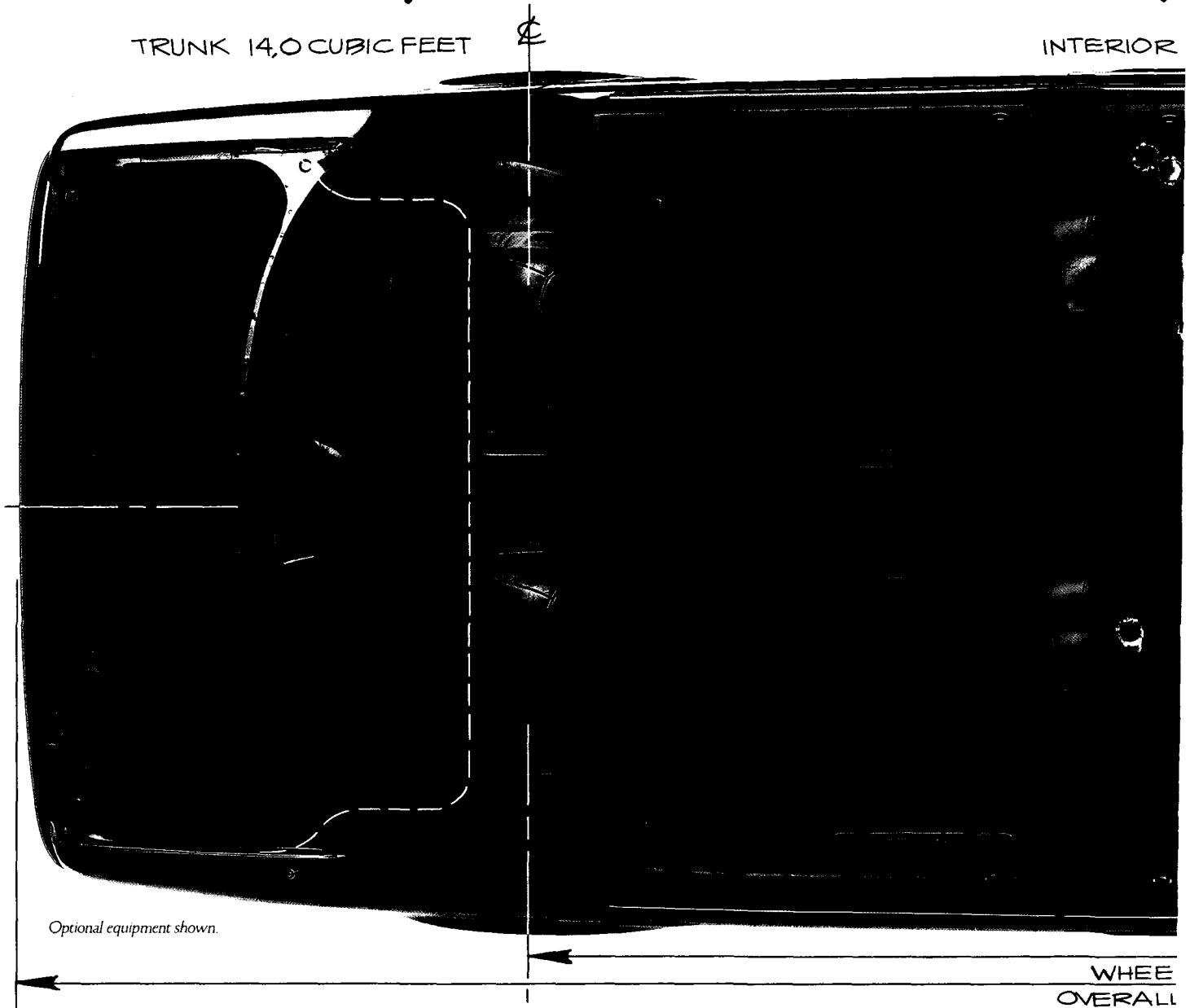
Nissan's 4-wheel independent suspension adjusts for optimum ride and handling. Optional on the GXE model is a sonar-assisted suspension that actually reads the road surface and, in milliseconds, properly adjusts the stiffness of the shocks.

Our 5-speed is fitted with a first-gear ratio of 3.285:1. If you're not exactly sure what this means, don't worry. It'll become obvious the moment you step on the gas.



The Nissan Maxima SE. How many other sports cars can boast a drag coefficient of .32? Okay, but how many can carry five passengers?

room, room room,



There's one thing sports cars don't usually make a lot of noise about.

The amount of room they have.

But as you can plainly see, that's not the case with the new Maxima, the 4-Door Sports Car.™

In fact, once you're inside you'll swear it feels much more like a sedan than a sports car.

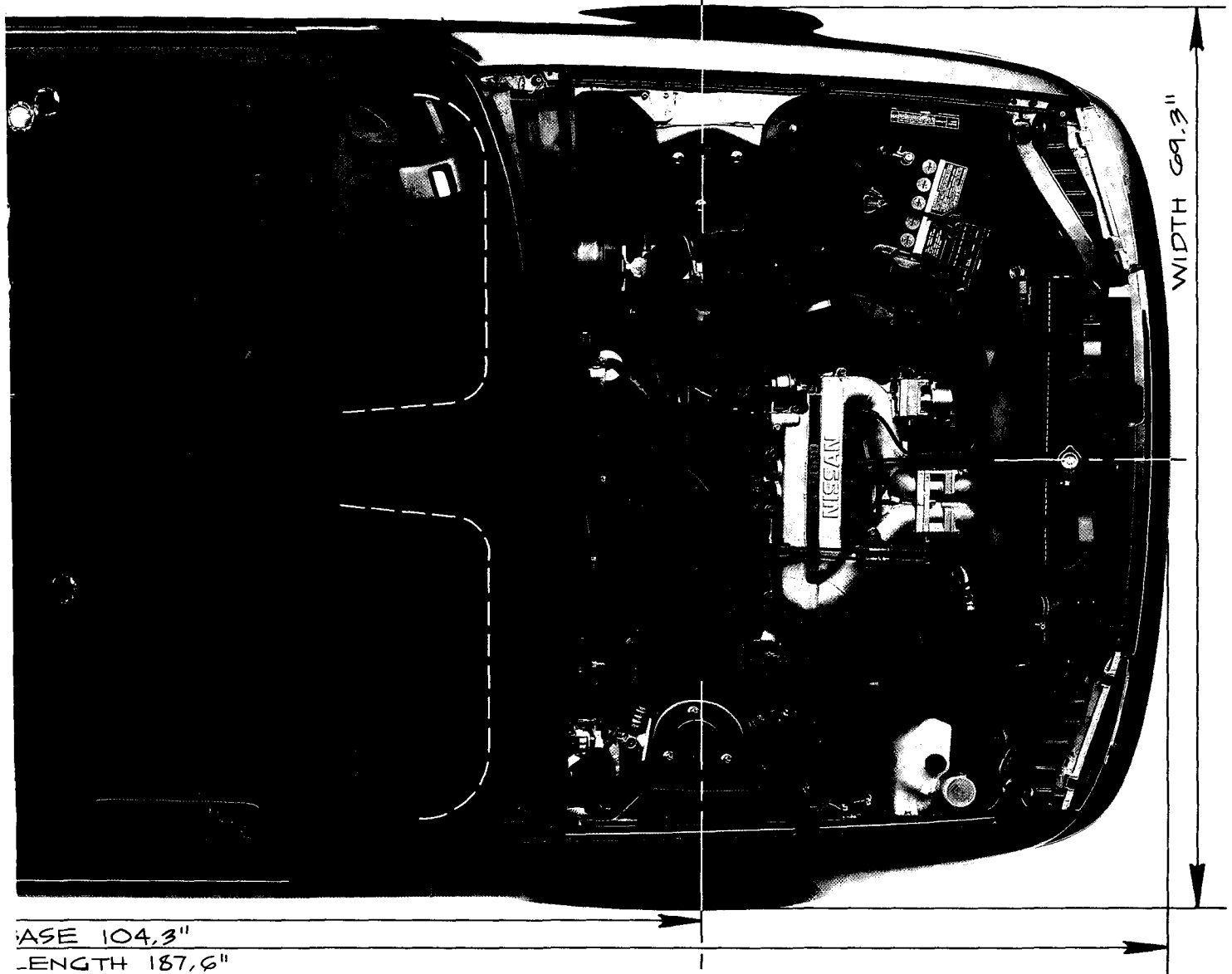
It has enough headroom, legroom, shoulder room and every other kind of room, front and rear, to seat five 6'2" passengers comfortably.

Behind that passenger compartment, to no one's surprise, is a trunk. A very large, roomy trunk, with a cargo capacity of 14.0 cubic feet.

Even the engine compartment is

room room room

96.0 CUBIC FEET



big on—you guessed it—room. And we don't mean just the "room room" you hear when you rev the 3.0-liter V6.

We're talking about the room to reach normal maintenance items like the spark plugs and oil filter.

But for all its room, the Nissan Maxima® never lets you forget it's a sports car.

From 0 to 60 it'll keep pace with some of the world's fastest sports cars. Which makes us confident that eventually people will get used to the idea of a 4-Door Sports Car.™

Either that, or get passed by it.

Maxima.
The 4-Door Sports Car.™

Enough said. Let's drive.



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a test-drive of the 4-Door Sports Car, call 1-800-NISSAN-6.



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black leaders, including Martin Luther King, Jr. But when he ran for President in 1960, he backed away from civil rights (for example, when his running mate, Henry Cabot Lodge, said that Nixon would appoint a black Cabinet member, Nixon instantly denied it), and in the 1968 presidential election he wooed and won millions of traditionally Democratic white voters who were unhappy with Lyndon Johnson's ardor on racial issues. The biggest states that Nixon lost in 1960 and won in 1968 were all ones in which white backlash was a significant force: Illinois, New Jersey, Missouri, North Carolina. "There were subliminal racial messages in a lot of Nixon's campaigning," says John Ehrlichman, who was Nixon's chief domestic-policy adviser. "It was subtler than code words. It was, 'I am on your side. I am going to deal with it in a way you'll approve of.' I know he saw Johnson's embrace of blacks as an opportunity. He exploited it."

Ehrlichman says that on two occasions Nixon told him that he considered blacks to be less intelligent than whites. "He thought, basically, blacks were genetically inferior," Ehrlichman says. "In his heart he was very skeptical about their ability to excel except in rare cases. He didn't feel this way about other groups. He'd say on civil-rights things, 'Well, we'll do this, but it isn't going to do any good. He did use the words 'genetically inferior.' He thought they couldn't achieve on a level with whites." Given Nixon's feelings about race, and given that anything he did on civil rights was unlikely to get him votes in 1972, what is surprising about his first term in office is how much social-policy making meant to help blacks went on. HEW pushed forward with many school-desegregation cases in the South. Labor established the use of numerical goals in affirmative-action plans. Nixon signed into law (granted, he was under congressional pressure to do so) a program to create temporary jobs in the ghettos, a subsidized housing program, revenue sharing and block grants for cities, increases in welfare payments, a major expansion of the food-stamps program, and a new program under Social Security that made payments to disabled people, among others; and he proposed a guaranteed annual income. That unpleasant period in the past that Republicans like to talk about, when we threw money at our problems, was really the first Nixon Administration more than it was either of the Democratic administrations of the sixties.

Presidencies are shaped by their times, far more than they shape their times. Nixon's first term took place in the ideological shadow of the sixties. The consensus, such as it was, in Congress, in federal agencies, and among judges and intellectuals was more liberal than it had ever been before and than it has been since. Among the people advising Nixon on domestic affairs, those we would now think of as conservative Republicans were distinctly in the minority. For most of the rest, the sense was that, as one former Nixon adviser, Richard Nathan, puts it, "we just didn't have a new conventional wisdom—we accepted the paradigm of the Great Society." There was a feeling in the Nixon

White House, not least on the part of Nixon himself, that racial issues would call forth a particularly Republican strain of virtuousness that the nation had been deprived of during the sixties. The Democrats were the messy, passionate, ultra-political party, and the exemplary Democrat was Lyndon Johnson, who always overheated the rhetoric, who cloaked calculation in talk of the public good, who raised expectations too high and worked the country into a frenzied state bordering on real instability. On January 20, 1969, Johnson's aides turned over to Nixon's a stack of blank executive orders declaring martial law—all you had to do was fill in the date and the name of the city. The Nixon Administration would cool off the country. (It was a point of pride that major summer riots, which had occurred every year under Johnson, disappeared as a national problem after Nixon took office. There are many theories as to why, not all of them crediting Nixon.) On race, the administration would carry out the law even though there was not a single vote to be gained by doing so. Somehow this seemed purer than the racial concern of politicians like Johnson and Robert Kennedy, who expected the reward of black votes.

"Disgraceful in past 100 years both parties have demagogued the race issue," read Ehrlichman's notes of what Nixon said to a group of his aides in a meeting in 1971. "Used the issue. Haven't tried to solve it." Nixon constantly emphasized to the people around him the importance of keeping a low profile while carrying out civil-rights policy. "Don't let the federal government be heroic," the notes continue. "Won't help blacks or the cause." In 1970 H. R. Haldeman, Nixon's chief of staff, wrote a memo summarizing Nixon's views on desegregation. It began, "All people concerned are to do only what the law requires and they are to do it quietly without bragging about it." The memo continued, "We have to do what's right, but we must separate that from politics and not be under the illusion that this is helping us politically."

Nixon knew that by far the most perilous domestic issue for him was the integration of schools and neighborhoods in northern cities. He frequently reminded his aides that he was strongly opposed to busing in the North. Members of his administration who were seen as grandstanding for integration, such as Leon Panetta, the director of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's Office of Civil Rights, and James Allen, the commissioner of education, usually found themselves out of a job. In 1970 Ehrlichman wrote Nixon about another problem official, George Romney, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development: "Suburban Integration. This is a serious Romney problem which we will apparently have as long as he is there. There is no approved program as such, nor has the White House approved such a policy. But he keeps loudly talking about it in spite of our efforts to shut him up. . . . And he is beginning some administrative maneuvers in that direction." Nixon wrote back, "Stop this one." After his re-election, in 1972, when he was reshuffling his Cabi-

net, he told James Lynn, Romney's successor at HUD, according to Ehrlichman's notes, "Black problem. Romney pandered."

Occasionally Nixon wondered whether he was being unfair to the South by desegregating the schools there and not in the North. Patrick Buchanan, who was one of his speechwriters, wrote him a memo on this theme in January of 1970. Buchanan's position was that desegregation should not occur in the South or the North. Nixon wrote in the margin, "Is de facto segregation OK in the North and not in the South?" and "Why should we continue to kick the South and hypocritically ignore the same problem in the North?" By March, though, when Buchanan was fighting with the rest of the White House staff over what position a presidential message on desegregation should take, Nixon had grown comfortable with continuing quietly to undo legal segregation in the South without taking on segregation in the North. "No good politics in PB's extreme view: segregation forever," Ehrlichman noted about what Nixon told him in March of 1970. "Right: Believe should carry out desegregation. Integration not wave of future. No massive program. Lean [toward the position that] integration hasn't worked."

Moynihan Fights to Show Who's Really Liberal

NIXON DID NOT SHARE LYNDON JOHNSON'S DESIRE to be perceived as a great liberal President on domestic matters, but he did have in common with Johnson an inability to be indifferent to the scorn of liberals. From the memo traffic of his White House it is obvious that the left-liberal political culture that had sprung up since the mid-sixties and that reached its zenith during his administration was much on his mind. It was easy for him to conjure up a nightmarish picture of the legions of Nixon-haters: Ivy League professors, black-power advocates, social-change-promoting foundation executives, peace-marching Georgetown hostesses, affluent student revolutionaries, and to-the-barricades journalists. While reading about Leonard Bernstein's fundraising party for the Black Panthers in 1971, he wrote a note to himself: "The complete decadence of the American upper class intellectual elite." There was a close connection between these people and racial issues; in domestic politics, race was the main issue they would use in order to heap abuse on Nixon.

Several people in the White House shared Nixon's feelings about the left-liberals, but for intensity and eloquence nobody came close to Moynihan, who as a result of his battles with the OEO and the abuse he got for his report on the black family had come to the conclusion that the intellectual left was, as he wrote in 1967, "as rigid and destructive as any force in American life." Joining a Republican administration was for him partly a matter of simple ambition, but it was also a sign of his mood after four years of severe battering.

Moynihan's view of the state of the nation during 1969 and 1970, when he was working in the White House, was a dire one. It was a dire time—the time of Kent State and Cambodia and My Lai—and it seemed particularly so from the vantage point of the academic-literary subculture that Moynihan lived in. He saw the basic social peace of the country as endangered by the left. In May of 1970 he reported to Nixon that the Students for a Democratic Society had threatened to burn down his house in Cambridge and that his family had gone into hiding ("Even so, I'm sticking here. I am choosing the interests of the administration over the interests of my children"). Later that year he told Nixon that his ten-year-old son was afraid that his father would be assassinated.

Moynihan wrote Nixon just before his inauguration, "Your task, then, is clear: to restore the authority of American institutions. Not, certainly, under that name, but with a clear sense that what is at issue is the continued acceptance by the great mass of the people of the legitimacy and efficacy of the present arrangements of American society." As he put it more directly the following year, *"To be blunt, the people who brought down Johnson want to bring down Nixon."*

Nixon valued Moynihan, especially early in his administration, not just because of the hurts and resentments they shared but also because Moynihan appealed to his intellectual side. "He's so stimulating," Nixon told Ehrlichman once. Moynihan could discern and articulate a grand overarching purpose in the administration's many activities, and could explain to Nixon the similarities between his situation and that of other distinguished statesmen he knew Nixon admired: Lincoln, Roosevelt, Wilson, Churchill. Whom else was there for Nixon to talk with about his admiration for Disraeli, or for *War and Peace*? Also, Moynihan was useful for the quality of his radar: in 1969 he told Nixon that feminism was going to become a major social force, and in 1970 he predicted that there would be a series of urban fiscal crises. (Like Babe Ruth, he had a lot of strikeouts as well as home runs: he also predicted that the student movement would have lasting political importance and that "mutiny in the armed forces" was a real possibility.) He was full of ideas for grand initiatives: a constitutional convention in 1976, a Nixon architectural policy, a new federal Department of Higher Education and Research. He had a grand strategy, too, and it reflected his perspective, which was that of a bit of a provincial in the intellectual world: Nixon's domestic program would be aimed partly at solving social problems but even more at defusing the left.

Nixon thought that bringing intellectuals around to supporting the administration would be part of Moynihan's job, but Moynihan realized in 1969 and 1970 that this was impossible. What he and Nixon could do, though, was build a record of liberal accomplishments and thus discredit the intellectuals' attacks on the administration by demonstrating that they were based not on any substantive objection to its policies but on pure malice.



Moynihan's dislike of the left was, then, in no way a sign that he had become a conservative. Every policy he proposed to Nixon was a liberal one. Nixon greatly disliked the programs of the War on Poverty—Head Start, the Job Corps, community action—and also Model Cities, the other big Great Society program aimed specifically at the ghettos. “No increase in any poverty program until more evidence is in,” he wrote Ehrlichman two months after taking office.

At the time, Moynihan was probably the War on Poverty's most visible critic, having published in 1969 a book attacking community action called *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*. And yet, in the first few months of the Nixon Administration, Moynihan succeeded in persuading Nixon not to open an immediate attack on the poverty programs. Why give the left any ammunition? “Avoid, at whatever immediate costs, . . . an enormous controversy over the ‘war on poverty,’” he wrote Nixon a month after the inauguration, and in a new introduction to *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding* written in early 1970 he proudly reported that all suspicions that Nixon harbored ill will toward the poverty programs had been shown to be nonsense. Moynihan pushed for budget increases for Model Cities, and distanced himself from his old Harvard friend Edward Banfield, who was academia's leading skeptic about the program.

Plain Cash

TO MOYNIHAN'S MIND, LEAVING THE POVERTY programs alone was more a matter of political strategy than of policy-making, but Moynihan also had an ambitious plan for the direction in which social-welfare policy should move: toward a guaranteed annual income. Although he was strongly identified with jobs programs in the early sixties, and in the eighties has been best known as an advocate of work requirements for welfare recipients, he has not, strictly speaking, been inconsistent. He has always wanted the United States to become more like a Western European social democracy, with full employment and family allowances, but it is true that he has emphasized different parts of his views at different times. All through the late sixties the idea that a guaranteed income was the best way to fight poverty was his leading public cause. He and its other supporters argued that if poverty was defined simply as a lack of money, then a guaranteed income, even though for political reasons it could not be generous enough to take all families above the official poverty line, would certainly alleviate want among the poor.

Moynihan's idea had another great advantage: it would eliminate the middleman. Programs involving job training and education, and of course the community-action program, created a large class of social workers. In the early

sixties the planners of the War on Poverty used to refer to social workers as “Ladies Bountiful”—patronizing middle-class whites. After five years of the Great Society, though, the world of government social workers had changed considerably, to become the economic base of the black middle class: it was probably the locus in government of the kind of left-liberals that Moynihan and Nixon considered a threat to the stability of the country. If the government simply gave poor people money—adopted an income strategy instead of a services strategy, as Moynihan put it to Nixon—this would end the period of legitimizing, empowering, and enriching social activists, community organizers, civil-rights leaders, and the like. The social workers could hardly complain, because even as the government was cutting them out of the action, it would be passing the most sweeping anti-poverty program in history. They would be neutralized as a moral and political force.

To Nixon this was an attractive notion. He, too, disliked social workers. At the meeting where Moynihan proposed the Family Assistance Plan, when Moynihan said it would eliminate tens of thousands of social workers from the federal payroll, Nixon’s eyes lit up. The idea that a vast hodgepodge of government social programs could be consolidated into one simple grant appealed to Nixon’s practical, rationalizing side. He realized that spending had political uses that Republicans tended to be blind to. It was a lesson he had learned the hard way—“Ike should have spent more in ’60,” he told a group of aides a few months after taking office. At a time of instability, domestic government expenditures could have a calming effect (“He spent to keep the lid on,” says Leonard Garment, who was Nixon’s adviser on civil rights) and could buy him a little room to maneuver in his area of real interest, foreign affairs. Another of Nixon’s advisers, Arthur Burns, a conservative economist who later became the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, mounted a ferocious attack within the administration on the Family Assistance Plan, but by the spring of Nixon’s first year in office Moynihan had beaten it back. In April, Nixon wrote Ehrlichman, “In confidence I have decided to go ahead on this program.”

The Family Assistance Plan twice failed to pass in Congress, and since part of the opposition had been from the left, its failure only strengthened Moynihan’s convictions. He wrote another book, *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income*, arguing, as he had about community action in *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*, that the left had become the main obstacle to the achievement of liberal goals in America. To his mind, the whole episode said more about the mood of the intellectuals than it did about the needs of the poor. In 1973, when he was the ambassador to India, Moynihan wrote Melvin Laird, who had taken over his portfolio at the White House, to urge a third try for the Family Assistance Plan.

It would not pass, Moynihan wrote, simply because “A guaranteed income will never be enacted while President Nixon is in office.” But the fight was still worth it, because the plan

was not “addressed to the poor”; it was “*addressed to the cultural strata*”—that is, it was meant to vitiate the arguments of intellectuals who liked to portray the Nixon Administration as heedlessly right-wing. Just proposing the Family Assistance Plan would help solve “the problem of legitimacy”—the present danger to authority in America—by providing a powerful rebuttal to the arguments of the dissenters.

By this time, though, Moynihan had lost Nixon. As a politician in office, Nixon could not afford to be as wholly consumed as Moynihan was with the thrust and parry of intellectual life. Anyway, the Family Assistance Plan was also unpopular with the right, especially the conservative Democrats and Republicans on the Senate Finance Committee, who considered it a plan to make welfare more generous and thus one that would encourage dependency. Moynihan believed that dependency was a problem, but he thought that there was no point in the Nixon Administration’s addressing it, because the liberals would never allow it to be solved. A large welfare-dependent class “will come to be accepted as the normal and manageable cost of doing urban business,” he wrote Laird. “It is in ways a political subsidy, as irrational perhaps as those paid to owners of oil wells, wheat fields, or aerospace companies, but whoever said politics was rational? Not Melvin Laird!”

By the end of the summer of 1970 Ehrlichman was, his notes record, being told by Nixon, “Just get something done. . . . Let it appear we’ve fought and come half way. . . . Avoid appearance of defeat.” It was particularly unfortunate for the Family Assistance Plan’s standing with Nixon that George McGovern proposed a guaranteed income during his presidential campaign. At one point, discussing the McGovern plan with Ehrlichman, Nixon called in his faithful manservant, Manolo Sanchez. If McGovern won and implemented his plan, Sanchez said, according to Ehrlichman’s notes, “I quit—go on welfare.”

Although the Family Assistance Plan was never enacted, the record of the first Nixon Administration does look like a victory for the income strategy. Nixon acceded to congressional pressure to increase welfare, food stamps, Social Security, and disability pensions, and partly as a result government transfer payments to individuals rose much more during Nixon’s presidency than they had during Johnson’s, while growth in government social-welfare employment leveled off. In effect, the government began cutting off the route of escape from the ghettos that so many had used in the sixties: government jobs. Simply giving out money doesn’t get people out. From the time Nixon took office, the black rate of exit from poverty slowed to a standstill.

OF ALL NIXON’S DOMESTIC ADVISERS, MOYNIHAN HAD the clearest grasp of what was happening in black America. He saw that government jobs were expanding the black middle class at the same time that what we now call the underclass was being left behind in the

A large welfare-dependent class "will come to be accepted as the normal and manageable cost of doing urban business," Moynihan wrote. "It is in ways a political subsidy."

ghettos. In March of 1969, in a long memo to Nixon, he stressed the need for "the integration into the larger society of what is now a sizable urban lower class which at the moment is experiencing more than its share of the bad habits and bad luck which through history have afflicted such groups and caused them to be seen as 'different' or undesirable by their more prudent and fortunate neighbors. . . . *The Negro lower class would appear to be unusually self-damaging, that is to say, more so than is normal for such groups.*"

With the underclass as with other social problems, Moynihan had two concerns: the problem itself, and the way left-liberal intellectuals (in this case, mostly black intellectuals) exploited the problem and so, he felt, damaged the American social fabric. This prevented him from being able to see the growth of the black government-employee class as a wholly sanguine development. As he wrote Nixon,

The Negro poor having become more openly violent—especially in the form of the rioting of the mid 1960's—they have given the black middle class an incomparable weapon with which to *threaten* white America. This has been for many an altogether intoxicating experience. 'Do this or the cities will burn.' And of course they have been greatly encouraged in this course by white rhetoric of the Kerner Commission variety. But most important of all, the existence of a large marginal, if not dependent, black urban lower class has at last given the black middle class an opportunity to establish a secure and rewarding power base in American society—as the provider of social services to the black lower class. . . . What building contracts and police graft were to the 19th-century urban Irish, the welfare department, Head Start programs, and Black Studies programs will be to the coming generation of Negroes. They are of course very wise in this respect. These are expanding areas of economic opportunity. By contrast, black business enterprise offers relatively little. In all this there will be the peculiar combination of weakness and strength that characterizes Negro Americans as a group at this time. . . . There is no true Negro intellectual or academic class at this moment. (Thirty years ago there was: somehow it died out.) Negro books are poor stuff for the most part. Black studies are by and large made up of the worst kind of ethnic longings-for-a-glorious-past. . . .

Helping the black ghetto poor, like other liberal goals, appealed to Moynihan both as something intrinsically good and as a gesture directed at the left. It would, he wrote Nixon, deprive "*the militant middle class*" of the abili-



Moynihan and Abernathy, 1969

ty to make an ongoing "*threat to the larger society, much as the desperate bank robber threatens to drop the vial of nitroglycerin.*" Choosing an income strategy as the means to help the ghettos would palliate poor blacks' material needs without encouraging their integration into the larger society. It was the best possible course in terms of defanging the "militant middle class," but not in

terms of the health of black America. Moynihan chose to make the intellectual gesture rather than pursue the most effective policy.

Perhaps to demonstrate the Nixon Administration's genuine concern about black poverty, Moynihan arranged for a meeting in the White House, on May 13, 1969, between representatives of the Poor People's Campaign (led by Martin Luther King's former second-in-command, Ralph Abernathy, and also including Andrew Young and Jesse Jackson) and Nixon and several high-ranking members of the administration. The meeting was a disaster.

The group from the Poor People's Campaign arrived late. Abernathy opened the meeting by reading in its entirety a nine-page statement outlining a political program that would have struck everyone in the Nixon White House as wildly unrealistic. After Abernathy had finished, Nixon replied in a friendly but guarded and unspecific way, looked at his watch, and said that an urgent matter concerning the Vietnam War had come up and he would not be able to stay for the rest of the meeting. Abernathy asked him not to go yet and replied at length to what Nixon had said. After that Nixon did go, leaving behind Vice President Spiro Agnew and nearly half the Cabinet to be upbraided by several poor people Abernathy had brought with him. Then Agnew excused himself, but the meeting continued. After it had gone on for nearly three hours, Moynihan reported to the group that some poor people who had come to the White House with Abernathy and were waiting for him in another room were threatening to stage a demonstration. With that the meeting was adjourned. On leaving the White House, Abernathy told the television reporters outside that it had been "the most disappointing and the most fruitless of all the meetings we have had up to this time."

All this was far outside the accepted boundaries of White House meetings, and it was a blot on Moynihan's record: it was his meeting, he had failed to control it, and he had also failed to rise to Nixon's defense. Nixon "referred to that meeting for *four years* as the worst experience of his presidency," John Ehrlichman says. "When I'd

bring up a meeting with black leaders, he'd say, 'You want me to have another meeting like that Moynihan meeting.'"

Moynihan lost his influence in the White House when he returned to Harvard at the end of 1970. In fact, it had largely ended before that, though Nixon continued to like him personally and kept communicating with him. Once Nixon had been re-elected, there was no longer any need to outfox his critics by keeping the old poverty programs that they had expected him to gut. "Model Cities—flush it," Ehrlichman's notes record Nixon saying a few days after the 1972 election. A couple of weeks later, during a series of meetings with Ehrlichman to plan his second administration, he elaborated on the theme. Ehrlichman's notes of Nixon's directives include: "OEO—legal services [a program to provide the poor with lawyers, who sometimes sued local government on their behalf]. Sally Payton [a black lawyer on the White House staff]—tell her to screw it up"; "Take the heat on OEO—it's the right thing to do. Be prepared to take it head on"; and "Flush Model Cities and Great Society. It's failed. Do it, don't say it."

Even more than Nixon realized, a moment had passed in American history. Race remained, and will remain, one of the obsessive themes of American life, but the period when it was the central domestic concern of the federal government was over. Partly because the Democratic Party had embraced civil rights with fervor, the presidential electorate had become essentially Republican. Even among liberals, race now had to share the agenda with other issues, like environmentalism and feminism. Watergate would quickly end Nixon's ability to make any domestic policy at all, and more important, the OPEC oil embargo would erase the national feeling that there was enough economic breathing space to allow for the contemplation of expensive social reforms.

AT THE SAME TIME THAT NIXON WAS DISMANTLING the War on Poverty (after a long struggle, the OEO officially went out of existence in 1974), Lyndon Johnson was preparing for a big symposium on civil rights at the new LBJ Library, in Austin. Johnson was well aware that it was time for him to settle up the accounts—his heart had become very bad, and even in public he was constantly popping nitroglycerin pills to ease his angina pains. The library itself was finished, a typically Johnsonian overblown marble block. The civil-rights symposium was planned in a spirit of comity indicating that Johnson's soul was *far more nearly at peace than it had been in 1967 and 1968*, when (according to a memo Moynihan wrote to Nixon in early 1969) he was capable of a gesture like personally cutting from the federal budget the funds for a me-

morial to Robert Kennedy at Arlington Cemetery. Johnson delivered a smoking speech. He said that of all his work as President, civil rights "holds the most of myself within me" and holds for me the most intimate meanings," and that "the black problem remains what it has always been, the simple problem of being black in a white society."

In January of 1973 Walter Heller, the economist who in 1963 had been the first person in the government to propose a government attack on poverty, had a speaking engagement at Johnson's alma mater, Southwest Texas State University, and Johnson invited him to spend the night out at the LBJ Ranch. Heller, a self-controlled German, was amazed at how unwilling or unable Johnson was to change his way of life in deference to his health. Dinner was fried shrimp. The customary telephone was still at Johnson's side at the table, and was still ringing. A week later Johnson was dead.

The main subject of Johnson's disquisition at dinner was how deeply he cared about civil rights—how strong his record was, how it was his real legacy. Like many of the people who had worked for Johnson, Heller, while fond of him, was accustomed to wondering whether he really meant what he said or was just trying, in effect, to win a vote for that one last bill, the Lyndon Johnson Historical Greatness Act of 1972. Johnson was incapable of being simple and direct. He was always exaggerated, florid, calculating, vulgar. At one point in the review of his achievements he explained to Heller why he had appointed the black economist Andrew Brimmer to the Federal Reserve Board. "First I put Bob Weaver in the Cabinet," Heller remembered that Johnson said, referring to the first Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. "But they said, 'No, he's *smooth-faced*. We want somebody with'"—and here Johnson pressed the corners of his mouth together with his two index fingers—"'*fat lips!*' Well, nobody's got fatter lips than Andy."

Heller was shocked by this anecdote, but he left the ranch convinced that Johnson had been speaking from the heart about race relations. It is a tribute to Johnson that even though he simply could not come across in private as the conventional version of a distinguished statesman, and even though everyone who knew him well knew that he was regularly capable of insincerity, nobody—not Heller, not the civil-rights leaders he fought with, not the Robert Kennedy aides who maneuvered against him—doubted in the end that he was passionate about race relations. This was the public issue he cared about most, and as the years pass, it has become clear that he was the only President of this century who has cared about the issue *so much*. He told Heller that night, "I've done more for blacks than any other President. That young hero I replaced may have done something. But I did more." And he was right. □



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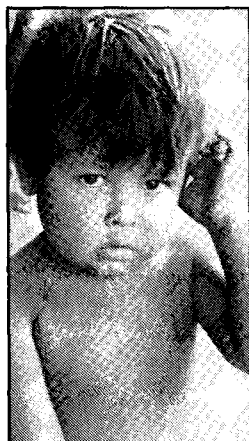
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THE UPPER STORY

As Emily Dickinson
would not come down, I'm
sorry, but I've felt the need to climb
the worn steps to her room,
winding up the stair
as if into her inner ear.

Art, as she once said,
is a *House that tries to be haunted*,
and as I stand
on the landing where she curled in shadow
to listen to the piano
and soaring voice of Mabel Todd

(her editor years later—
who graciously accepted
a poem and glass of sherry in place
of the vision of her face),
this has become that House.
No trespass can erase

what she once made of it—
the gate she opened, desperate
to escape, and just as quickly shut:
*I think I was held in check by some
invisible agent . . .* When she wrote
Again—his voice is at the door—

here is the door she meant.
Her room, probably Spartan
even when lived in, now holds but few
fabled artifacts: a snow-white
coverlet; a "sleigh bed," narrow
as a wooden shoe; a snapped

lily of a dress, limp in the closet;
a faded hatbox; a wicker basket
she'd lower, something like Rapunzel,
full of gingerbread.
Or so our guide has said. Yet
devoted to the genuine

as she was—first jasmine of the season,
hummingbird and snake—
I doubt she would have taken umbrage
when learned men in Cambridge
spirited off her writing table
to higher education. A double

(its surface little more
than two feet square, and where
poems commensurately small
were scrawled on backs of envelopes)
sits convincingly beneath the tall
window onto Main Street.

To shut our eyes is Travel,
and that table may as well
be anywhere as here.
She'd have held close whatever house
she was born in, as a squirrel
clutches its acorn; but with a need

not wholly fed by fear.
At twenty-four, moving back
to her birthplace, she'd perhaps transposed
the thought: To travel, shut the eyes.
I supposed we were going to make a "transit,"
as heavenly bodies did—

for she was truly half-surprised
by carriages and cartons.
It was as if
she'd lived always in that other life,
unseen, in her upper story;
Touch Shakespeare for me,

she wrote to Mabel in Europe,
thinking her close enough.
Why had anyone expressed the hope
to see Emily, who'd compare in letters
her unmet friends to Peter's
Christ: "whom having not seen, ye love"?

Finding nothing and no time
impalpable, she'd call
attention to the Biblical
"house not made with hands" for all
who'd listen. Wasn't that her home
as much as this was? Fame,

a lower form of Immortality,
in the intervening century
has unpacked her cradle to restore
its place, steps from her deathbed.
There is no first, or last, in Forever . . .
To the west, across the field

from another window, lives the family
at the Evergreens, whom Emily
saw little more than I can: Austin
and loved sister-in-law Sue.
I would have come out of Eden
to open the Door for you . . .

but she hadn't had to.
Drumming down the stair,
my ears fill with the spirals of a fly
a poem let in, and won't be shown the way:
as if that buzzing, when she died,
were here still amplified.

—Mary Jo Salter

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's famous analogy is widely used and nearly useless

SHOUTING "FIRE!"

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

WHEN THE REVEREND JERRY FALWELL LEARNED that the Supreme Court had reversed his \$200,000 judgment against *Hustler* magazine for the emotional distress that he had suffered from an outrageous parody, his response was typical of those who seek to censor speech: "Just as no person may scream 'Fire!' in a crowded theater when there is no fire, and find cover under the First Amendment, likewise, no sleazy merchant like Larry Flynt should be able to use the First Amendment as an excuse for maliciously and dishonestly attacking public figures, as he has so often done."

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's classic example of unprotected speech—falsely shouting "Fire!" in a crowded theater—has been invoked so often, by so many people, in such diverse contexts, that it has become part of our national folk language. It has even appeared—most appropriately—in the theater: in Tom Stoppard's play *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* a character shouts at the audience, "Fire!" He then quickly explains: "It's all right—I'm demonstrating the misuse of free speech." Shouting "Fire!" in the theater may well be the only jurisprudential analogy that has assumed the status of a folk argument. A prominent historian recently characterized it as "the most brilliantly persuasive expression that ever came from Holmes' pen." But in spite of its hallowed position in both the jurisprudence of the First Amendment and the arsenal of political discourse, it is and was an inapt analogy, even in the context in which it was

originally offered. It has lately become—despite, perhaps even because of, the frequency and promiscuousness of its invocation—little more than a caricature of logical argumentation.

The case that gave rise to the "Fire!"-in-a-crowded-theater analogy—*Schenck v. United States*—involved the prosecution of Charles Schenck, who was the general secretary of the Socialist Party in Philadelphia, and Elizabeth Baer, who was its recording secretary. In 1917 a jury found Schenck and Baer guilty of attempting to cause insubordination among soldiers who had been drafted to fight in the First World War. They and other party members had circulated

leaflets urging draftees not to "submit to intimidation" by fighting in a war being conducted on behalf of "Wall Street's chosen few."

Schenck admitted, and the Court found, that the intent of the pamphlets' "impassioned language" was to "influence" draftees to resist the draft. Interestingly, however, Justice Holmes noted that nothing in the pamphlet suggested that the draftees should use unlawful or violent means to oppose conscription: "In form at least [the pamphlet] confined itself to peaceful measures, such as a petition for the repeal of the act" and an exhortation to exercise "your right to assert your opposition to the draft." Many of its most impassioned words were quoted directly from the Constitution.

Justice Holmes acknowledged that "in many places and in ordinary times the defendants, in saying all that was said in the circular, would have been within



their constitutional rights.” “But,” he added, “the character of every act depends upon the circumstances in which it is done.” And to illustrate that truism he went on to say,

The most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man in falsely shouting fire in a theater, and causing a panic. It does not even protect a man from an injunction against uttering words that may have all the effect of force.

Justice Holmes then upheld the convictions in the context of a wartime draft, holding that the pamphlet created “a clear and present danger” of hindering the war effort while our soldiers were fighting for their lives and our liberty.

The example of shouting “Fire!” obviously bore little relationship to the facts of the Schenck case. The Schenck pamphlet contained a substantive political message. It urged its draftee readers to *think* about the message and then—if they so chose—to act on it in a lawful and nonviolent way. The man who shouts “Fire!” in a crowded theater is neither sending a political message nor inviting his listener to think about what he has said and decide what to do in a rational, calculated manner. On the contrary, the message is designed to force action *without* contemplation. The message “Fire!” is directed not to the mind and the conscience of the listener but, rather, to his adrenaline and his feet. It is a stimulus to immediate *action*, not thoughtful reflection. It is—as Justice Holmes recognized in his follow-up sentence—the functional equivalent of “uttering words that may have all the effect of force.”

Indeed, in that respect the shout of “Fire!” is not even speech, in any meaningful sense of that term. It is a *clang* sound—the equivalent of setting off a nonverbal alarm. Had Justice Holmes been more honest about his example, he would have said that freedom of speech does not protect a kid who pulls a fire alarm in the absence of a fire. But that obviously would have been irrelevant to the case at hand. The proposition that pulling an alarm is not protected speech certainly leads to the

conclusion that shouting the word *fire* is also not protected. But the core analogy is the nonverbal alarm, and the derivative example is the verbal shout. By cleverly substituting the derivative shout for the core alarm, Holmes made it possible to analogize one set of words to another—as he could not have done if he had begun with the self-evident proposition that setting off an alarm bell is not free speech.

THE ANALOGY IS THUS NOT ONLY INAPT BUT ALSO INSULTING. Most Americans do not respond to political rhetoric with the same kind of automatic acceptance expected of schoolchildren responding to a fire drill. Not a single recipient of the Schenck pamphlet is known to have changed his mind after reading it. Indeed, one draftee, who appeared as a prosecution witness, was asked whether reading a pamphlet asserting that the draft law was unjust would make him “immediately decide that you must erase that law.” Not surprisingly, he replied, “I do my own thinking.” A theatergoer would probably not respond similarly if asked how he would react to a shout of “Fire!”

Another important reason why the analogy is inapt is that Holmes emphasizes the factual falsity of the shout “Fire!” The Schenck pamphlet, however, was not factually false. It contained political opinions and ideas about the causes of the war and about appropriate and lawful responses to the draft. As the Supreme Court recently reaffirmed (in *Falwell v. Hustler*), “The First Amendment recognizes no such thing as a ‘false’ idea.” Nor does it recognize false opinions about the causes of or cures for war.

A closer analogy to the facts of the Schenck case might have been provided by a person’s standing outside a theater, offering the patrons a leaflet advising them that in his opinion the theater was structurally unsafe, and urging them not to enter but to complain to the building inspectors. That analogy, however, would not have served Holmes’s argument for punishing Schenck. Holmes needed an analogy that would appear relevant to Schenck’s



political speech but that would invite the conclusion that censorship was appropriate.

Unsurprisingly, a war-weary nation—in the throes of a know-nothing hysteria over immigrant anarchists and socialists—welcomed the comparison between what was regarded as a seditious political pamphlet and a malicious shout of “Fire!” Ironically, the “Fire!” analogy is nearly all that survives from the Schenck case; the ruling itself is almost certainly not good law. Pamphlets of the kind that resulted in Schenck’s imprisonment have been circulated with impunity during subsequent wars.

OVER THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS I HAVE ASSEMBLED A collection of instances—cases, speeches, arguments—in which proponents of censorship have maintained that the expression at issue is “just like” or “equivalent to” falsely shouting “Fire!” in a crowded theater and ought to be banned, “just as” shouting “Fire!” ought to be banned. The analogy is generally invoked, often with self-satisfaction, as an absolute argument-stopper. It does, after all, claim the high authority of the great Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. I have rarely heard it invoked in a convincing, or even particularly relevant, way. But that, too, can claim lineage from the great Holmes.

Not unlike Falwell, with his silly comparison between shouting “Fire!” and publishing an offensive parody, courts and commentators have frequently invoked “Fire!” as an analogy to expression that is not an automatic stimulus to panic. A state supreme court held that “Holmes’ aphorism . . . applies with equal force to pornography”—in particular to the exhibition of the movie *Carmen Baby* in a drive-in theater in close proximity to highways and homes. Another court analogized “picketing . . . in support of a secondary boycott” to shouting “Fire!” because in both instances “speech and conduct are brigaded.” In the famous Skokie case one of the judges argued that allowing Nazis to march through a city where a large number of Holocaust survivors live “just might fall into the same category as one’s ‘right’ to cry fire in a crowded theater.”

Outside court the analogies become even more badly stretched. A spokesperson for the New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority complained that newspaper reports to the effect that a large number of football players had contracted cancer after playing in the Meadowlands—a stadium atop a landfill—were the “journalistic equivalent of shouting fire in a crowded theater.” An insect researcher acknowledged that his prediction that a certain amusement park might become roach-infested “may be tantamount to shouting fire in a crowded theater.” The philosopher Sidney Hook, in a letter to *The New York Times* bemoaning a Supreme Court decision that required a plaintiff in a defamation action to prove that the offending statement was actually false, argued that the First Amendment does not give the press carte blanche to accuse inno-

cent persons “any more than the First Amendment protects the right of someone falsely to shout fire in a crowded theater.”

Some close analogies to shouting “Fire!” or setting off an alarm are, of course, available: calling in a false bomb threat; dialing 911 and falsely describing an emergency; making a loud, gunlike sound in the presence of the President; setting off a voice-activated sprinkler system by falsely shouting “Fire!” In one case in which the “Fire!” analogy was directly to the point, a creative defendant tried to get around it. The case involved a man who calmly advised an airline clerk that he was “only here to hijack the plane.” He was charged, in effect, with shouting “Fire!” in a crowded theater, and his rejected defense—as quoted by the court—was as follows: “If we built fire-proof theaters and let people know about this, then the shouting of ‘Fire!’ would not cause panic.”

Here are some more-distant but still related examples: the recent incident of the police slaying in which some members of an onlooking crowd urged a mentally ill vagrant who had taken an officer’s gun to shoot the officer; the screaming of racial epithets during a tense confrontation; shouting down a speaker and preventing him from continuing his speech.

Analogies are, by their nature, matters of degree. Some are closer to the core example than others. But any attempt to analogize political ideas in a pamphlet, ugly parody in a magazine, offensive movies in a theater, controversial newspaper articles, or any of the other expressions and actions catalogued above to the very different act of shouting “Fire!” in a crowded theater is either self-deceptive or self-serving.

The government does, of course, have some arguably legitimate bases for suppressing speech which bear no relationship to shouting “Fire!” It may ban the publication of nuclear-weapon codes, of information about troop movements, and of the identity of undercover agents. It may criminalize extortion threats and conspiratorial agreements. These expressions may lead directly to serious harm, but the mechanisms of causation are very different from that at work when an alarm is sounded. One may also argue—less persuasively, in my view—against protecting certain forms of public obscenity and defamatory statements. Here, too, the mechanisms of causation are very different. None of these exceptions to the First Amendment’s exhortation that the government “shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press” is anything like falsely shouting “Fire!” in a crowded theater; they all must be justified on other grounds.

A comedian once told his audience, during a stand-up routine, about the time he was standing around a fire with a crowd of people and got in trouble for yelling “Theater, theater!” That, I think, is about as clever and productive a use as anyone has ever made of Holmes’s flawed analogy. □



THE SMALL BUSINESS GUIDE TO SURVIVAL & GROWTH

Sydney Carton is in shock. One by one, the 14 members of the board of directors of SYDCAR—

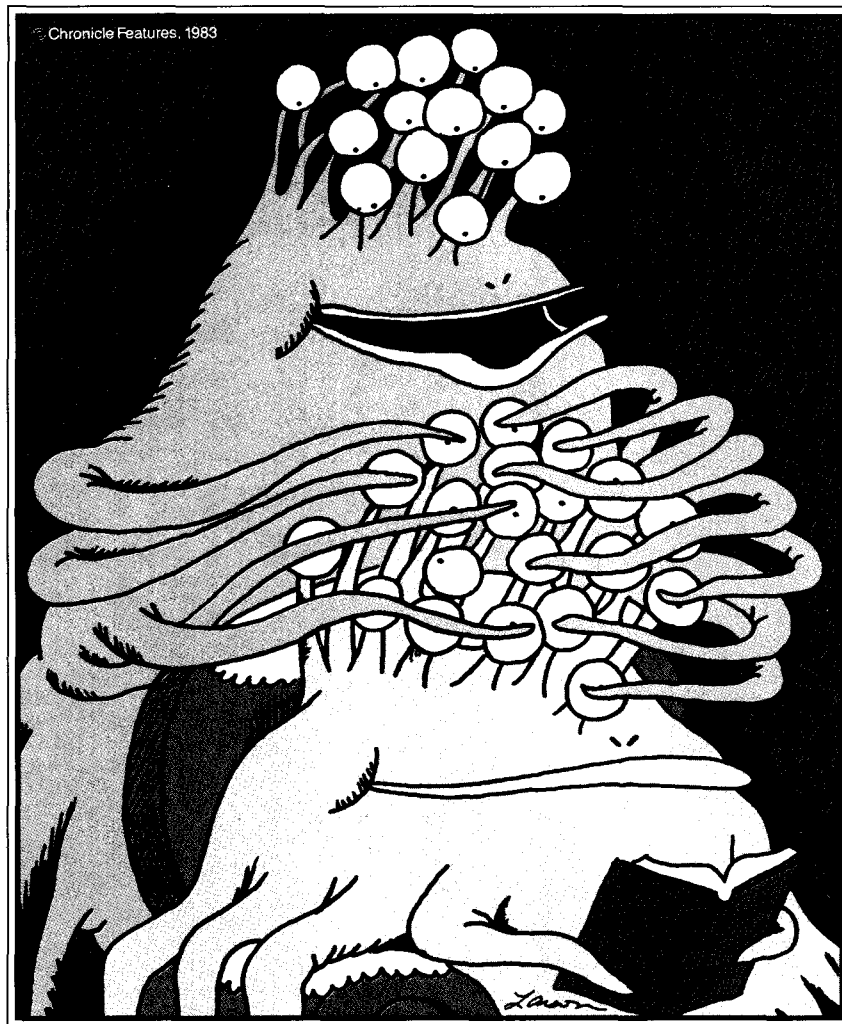
the company he started five years ago—are voting to fire him from his post as CEO and president.

By Stephen M. Pollan and Mark Levine

**Photographs by Jack Reznicki
Illustrations by Tracy Britt**

Prepared in cooperation with the U.S. Chamber of Commerce

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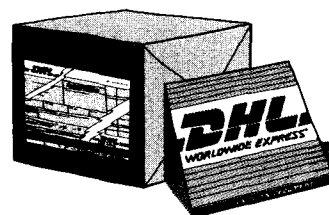
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As each hand rises in support of his Aunt Irma's motion to dismiss him, Sydney sinks lower and lower into his chair. His dream... his empire... the company that brought the world the first automatic, rechargeable apple peeler, is slipping from his grasp. And as he slides from grace Sydney can't help but recall how it used to be, when the company consisted of just himself and his wife, Lucie, hard at work in the garage.

With his creativity, nerve, undying self-confidence and determination to control his world, Sydney Carton is the classic American entrepreneur. All the necessary elements for entrepreneurial success were present in Sydney's small business: Sound idea, seed money, appropriate location and well-targeted initial marketing and advertising.

Yet Sydney, the entrepreneur extraordinary, without whom automatic, rechargeable apple peelers would never have existed, is out pounding the pavement, trying to start another business. Ironically, the very factors that made him soar at first are what led to his eventual crash.

The obsessive drive and controlling nature of the entrepreneur can become a time bomb that explodes the moment the business needs to take that next step and expand. If a small business is to move beyond the moderately successful "cottage-industry" stage, the entrepreneur must take those multiple skills that were necessary to succeed in the early days and begin to delegate them to subordinates. That means giving up some control over the details and day-to-day running of the company, and perhaps a portion of the ownership, in order to make the company grow. An emerging business begins to take on a life of its own, and too often the entrepreneur, hesitant to let the fledgling fly free of the nest, clips its wings. The ability to step aside, relinquish total control and delegate authority can separate success from survival and turn a tiny operation into

an empire.

Each year during the 1980s, some 600,000 businesses were started, the vast majority springing from the hearts and minds (and wallets) of individuals. That's a remarkable statistic, considering the negatives associated with entrepreneurship: Extremely long and irregular hours; the high risk of financial loss; the strain placed on family relationships; and the lack of the many benefits that come from ordinary employment — paid vacations, sick leave, insurance benefits and a regular paycheck.

But the positives are oh-so motivating. The entrepreneur answers only to himself. His income is limited only by his abilities and energies. And he need not deal with boring tasks; satisfaction replaces frustration and enthusiasm takes the place of complacency. (Note: Tens of thousands of women start businesses each year; "he" and "his" are used throughout this article merely for simplicity's sake.)

The obsessive drive and controlling nature of the entrepreneur can become a time bomb that explodes the moment the business needs to take that next step and expand.

There are three ways to go into business: Start a new one, buy a franchise or buy out an existing firm. It's the first option—the small business start-up—that has been called the purest form of entrepreneurship. It entails the greatest risk, but it also offers the greatest rewards—both financially and emotionally.

Today's Small Business Environment

While the skeptics love quoting the adage that nine out of 10 new businesses fail, indications are that small businesses are faster growing, quicker to react and more economically productive than their large competitors.

•During the past decade, small businesses created 80% of all new jobs.

•Proprietorship earnings are growing at a higher rate than corporate profits and salaries.

•Small businesses have been so successful that large, hungry corporations have been moving into areas traditionally left to entrepreneurs. And as big business moves into the domain traditionally associated with small business, entrepreneurs are moving into areas that once were thought beyond their scope.

•Creativity and innovation remain the province of the entrepreneur. More than half of the major inventions since World War II have come from small business people.

•Technology — in particular computerization and information processing and retrieval — is lowering the start-up costs associated with small businesses and helping them seize chances — which they are better at doing than large businesses.

•Since two-income families are becoming the norm, more women than ever are entering business, often as entrepreneurs.

•Government at all levels, realizing that small businesses are the primary creators of jobs, are offering incentives to encourage entrepreneurs into their communities.

•The current tax situation makes it clear to Americans that owning one's own business is one of the few opportunities people have to create wealth.

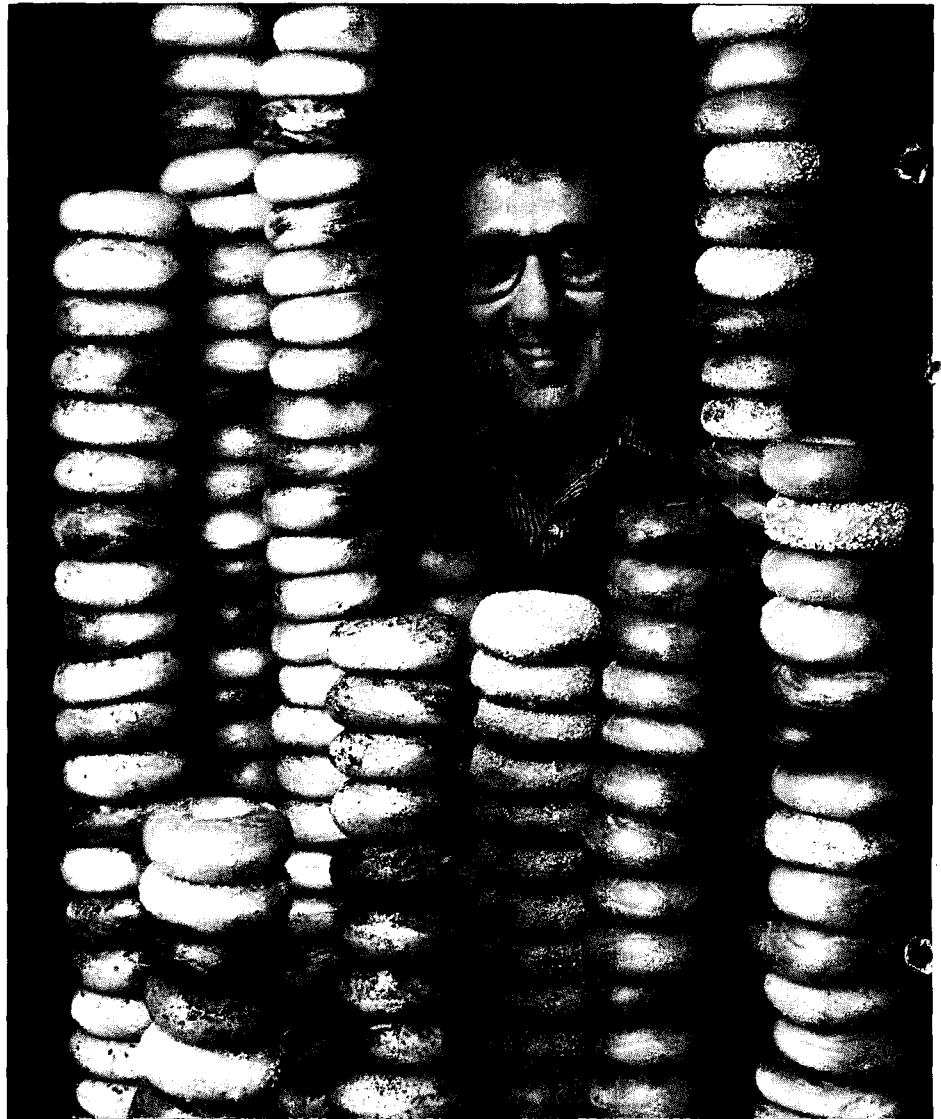
The Entrepreneurial Personality

Self-confidence, intelligence, diligence, caring, excellence: These are the attributes of the successful entrepreneur. Maybe this personality sketch sounds corny, like a profile of Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy—but every entrepreneur interviewed for this article stressed that it was the traditional virtues, not cunning or ruthlessness, that made his business prosper.

"Entrepreneurs wear work shoes," says Charles Hofer, professor of management at the University of Georgia's Graduate School of Business. "That is, they're willing to work hard and they don't care about status—if they need to be the janitor, they'll do it. They're realistic; they're attracted to challenges; and they have the ability to identify opportunities in every situation. An entrepreneur has either a strong need to direct or a need to do everything."

"Perseverance was the key to my success," says Alan Miller, chairman and co-founder, with his son, Randy, of Original New York Seltzer, a soft-drink manufacturing company based in Walnut, California. "I never let the business out of my mind—24 hours a day for three years. I guess you could say I'm an obsessive-compulsive. Once I got involved, I had to stay involved—I would have been wiped out otherwise."

"An entrepreneur is more like an artist than like a traditional businessman," says Charles Garfield, author of *Peak Performers: The New Heroes of American Business* (William Morrow and Company, Inc., New York, 1986). Garfield has studied high achievers in business, science, sports and the professions for 20 years. "He has a burning desire to create a specific outcome. For the average person, his business is just



Murray Lender, of the original Lender's Bagel Bakery, brought the bagel from ethnic obscurity to a national craze

a job. For the entrepreneur, his business is a unique personal expression, and money is just a way of keeping score and a resource that allows for greater expression. But entrepreneurs aren't just dreamers. They have a strategy for making a dream reality. They know that goals are dreams with deadlines."

When Murray Lender joined his father and older brother in the family business—Lender's Bagel Bakery, in New Haven, Connecticut—in 1955, the firm was pulling in \$55,000 in annual sales. But something drove Murray to expand. "At first my mission was to make a better bagel and to sell more bagels today than I did yesterday," he remembers. "It was never for the money. Emotional satisfaction was the key. I was seeing non-Jewish people adopt the bagel as their own. I was winning, seeing my culture adopted by everyone." Last year the company

sold \$60 million worth of bagels.

But entrepreneurs aren't just dreamers. They know that goals are dreams with deadlines.

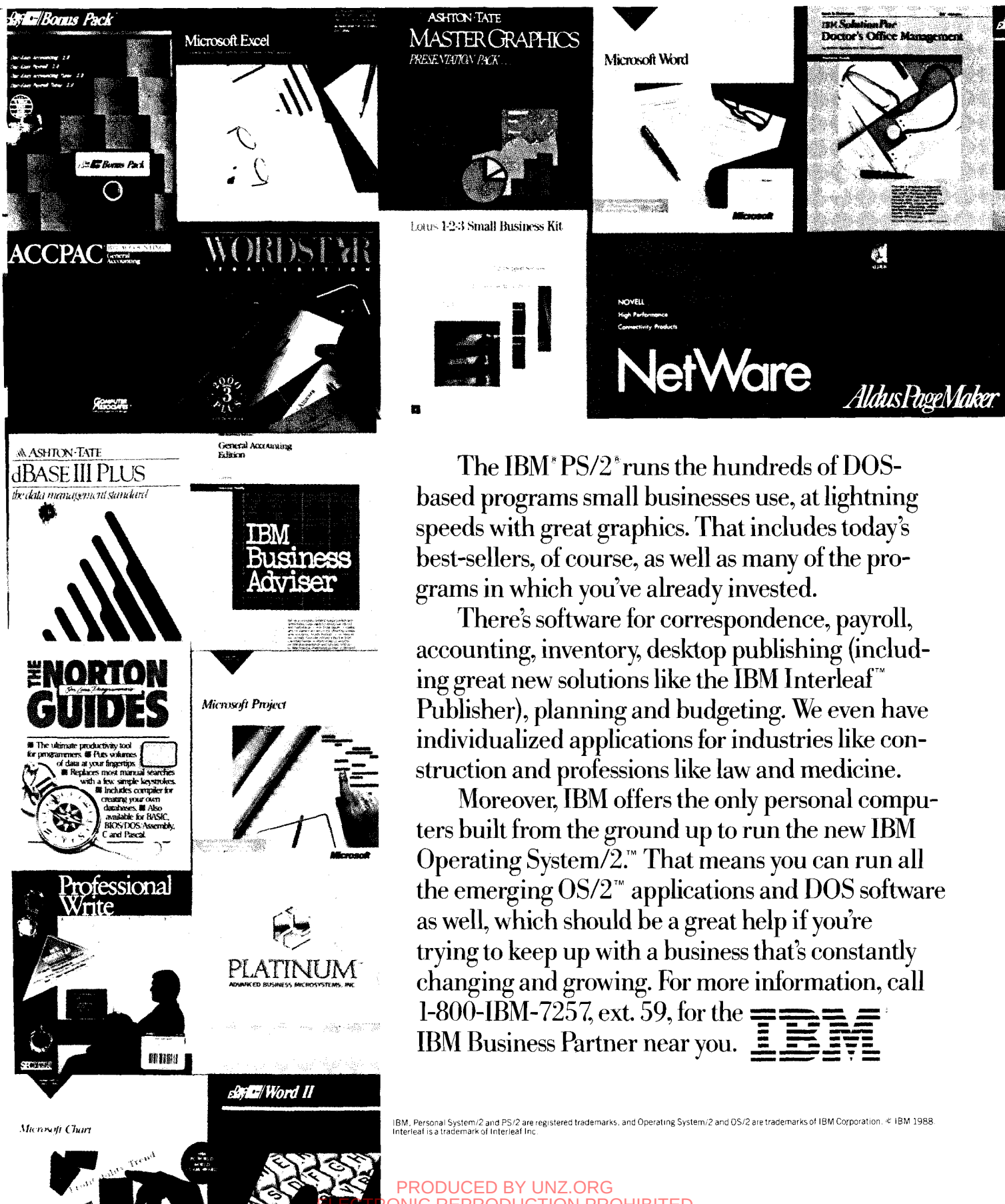
Mary Gilroy is convinced that Molly Bloom, her vintage clothing store in Kent, Connecticut, is a success because "it's made me emotionally fulfilled. The business is, to me, a spiritual thing."

"Successful entrepreneurs tend to find creative ways of getting things done," says Ian McMillan, director of the Snider Entrepreneurial Center at the University of Pennsylvania. "If they can't buy, they try to lease. If they can't lease, they try to borrow. If they can't

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Valuing a Small Business

Certified public accountant/attorney Stuart Rosenblum of Wilkin & Guttenplan has made a nationwide study of how to set purchase values on various types of businesses.

Business	Price Multiplier	Important Conditions	Watch For
Apparel Stores	.75 to 1.5 times net plus equipment and inventory	Location, competition, reputation, specialization	Unfavorable shopping patterns, inadequate parking, outdated inventory
Beauty Salons	.25 to .75 times gross plus equipment and inventory	Location, reputation, boutique image	Excessive staff turnover
Car Dealerships	1.25 to 2 times net plus equipment	Type of dealership, location, reputation of company	Brand new manufacturers, factory allocation policy
Employment Agencies	.75 to 1 times gross, equipment included	Reputation, specialization, client relations	Excessive staff turnover
Fast-Food Stores	1 to 1.25 times net	Location, competition, neatness of premises, lease terms	Inadequate street traffic, inadequate servicing space or seating area
Gas Stations	\$1.25 to \$2.00 per gallon pumped per month, equipment included	Gallons/month, lease terms, location, competition, other services	Poor traffic pattern, short lease
Grocery Stores	.25 to .33 times gross, equipment included	Location, lease terms, presence of liquor, condition of facilities	Nearby super-markets or convenience stores
Insurance Agencies	1 to 2 times annual renewal commissions	Client demographics and transferability, carrier characteristics	Agent turnover, account mix
Manufacturers	1.5 to 2.5 times net with equipment plus inventory	Distributor relations, market position for products, condition of plant	Single major customer, foreign competition
Newspapers	.75 to 1.25 times gross, equipment included	Location, demographics, economic conditions, competition, lease terms	Stagnant or declining area
Real Estate Offices	.75 to 1.5 times gross, equipment included	Tenure of salespeople, franchised office, reputation	Intensity of competition
Restaurants	.25 to .5 times gross, equipment included	Competition, location, reputation	Predecessor failures
Retail Businesses	.75 to 1.5 times net plus equipment and inventory	Location, competition, reputation, specialization, lease terms	Obsolete inventory, chain competition
Travel Agencies	.04 to .1 times gross, equipment included	Revenue mix, location, reputation, lease terms	Negative climate for international travel
Video Shops	1 to 2 times net plus equipment	Location, competition, inventory	Obsolescence of tapes, match of tapes to customers

borrow, they try to beg. And finally, if they can't beg"—he smiles—"they'll try to steal. Entrepreneurs have such a sense of urgency that they will often stimulate sales before they even have products."

Writing the Business Plan

But regardless of creativity, drive and strength of character, no business-starter can have more than an infinitesimal hope of success without first laying the groundwork for the enterprise in a well-constructed business plan.

A business plan is a thorough discussion of every element that makes up a business. It will be his main tool for securing that all-important, final ingredient—money. But savvy entrepreneurs also use this business bible to take the temperature of the going operation and see that they stay on course.

"A business plan is extraordinarily helpful in any start-up," says Howard Wisnicki, a Los Angeles accountant, financial planner and business manager for entrepreneurs. "It makes you sit down and formalize your analysis. It brings discipline and helps others—especially potential investors—perceive you as being serious. The more research you do, the better off you are."

"When you approach anyone—a bank, an underwriter, a partner, a supplier, a landlord—your business plan creates the first impression that will either open or close the door to further negotiations," says Bruce Mantia, national director of the Privately Owned and Emerging Business Services Division of Ernst & Whinney, the third largest Big Eight accounting firm.

Most business plans begin with a

description of the business itself—the idea behind it.

The Idea

You have a head start if you come up with a good idea in a field you know well.

"Think about the markets you are already familiar with," says William Davidson, vice president of Midland Bank in New York City, who has worked actively with small and emerging businesses. "Read the trade papers and journals in your field, while keeping abreast of the economy in general. The trick is to find a need and then come up with the best means of addressing it."

Marshall Friedman, president and CEO of U.S. Recycling Industries—the largest independent paper-recycling company in North America—has an entrepreneurial ability to spot trends in an industry he knows well.

"I saw some trends that were going to have a dramatic effect on our business," he recalls. "Paper mills were integrating backwards, forming their own waste-paper-recycling plants to provide themselves with raw materials. Instead of a threat, I saw this as an opportunity. We convinced mills that it would be better for them to work with us than to compete. Close relationships developed so that, in certain areas, we feed them our recycled materials, becoming, in effect, part of their plant." Seeing another opportunity in the disposal of solid waste, one of the nation's most vexing problems, Friedman has set up new company divisions that help municipalities deal with their solid-waste difficulties. And he found yet another niche: "One new division in our company destroys confidential documents," he reports.

"Ideas don't always have to be dramatic or terribly creative," says Kirby Warren, acting dean of Colum-

bia University's School of Business. "They just have to work."

Charles Adams' start-up illustrates Kirby Warren's point. Adams received a chimney-style charcoal lighter as a gift. "It worked very well," he recalls, "but the design, packaging and marketing were poor. I did some research on the product, found out it wasn't protected, looked at the industry trends, studied the demographics, figured out the cost of manufacturing and jumped into business making it." In 1985 he and Doug Fielding, using personal and family savings totaling \$30,000, began the company centered on this one product. Today, Charcoal Companion, Inc., based in Oakland, California, is the manufacturer/distributor/wholesaler/importer of over 40 barbecue accessory items. It employs 15 people and will gross over \$2 million this year.

Don't shy away from transplanting an idea from one place to another just because you didn't come up with the concept first.

Ideas don't always have to be dramatic or terribly creative. They just have to work.

Alan Miller of Original New York Seltzer fondly recalled the homemade soft drinks he used to have in Brooklyn: "Both my father and grandfather were in the seltzer business, delivering door-to-door. At home we used to combine flavored syrups with the seltzer to make wonderful sodas," he remembers. After relocating to California, where he worked as an engineer, Miller missed those good New York-style soft drinks. "I decided to mass-produce and bottle the sodas I used to love—vanilla cream,

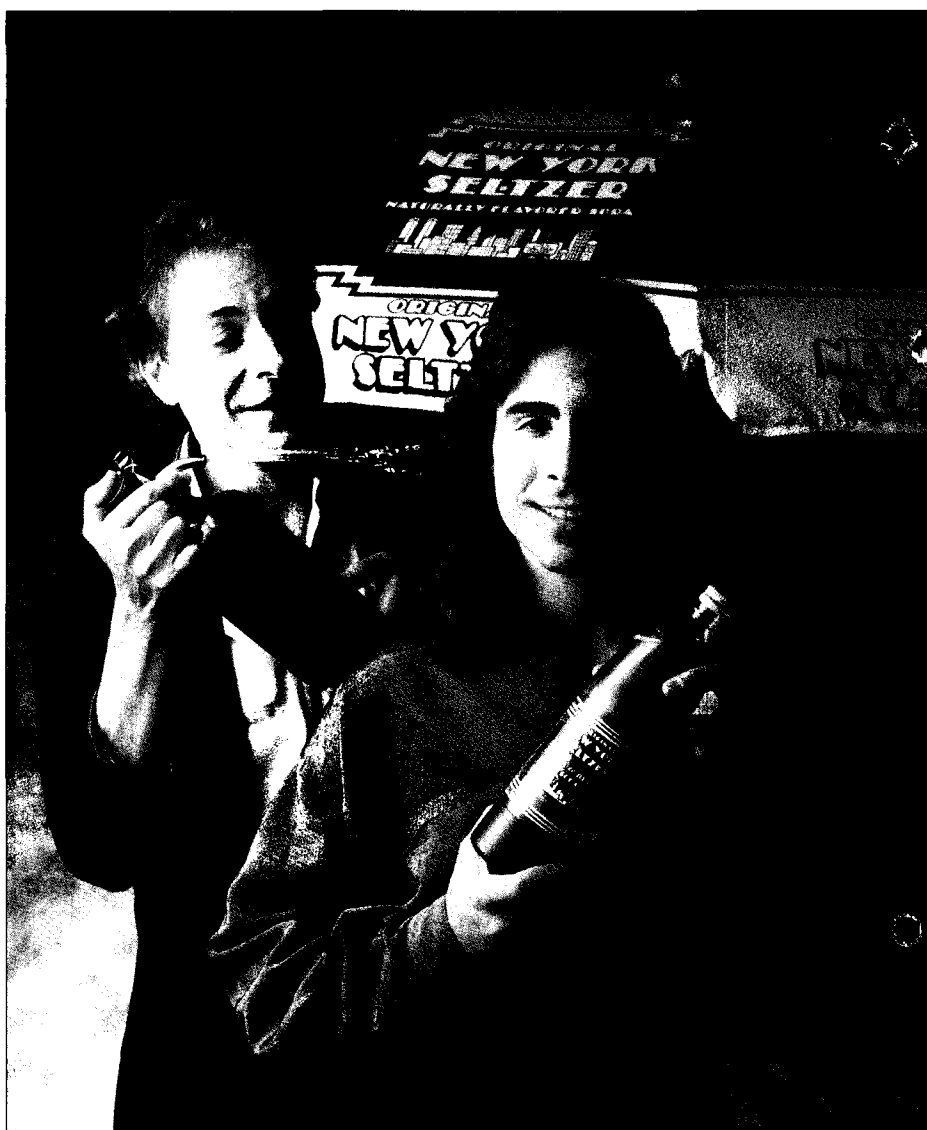
black cherry, raspberry, lemon and lime, orange—with no preservatives and no colors; nothing but flavor, sweetener and seltzer,” he says. With that idea, a \$20,000 loan from his uncle, and \$50,000 from mortgaging his home, Miller began business in 1982. Today the company accounts for yearly sales of over \$150 million worldwide.

But even a business idea that has all the prescribed qualities can fail because of poor timing. “Timing is essential,” says Peter Weir, an attorney with Cole & Dietz in New York City. Weir has counseled entrepreneurs and started businesses of his own. “Both my father and I have begun businesses just a few years before the time was right,” he notes. “While it may be emotionally rewarding when history judges that you were two years ahead of your time, that won’t make up for financial losses. You can go out of business waiting for the public to catch up with your vision.”

The Customer

After you come up with a good idea, it’s essential to figure out exactly who your potential customers are—and to describe them in your business plan. “You have to know who you are trying to reach before you can go out and reach them,” stresses Irwin Warren, deputy chairman and creative director of the advertising agency McCann-Erickson. “Buying decisions aren’t always simple buy/don’t buy choices.”

Consumer or business, indicate what segment of the market you are going after, then point out the specific niche you are targeting. Describe the geographical limits of your target territory. Go into demographics—the age range, income range, sex, education level, other interests—of the individual customers you’re aiming to sell to. Analyze your market; discuss how fre-



Alan and Randy Miller of Original New York Seltzer turned their memories of door-to-door seltzer peddling into a multi-million-dollar empire

quently you expect customers to use your service or buy your product; give reasons why your target customer will buy your particular product or service.

Estimating Sales and Market Share

To estimate sales, determine the size of the industry you are about to enter and the size of the market segment you are targeting. If your customers are individuals, use census data. If you are targeting organizations, pick up the Yellow Pages.

Second, figure out your competitors’ market share. Information on

public companies can be found in their financial reports, which must be filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission. The Bureau of the Census also tabulates information on some industries. Publications like Dun & Bradstreet’s *Key Business Ratios* and Robert Morris Associates’ *Annual Statement Studies* provide financial information on nearly 1,000 different businesses.

Third, determine how you will stack up against the competition. For this you’ll need firsthand information. You’ll get it through observation, interviewing, group discussions and surveys—even test marketing, if you can afford it.

Your goal is to estimate what percentage of the customer base is likely to buy your product. If, for example, you are selling handmade toys and market research indicates that the target customer feels your toys are as good as the

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others on the market, you have a chance to get an equal share. Let's assume there is room for a new player, and product loyalty is not an obstacle. If there are four companies in the market, and you jump in as the fifth, you could project that you'll pick up a 20 percent share of the market.

The final task in this early market research is to establish your estimated sales volume. Let's go back to hand-made toys. Market research shows that nine-year-old suburban boys are the primary customer group. Census data indicates that there are 10 million such customers in the U.S. And studies have shown that each nine-year-old will spend on average \$2 a year on hand-made toys. That means the total market is \$20 million. Since you assume you'll pick up 20 percent of the market, your estimated yearly sales volume is \$4 million.

Pricing

To know whether the business is worth starting up, you have to estimate your costs and come up with a pricing policy.

"Many entrepreneurs will look at the existing price structure in a market and say 'I can do it cheaper.' This can be disastrous. Such a mistake can be avoided through a complete break-even analysis and correctly estimated sales and market share," says Nick Morrow, a senior tax consultant for Touche Ross & Company, a Big Eight accounting firm. "After all, unless your new company has developed some revolutionary cost-saving technique, it will probably have higher costs of production than already existing, larger competitors."

Other entrepreneurs—particularly those in service businesses—are guilty of undercharging through fear. "They fail to divorce their ego from the service they are offering," notes Morrow,

"and invariably present the price as a question—'I charge \$100 per hour...is that okay?' The price should reflect what potential customers believe to be the value of your product or service—which may include their ability to resell it, if you are selling to a retailer—not what you believe to be its value."

Mary Gilroy is well aware of the discrepancy between the value she places on products in her antique clothing store and the value customers place on them. Often she obtains her clothes at bargain prices—sometimes she gets them free. Then she repairs and cleans them, giving them value through her efforts. "I found a small bouquet of

Many entrepreneurs will look at the existing price structure in a market and say 'I can do it cheaper.' This can be disastrous.

Buying an Existing Business

Although it may not appeal to true entrepreneurs, buying, rather than starting, a firm does have certain advantages: A quicker return on one's investment of time and money. To get those advantages, advises attorney Mitchell Kossoff, whose clients have taken both routes, "Make sure you are buying a business with a good location, an existing plant or facilities, competent employees, some market penetration, a solid base of paying customers, usable inventory and good relations with suppliers and creditors." But Kossoff warns, "this analysis is too complex for an individual to do alone. You'll need the services of lawyers, accountants, business brokers, business appraisers, consultants and bankers."

"They will examine balance sheets, income tax returns both federal and local—and other financial statements prepared by a CPA for the seller," says accountant and attorney Stuart Rosenblum. "Have your accountant go over the financial statements and put your attorney to work performing a lien and judgement search on the owners and the hard assets of the business."

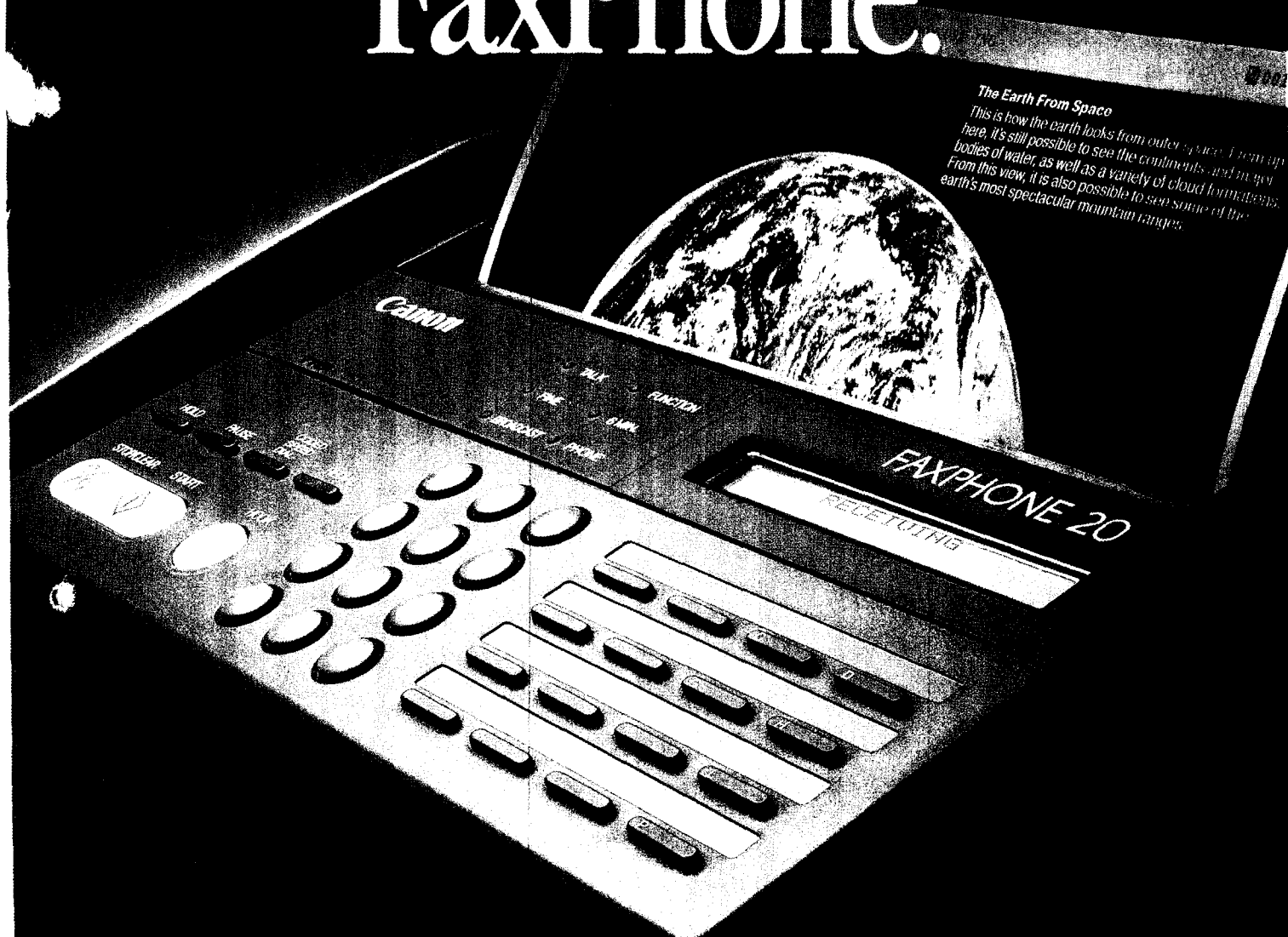
Find out why the seller wants to sell. Is the client base diminishing? Are there supply problems or employee problems? Maybe the plant and facilities are obsolete, there are disputes with the landlord, or creditors are after the seller. "Never take the seller's word for why he or she is selling," Rosenblum warns. "Try and dig deep and find the real reason."

Once you have determined the value of the tangibles in the business, you must place a value on the intangibles—often called "goodwill." This can include its relations with customers, banks and suppliers.

Next, decide how much the business is worth. "It has to be a better investment than other, more traditional investments," Kossoff says. "Consider the rate of return, analyze the assets, then subtract from them the liabilities."

The financial arrangements you make with the seller are limited only by law and your accountant's creativity.

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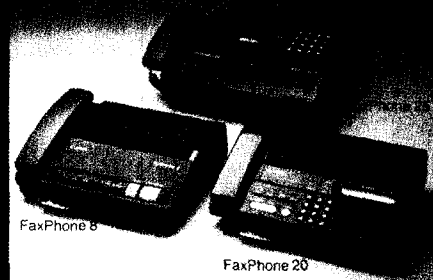


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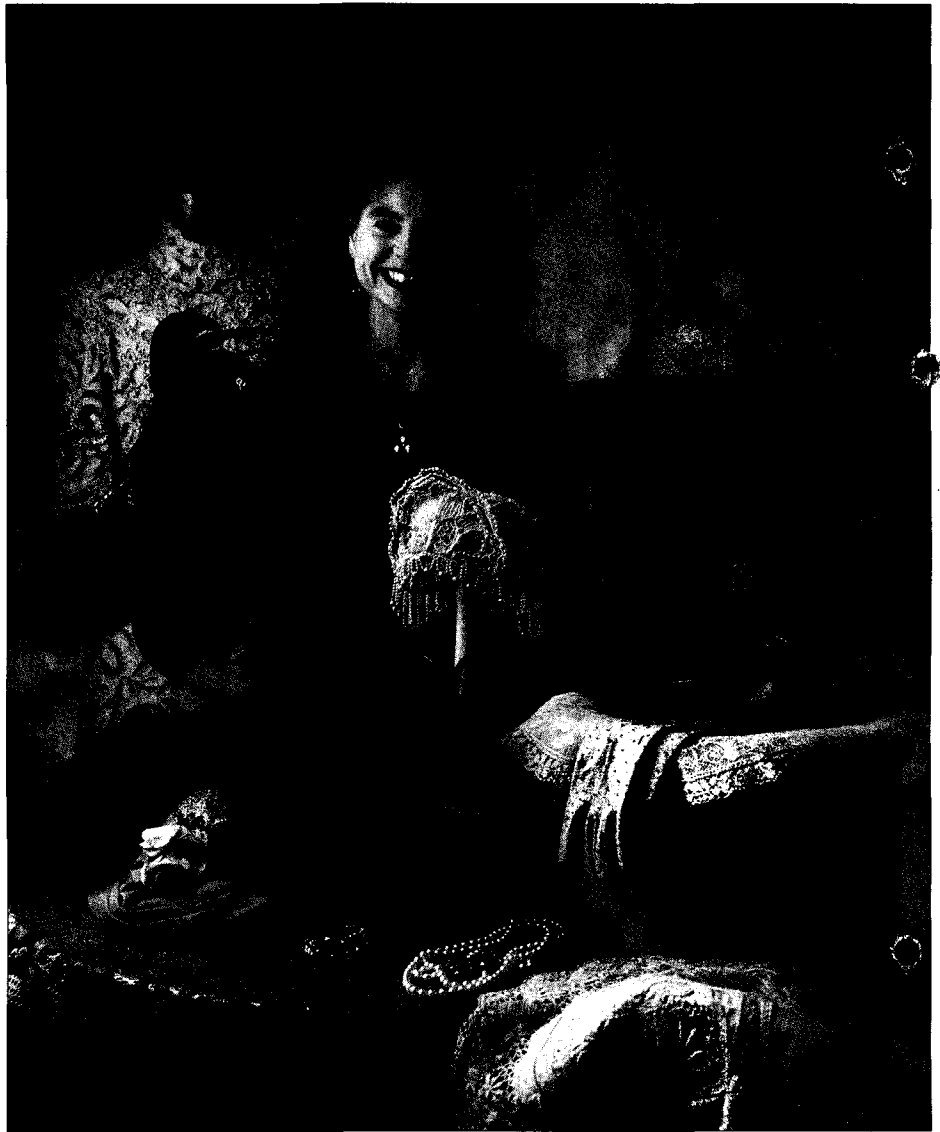
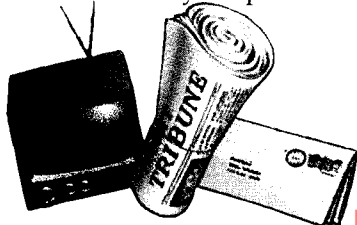
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dried flowers that was just exquisite," Gilroy recalls. "It cost me very little—less than a dollar—so I priced it at \$15. It didn't sell at all. After a month, on impulse, I walked over and changed the price on the tag from \$15 to \$75. It sold within the hour. Suddenly it had a value and cachet that it lacked before."

With some pricing idea in mind, begin to examine your costs. *Variable costs* are those that vary directly with sales. For instance, the more of your handmade toys you sell, the more wood you need to make them, so as sales go up, these costs go up too. *Fixed costs* do not change as sales increase or decrease: No matter how many toys you sell, for instance, your rent is unaffected. Among your fixed costs will be salaries, fees, insurance, advertising and promotion, rent and utilities.

Your best information sources on variable and fixed costs are other small businesses. Generally, business people are willing to pass along such data to noncompetitors. Trade associations, which can be great sources, usually have data on the average costs of their members. In addition, contact the local chamber of commerce and other small business groups.

"Until I joined my national trade association, I had very little idea about personnel management and finances," notes Dr. Earl Hess, president of Lancaster Laboratories, a scientific consulting firm located in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and a director of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. "Before I joined the association, my business was pretty much flat. After joining it grew 100 percent. I can think of no better testimony for joining," he says. "Local chambers of commerce can be a great deal of help to people just starting out," Hess adds. "The shared experiences and advice—particularly when it comes to sources of financing, proposal writing and directions that can be taken—is priceless. It really is critical to take time out to talk to your peers."



Through her vintage clothing store, Mary Gilroy gives new life to objects by discovering them, restoring them and selling them to someone else

Finding a Location

For many small businesses, the primary fixed cost is the rent or mortgage payment on the space. That's altogether appropriate, for location can be the determining factor in a business's success or failure. Any good business plan, therefore, addresses location.

Don't make the mistake of assuming that since your product or service is superior, it will attract buyers to an inconvenient location—it's easy to go broke underestimating the importance of convenience to the American consumer. "The first question you have to

ask yourself," says Jeffrey Madison, a real-estate entrepreneur and broker in Gay Head, Massachusetts, "is 'Does my business need public visibility?' If your store is geared to a fanciful buyer or an impulse shopper or has to be near other businesses, a high share of your fixed costs will be real estate. There are only X number of high-visibility locations out there—storefronts, accessible buildings or mall spaces—so they are priced at a premium."

Tim Dobel and his wife and partner, Mary Ellen McElroy, knew they had to have a premium location for the Tisbury Inn Cafe, the restaurant they opened in Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts. "We had to begin making money right away," Dobel says. "It is possible to overcome poor location by offering a high-quality product and getting the message out to the public. But you also will need enough money to hang on until people find you. We didn't have



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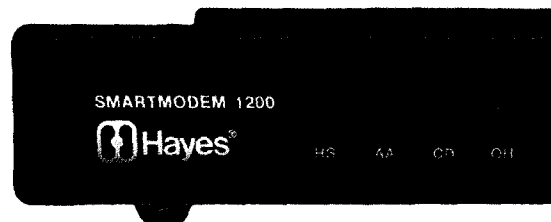
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that luxury."

"Determining space needs is one of the hardest things for most business people to do," says Erwin Shustak, a lawyer who specializes in real estate at the New York City firm Bizar D'Alessandro Shustak and Martin. My advice is to take more space than you think you'll need. At least then there will be some flexibility."

When Lori and Dana Pollan and Caren Austen were searching New York City for locations for their Pollan-Austen Fitness Center, they considered only spaces that would offer room to expand. "We knew from the beginning that it was better to have too much space than to have too little," Lori recalls. "While it was a bit tough to carry the cost in the early days, it has worked out perfectly."

Should you buy or lease? "I believe an expanding business should buy," Shustak says, "but the new business rarely should. Instead, entrepreneurs should opt for short-term leases with extensions. A new business doesn't know where it is going or what its needs are. It can be suicidal to sink your capital into the location."

Providing the Financial Breakdown

Now comes the hardest part—the financial breakdown of your business. There are two types of business financing: Debt and equity. *Debt financing* consists of money that must be repaid—in effect, loans. *Equity financing* is money given to a business in exchange for some share of the ownership. It's essential to achieve a balance between the two types of financing. If your business is highly leveraged—has a large amount of debt financing as compared to equity financing—cash flow can become a major problem. If

your business is minimally leveraged—has a large amount of equity financing compared to debt financing—you won't be taking full advantage of the invested dollars.

Your business plan must state how much equity financing you'll be providing and how much additional equity and debt financing will be necessary. Note likely payback rates for your loans and your plans for returning profit to the sources of your equity financing. Using your start-up cost estimates and your proposed financing, compile an opening-day balance sheet. Then extend your financial section by preparing projected income statements for your first three years in business and a cash-flow statement for your first year. State when you expect to break even.

"In preparing your financial projections," advises William Davidson of Marine Midland Bank, "make sure your assumptions stand up. If you are projecting revenue increases each year for three years, show what you are basing this on—increased sales, greater market share, higher prices. Investors and lenders will try to tear your assumptions to shreds, making their own projections based on worst-case scenarios. You have to be able to back up your projections," he stresses.

Peter Aschkenasy, a New York City restaurant entrepreneur who has owned and managed over 20 dining establishments including Luchow's, Charley O's, The Oyster Bar, The Rainbow Room and Gallaghers, is now able to write business plans that are models of precision. "I've learned humility. I take a more conservative approach today than I used to, and I don't rush or con myself into anything," he says. "I'm realistic, pragmatic, analytical. Now I do all the traditional preparatory work—I never want a potential investor to turn me down because something is lacking in my plan."

With your business plan firmly in hand, it's time to face what most entrepreneurs consider their greatest challenge—finding financing for their new business.

Finding Seed Financing

Despite claims to the contrary, institutional investors are not going to provide seed capital for your business. "There is no place I know of to find seed capital other than your own pocket or from friends or relatives," says Arthur Taylor, dean of the Business School of Fordham University, who currently owns or shares ownership of five small businesses. "In the beginning, you are searching for people who love you. There used to be small investors around who were willing to fund start-ups, but they are in hiding or looking for liquidity."

There are occasional exceptions to the rule. "Entrepreneurs with a track record of success, who have a hot product in a hot industry may be able to find outside seed capital," says Steve Kurtz, president of the Denver-based accounting firm Shenkin Kurtz Baker & Company. "But it is going to be tough."

In the beginning, you are searching for people who love you.

The hot industries at the moment, says Kurtz, are branches of telecommunications such as paging and cellular phones; security, both home and business; transportation, especially anything that services airline or bus companies; and fast-food retailing, specifically frozen yogurt chains.

Or you may be able to interest an "angel." According to Paul Levine, entrepreneur and adjunct professor at Fordham University's Graduate School of Business Administration, "Angels are private people who put money into local enterprises, having found that it is fun, will keep them occupied and lets them leverage their own abilities. Generally they take an active role in the business, offering their services as financial experts." Levine says that the ranks of angels are increasing; indeed, many local governments are compiling lists that they sell to entrepreneurs.

Your Own Savings and Money from Friends and Relatives

Regardless of how small the amount, an entrepreneur must invest some of his money in the venture. Can you risk your savings, your nest egg, your hard-earned dollars on this venture? If the answer is no, then you aren't ready to start this business.

That doesn't necessarily mean that you aren't an entrepreneur; rather, it could mean that this is the wrong idea or the wrong time for such a daring move. If you can't talk yourself into investing in your business, how will you be able to talk others into it? And it is essential to do just that, for you are going to need other peoples' money to flesh out your own investment.

Partnerships are often compared to marriages—to succeed, they have to be based on love, not money, and you can't take them for granted.

There is no better source of financing than your friends and family: They, above everyone else, should have confidence in your abilities and drive to succeed and are more likely to accept lenient terms than outside sources. Approach business associates. Go after the professionals you deal with—doctors, dentists, lawyers, accountants. Leave no stone unturned in your search for start-up money.

But depending on people close to you can cut both ways. When a business fails, friendships can break apart and families split into warring factions. That's why you absolutely must frame these agreements in a businesslike manner. Have a lawyer draw up the documents, despite family protests that that isn't necessary. Present your request for funds as an opportunity for participants to share in your future profits, not as a charitable contribution.

Silent and Active Partners

Partnerships are often compared to marriages—to succeed, they have to be based on love, not money, and you can't take them for granted.

Many of America's most successful small businesses begin as a combination of a partner with the idea and the skill to carry it out and a partner with the cash. But you can't choose a partner only because he has available cash. If he's going to be an active member of the business, your personalities had better mesh, and you'd better have similar goals. If your partner is looking to make money and you're aiming to keep the business growing, there are bound to be problems ahead. The partners needn't be clones, however; if their skills and abilities fall into different areas, that's fine: The division of labor may be easier.



"I was life partners with my wife, Mary Ellen, before we were business partners," says Tim Dobel of the Tisbury Cafe. "We knew how to balance each other and how to merge our strengths and weaknesses. I'm a good cook and know how to run the nuts and bolts of the business—cash flow, making sure we are profitable. That's not her area. Instead, she is very good in the front of the restaurant, dealing with the public. I have to force myself to be a 'public guy.'"

Silent partners are often the best partners—as long as they stay silent. When the business is progressing according to plan, silent partners will often stay contentedly in the shadows. But if problems crop up, you may suddenly find your silent partner seeking a more active role in the management of the business. Be sure to get a legally constructed partnership agreement that spells out the rights and responsibilities of all parties, payment plans and buyout rights.

Seed money in hand, figure it out: Have you acquired the minimum your business plan calls for? If not, it's time to make a hard choice. You can abandon the plan and return the money; go ahead undercapitalized or continue the hunt for funds.

Cash flow can never be counted on to finance a growing business, as Joshua Lawson, owner of Alpine Taxi / Limo, Inc., in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, can attest. In 1985, with experience in the taxi business and a truly entrepreneurial personality, Lawson began plans to start a taxi and limousine company in the small Colorado ski resort town. He was woefully short of

the start-up capital his business plan called for, but since timing was a major factor in this seasonal community, Lawson decided to jump into business undercapitalized. "I'm still feeling the pain of that decision," he admits.

Lawson tried to take care of his constant financial problems by bootstrapping—using his cash flow. Expansion took place at a breathtaking pace. "In our first year, we did volume of \$80,000," he recalls. "Then volume jumped to \$326,000, \$675,000 and finally \$750,000. New services were constantly being added."

But despite all his best efforts Lawson couldn't pull Alpine out of its capital crisis with cash flow. He concedes, "There's a limit to bootstrapping." If you wish to remain a mom-and-pop business, bootstrapping will work, but I wanted more than that." His entrepreneurial visions and aspirations, coupled with his undercapitalization, have Lawson's business in a financial bind today, and he still doesn't know if he can escape. "Now I know I should have taken more time and put together more capital before jumping in feet first," he says.

Though most start-up businesses fail because of undercapitalization, an undercapitalized business *can* succeed, as long as the idea is sound. "The trick is to survive the traditionally undercapitalized start-up phase," says Stuart Rosenblum, lawyer and accountant at Wilken and Guttentplan, an accounting firm with offices in East Brunswick, New Jersey, and New York City that deals with start-up businesses. "You must survive and get to the emerging phase, where the business becomes somewhat predictable and where the market that you have established is discernible by third parties. You don't have to be profitable, just be able to show that break-even is around the corner." In fact, many of today's most successful small-business people will concede that they were undercapitalized at the beginning, yet the power of their personal vision helped them break through.

Unbundling

Let's assume you've made the jump into business. The doors are open, you have customers, and you are paying your bills. Though you haven't yet broken even, it is clear that you are on the way to success. Some competitors are starting to notice you.

You are at the crossroads once more. "Entrepreneurial firms are a lot like oil wells," says Eric Flamholtz, professor in the John Anderson School of Management at the University of California at Los Angeles and author of *How to Make the Transition from an Entrepreneurship to a Professionally Managed Firm* (Jossey-Bass, San Francisco, 1987). "They find a product or market niche that doesn't have that much competition at first. Pulling oil out of the ground as fast as possible, they sell the product. Then the market dries up, the way a well dries up. Or competition takes notice. Then comes the day of reckoning. There's a reduction in revenues and profit, and the costs of operating increase." Often, says Flamholtz, entrepreneurs are so preoccupied with product that they just don't pay attention to the day-to-day plumbing of the business—the infrastructure of the firm.

That's when entrepreneurs must "unbundle"—that's the term that Dennis Buchert, executive vice president of Marine Midland Bank, calls the process. "At some point, dictated by the growth cycle of the business," Buchert says, "the entrepreneur has to unbundle the myriad skills he or she has assembled and delegate them to specialists, becoming an operating manager."

"Entrepreneurs like to be jacks-of-all-trades," says entrepreneur-turned-professor Joseph Reich. "In the beginning, that's fine, but as the company develops, it needs more structure."

Most entrepreneurs find un-

bundling very difficult. "Giving up control is like lowering yourself into cold water," says Nancye Green, co-founder of Donovan & Green, a New York design and communications firm. "You do it with the toe first, then up to the ankle, then up to the knee. Today I'm up to mid-thigh. I knew that to accomplish what I wanted I couldn't do it alone—I had to give up some control." When the firm was founded in 1974, she and her partner billed \$40,000 in fees. This year, employing 50 people, Donovan & Green billed \$3 million.

Sometimes entrepreneurs are thrust into the unbundling process. Original New York Seltzer was a father-and-son business until Anheuser-Busch took notice of its success and approached Alan and Randy Miller with a purchase in mind. "It was Anheuser-Busch's offer to buy us that instilled discipline and business sense in us," Alan says. "We had to hire an attorney, an accountant and a quality-control person just to deal with them in a professional manner."

Though most start-up businesses fail because of undercapitalization, an undercapitalized business can succeed, as long as the idea is sound.

Dr. Earl Hess of Lancaster Laboratories believes that, for a service business, "the magic number is 20 employees. Up until that level, the entrepreneur can manage everyone and keep their finger on all the details. Above that, it's impossible," he believes. "That's why

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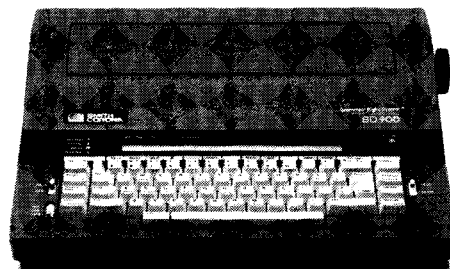
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you see so many small businesses stay at the under 20-employee level—the entrepreneur won't delegate."

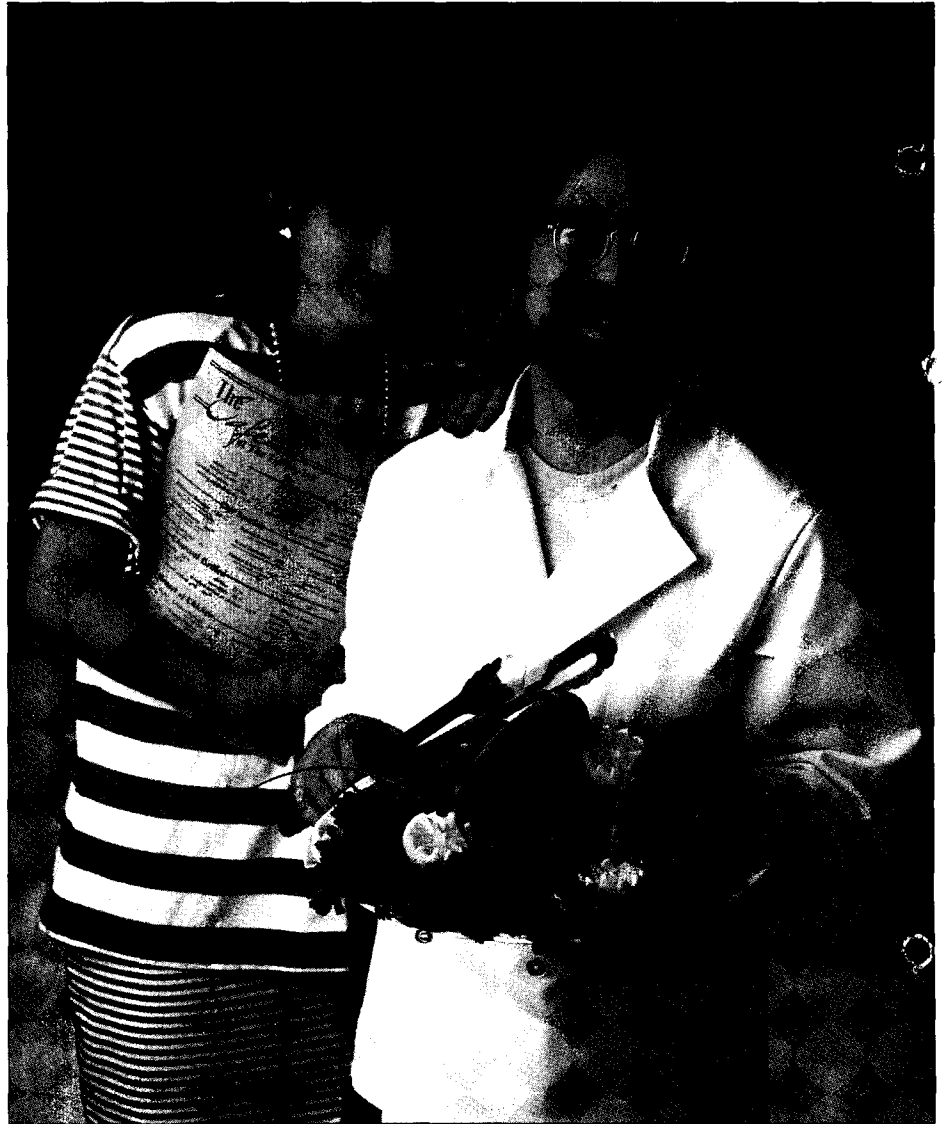
To move ahead, the emerging business will undoubtedly need more funds—for expansion, increased marketing or new products—and that often requires more professional management. How can an entrepreneur shift gears and begin to unbundle? According to Flamholtz, "First, he must recognize that there are predictable stages of growth and that his firm will be like all others—it will go through the same things—and at the point they reach their greatest success it is time to change. Second, he must realize that it's virtually impossible to remain the same size. People in organizations want to grow and be promoted. For the company, it's either grow or go." At this point, an entrepreneur can sell the business and start over; move up to chairman and bring in professional management; or make a systematic effort to change and become a professional manager himself.

The Crisis of Profitability

Many new companies are *forced* to grow by what Arthur Taylor of Fordham calls the "crisis of profitability." "With profitability comes a need for more funds," he says. "You'll need more employees, the resources to go after bigger markets and so forth."

"Growth sucks up resources," agrees the University of Pennsylvania's Ian McMillan. "It attracts attention from competitors, unions and government. Demand for products begins to exceed capacity to produce, and others may step in to fill a void."

And other costs may increase as well. "An emerging business which is on a growth pattern," ad exec Irwin Warren notes, "needs to have all the ar-



Life partners Mary Ellen McElroy and Tim Dobel balance each other's skills at their Tisbury Inn Cafe in Martha's Vineyard

rows in its marketing quiver. It has awakened the competition. Now advertising is essential, not just an option; it must become a defensive as well as offensive tool. And that will require spending what the industry leaders spend."

Technology, easily overlooked in the early stages of business, can become important when the company is growing, and technology costs money. Entrepreneurs must learn how to deal with spreadsheets, data bases and on-line information sources, or they have to hire people, who can do it for them. Success up to this point has been largely on account of quick reaction time. As the company grows, technology is the only way to keep reactions fast.

With the business on the verge of emerging from its entrepreneurial cocoon, an entrepreneur can no longer

supply the amount of capital he needs. It is time to go after the institutional sources of debt and equity financing.

Second-Tier Financing

"Entrepreneurs have a hard time reaching the sources of second-tier financing and meeting their qualifications. One way to get to sources is to use your professional team—accountant and lawyer—as contacts, asking for suggestions and introductions to bankers, venture capitalists and others who

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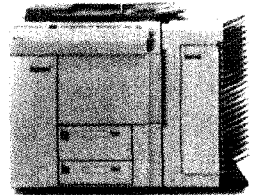
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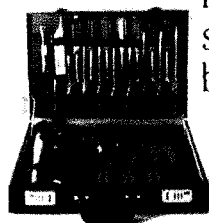
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Start-up Costs

Certified public accountants Stewart Bauman and Alan Krasnoff of Bauman & Krasnoff, in New York City, have studied of the capital needed to start manufacturing, wholesale, service and retail businesses in the U.S.

might be interested in pouring funds into an emerging business," advises Bruce Mantia of Ernst & Whinney. "Many entrepreneurs have zero contacts in the financial community. Professionals, on the other hand, should know where to go, who to speak to and how to prepare."

Steve Kurtz, of Shenkin Kurtz Baker & Company, an accounting firm in Denver, Colorado, maintains that to persuade second-tier lenders to invest in your business, you will have to "show that there is a strong management team in place that doesn't depend on a sole person." In other words, there must be a superior organizational structure and good management-succession plans. "Solid plans must be in place for expansion and diversification," Kurtz says. And those plans, along with your financial needs, must be outlined in a written strategic plan/loan proposal—sort of a second-tier business plan tailored to the person or institution receiving it.

Outline your qualifications and those of your management team. "Investors will want to know how much of their personal net worth each management team member has on the line. If management isn't taking a sizable risk, no investor will," Kurtz says. "Show that you know your market and your competition."

Finally, don't underestimate how much money you need. "These funds are going to have to carry you to the next plateau, so you'd better get enough," Kurtz says.

Bank Financing

Banks aren't renowned for their eagerness to lend to start-up businesses. But if properly approached, they can be a good source of debt funds for emerging businesses about to make the leap into profitability.

Banks will base their lending deci-

Manufacturing

Type Of Costs	Total Assets \$100,000-250,000	Total Assets \$500,000-1,000,000
Deposits	7,500-20,800	14,200-35,000
Furniture & Equipment	20,100-42,000	34,600-76,800
Machinery & Equipment	10,000-60,000	50,000-240,000
Transportation Equipment	32,000-45,000	67,000-100,000
Leasehold Improvements	11,300-42,000	22,500-87,500
Professional Fees	1,500-4,000	3,500-7,500
Advertising	3,000-10,000	3,000-10,000
Working Capital	9,900-45,000	20,100-75,000
Inventory	13,000-57,500	65,000-230,000
Totals	\$108,300-326,300	\$279,900-861,800

Assumptions

1. Deposits: Rent—2,000-10,000 sq. ft.—\$5-15/sq. ft.; telephone—\$250/line; utilities—\$4/sq. ft. 2. Furniture & Equipment: Desks, chairs and miscellaneous office furniture, safe, typewriters, computers, phone system, copier, fax machine, file cabinets and office supplies. Desks—\$300 each; chairs—\$100 each; credenzas—\$500 each; bookcases—\$400 each. 3. Machinery & Equipment: 10-24% of total assets. 4. Transportation Equipment: Vans, 10ft. trucks—\$20,000-25,000; 24ft. trucks—\$35,000-40,000. 5. Leasehold Improvements: \$15-35/sq. ft. on 500-2,500 sq. ft. 6. Working Capital: 6 months rent. 7. Inventory: 13-23 % of total assets.

Retail

Type Of Costs	Total Assets \$100,000-250,000	Total Assets \$500,000-1,000,000
Deposits	3,900-35,300	9,200-74,200
Furniture & Equipment	21,300-42,300	46,500-81,900
Machinery & Equipment	5,000-32,500	25,000-130,000
Transportation Equipment	32,000-45,000	67,000-85,000
Leasehold Improvements	11,300-52,500	37,500-175,000
Professional Fees	1,500-4,000	3,500-7,500
Advertising	10,000-15,000	20,000-25,000
Working Capital	3,800-93,700	9,900-200,100
Inventory	35,000-157,500	175,000-630,000
Totals	\$123,800-477,800	\$393,600-1,410,200

Assumptions

1. Deposits: Rent—500-1,500 sq. ft.—\$10-125/sq. ft.; 1,500-5,000 sq. ft.—\$8-80/sq. ft. Telephone—\$250/line; Utilities—\$2/sq. ft. 2. Furniture & Equipment: Desk, chairs and miscellaneous office furniture, safe, typewriters, computers, phone systems, copier, fax machine, file cabinets, cash register and office supplies. Desks—\$300 each; chairs—\$100 each; credenzas—\$500 each; bookcases—\$400 each. 3. Machinery & Equipment: 5-13% of total assets. 4. Transportation Equipment: Vans, 16 ft. trucks—\$20,000-25,000; 24 ft. trucks—\$35,000-40,000. 5. Leasehold Improvements: \$15-35/sq. ft. 6. Working Capital: 6 months rent. 7. Inventory: 35-63 % of total assets.

Wholesale

Type Of Costs	Light Warehousing	Heavy Warehousing
Deposits	7,400-17,700	13,100-33,200
Furniture & Equipment	22,500-54,900	27,900-63,000
Warehouse Equipment	19,900-33,900	59,000-84,700
Transportation Equipment	32,000-45,000	47,000-60,000
Leasehold Improvements	15,000-30,000	22,500-45,000
Professional Fees	1,500-4,000	1,500-4,000
Advertising	3,000-10,000	3,000-10,000
Working Capital	25,200-75,000	49,800-150,000
Inventory	23,000-122,500	57,500-490,000
Totals	\$149,500-393,000	\$282,200-939,900

Assumptions

1. Deposits: Office/warehouse rent—2 months deposit; 2,000-10,000 sq. ft.; \$5-15 /sq. ft.; Telephone—\$250 /line; Utilities—\$2 /sq. ft. Insurance—liability, fire, theft, etc. 2. Furniture & Equipment: Desks, chairs, safe, typewriters, computers, phone system, copier machine, fax machine, file cabinets, office supplies, displays and miscellaneous. Desks—\$300 each; chairs—\$100 each; credenzas—\$500 each; bookcases—\$400 each. 3. Warehouse Equipment: Pallet racks, pallets, forklift, conveyor, dock board, pallet jack, lockers, shelving, work benches and hand carts. 4. Transportation Equipment: Vans, 16 ft. trucks—\$20,000-25,000; and 24 ft. trucks—\$35,000-40,000. 5. Leasehold Improvements: \$15-30 / sq. ft. 6. Working Capital: 6 months rent. 7. Inventory: 23-49 % of total assets: light warehousing—\$100,000-250,000; heavy warehousing—\$250,000-1,000,000.

Service

Type Of Costs	Cost Range
Deposits	4,200-14,000
Furniture & Equipment	14,100-41,600
Leasehold Improvements	15,000-60,000
Office Supplies	5,600-12,500
Professional Fees	1,500-4,000
Advertising	3,000-10,000
Working Capital	9,900-35,100
Totals	\$53,300-177,900

Assumptions

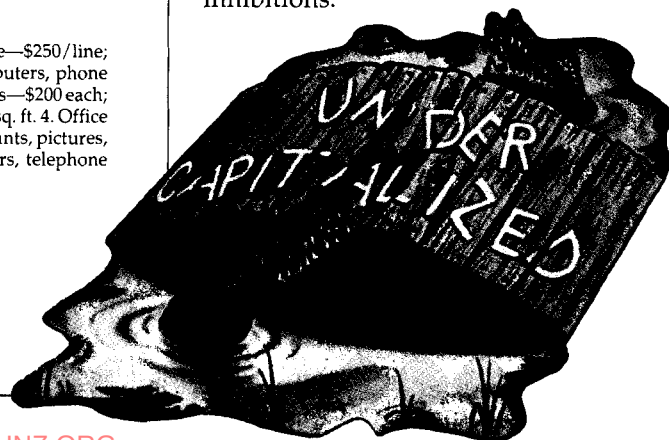
1. Deposits: Rent—2 months deposit, 1,000-2,000 sq. ft.; \$20-35/sq. ft.; Telephone—\$250/line; Utilities—\$2 / sq. ft. 2. Furniture & Equipment: Desks, chairs, typewriters, computers, phone system, copier, fax machine, file cabinets and miscellaneous. Desks—\$650 each; chairs—\$200 each; credenzas—\$800 each; bookcases—\$500 each. 3. Leasehold Improvements: \$15-30 / sq. ft. 4. Office Supplies: Stationery, business cards, announcements, copy paper, door lettering, plants, pictures, water cooler, locks and general office supplies. 5. Advertising: Ads in local papers, telephone directories, flyers, direct mail. 6. Working Capital: 6 months rent.

sions on three assessments: The finances of the business itself, the structure of the deal and the quality of management. Guaranteed financial turnoffs for most bankers are a shortage of already existing equity financing, lack of collateral and undercapitalization.

The third aspect of the business—the quality of management—is the key. "The initial and ongoing assessment of management is probably more important than the financial ratios, or the collateral or anything else you can do to make your loan proposal attractive," Buchert stresses. "The loans we have problems with are generally those to businesses with poor management."

C ommercial Finance Companies

These institutions have filled in some of the gaps created by banks' stodgy conservatism. Generally, commercial finance companies are willing to take greater risks, offer longer-term loans and are more flexible than banks. Many are open to creative debt-financing schemes including floor-planning, leasing and factoring accounts receivable. In exchange for this openness, commercial finance companies charge higher interest rates than banks. That trade-off may be worthwhile for entrepreneurs unable to break down bank inhibitions.



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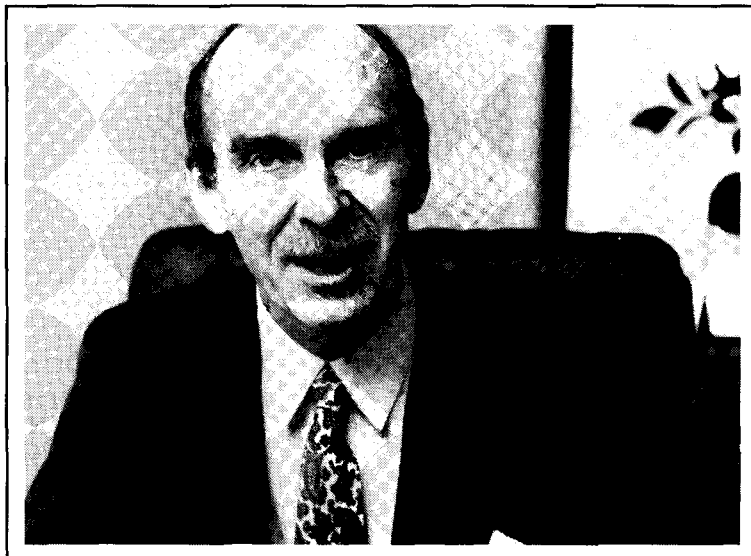
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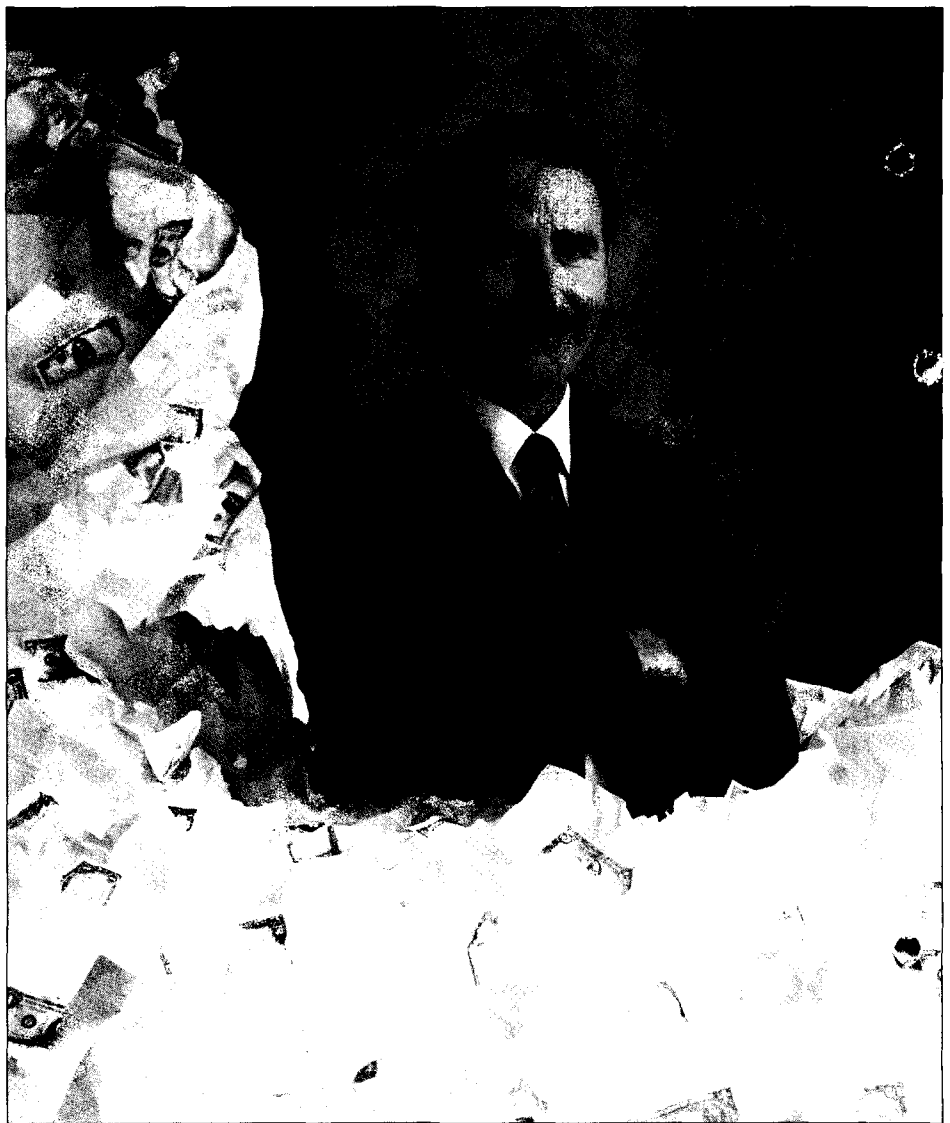
The SBA's direct-loan program is open to those businessmen who have been rejected by other financial institutions. The interest rates are around market average, and the loans are reputedly fairly easy to get, but unfortunately the waiting list is incredibly long and the paperwork extensive.

Selling Equity

Selling shares of your new business to raise money initially appears very attractive, but it entails certain risks—you may have to relinquish some control over the enterprise. It's even possible to lose control totally, like the hapless Sydney Carton.

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The stock-selling method of choice for most small businesses is private placement, in which stock is offered only to a specific group. Private placement does not involve as much regulation and expense as a public offering (stock offered to everybody). By limiting stock sales to friends, relatives or workers, a company can almost guarantee that shareholders will be willing



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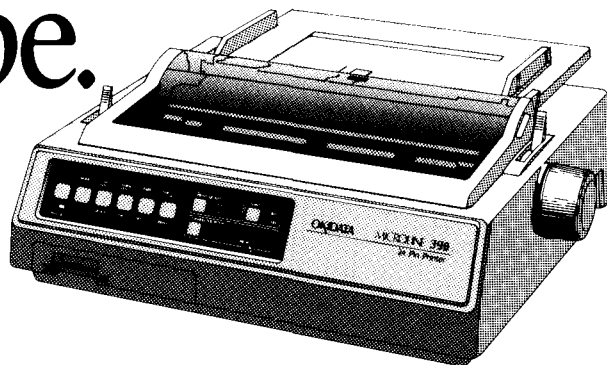
Public offerings are hard for small businesses to pull off, since the principals have to all but guarantee a substantial return on investment. In addition, public offerings will require businesses to demonstrate their financial strength and find a broker, or underwriter, to help sell the stock. Going public can entail new responsibilities for the entrepreneur, since he will now have to attend board meetings and consider the effect his actions will have on the shareholders. There will be constant regulatory mandates to live up to as well. But the benefits can be tempting. Public offerings can raise a tremendous amount of cash, add luster to the company and turn the entrepreneur into a millionaire.

Venture Capitalists and SBICs

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In many cases the venture capitalist will sell its share of the business to another individual, corporation, or group or will demand that the entrepreneur buy out the investment. That may mean a sizable profit for the venture capitalist. It can also mean the demise of the entrepreneur, his company or both.

The Entrepreneurial Career

"Entrepreneurship isn't an event, it's a career," says the University of Georgia's Charles Hofer. "True entrepreneurs do it over and over again, whether they succeed or fail."

Restaurateur/entrepreneur Peter Aschkenasy has been involved in more than 20 New York City businesses in the last 15 years—some successful, some not. Aware of the peculiar nature of his chosen industry, he keeps at it. "What keeps driving me is the creative process. The week before and the week after opening day is the greatest period for me."

Lender's Bagels was doing \$60 million a year when Murray Lender and his brothers began to entertain an offer from Kraft. "A little bit of the fun was gone once we had brought in a management team," he says. "I had become more distant from active selling. Even today, if I see a piece of dough I want to roll it, boil it and bake it. I didn't want to remove myself from the heart of what we did—bake bagels. The business side of the business was

draining. We saw that the potential was there for us to burn ourselves out." The Lender brothers sold their company.

But the entrepreneurial spark never seems to fade. About an hour and a half after the deal with Kraft was closed, Murray Lender was at it again. He started S. Kinder, a chain of bagel restaurants with its own plant that manufactures raw bagel dough. He is doing what he loves, what he knows best, what he needs to do. He is back to being an entrepreneur.

"Playing to Win: The Small Business Guide to Survival and Growth" was written by Stephen M. Pollan and Mark Levine. Pollan and Levine are solely responsible for the editorial material in this supplement and not the editors of this magazine.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Stephen M. Pollan, an attorney and financial consultant in private practice in New York City, is the author of *How to Borrow Money* and *The Field Guide to Home Buying in America*—both published by Simon and Schuster.

Pollan has been an adjunct professor of business and finance at Marymount Manhattan College and C.W. Post University, has been a banker, a real estate specialist and president of an American Stock Exchange venture capital company.

Mark Levine, a freelance writer, is the coauthor with Pollan of "How to Sell Your Co-op," "How to Buy A Wedding" and "How to Start Your Own Business."

Pollan and Levine are currently under contract to write two additional books for Simon and Schuster—*The Field Guide to Starting a Business in America* and *Things Your Parents Never Taught You: The Business of Living*.



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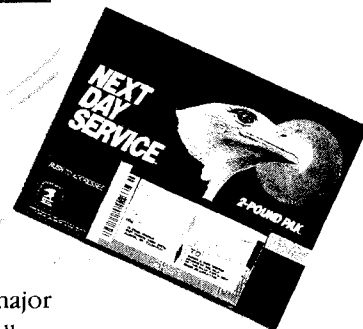
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MUSIC

UPS AND DOWNS

An almost great composer and his curious place in history

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN

THIS PAST YEAR we marked the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, the most prolific, probably the most gifted, and in his own time the most famous of J. S. Bach's composer sons. The occasion has been observed in a number of ways. A new thematic catalogue of C.P.E. Bach's works, compiled by Eugene Helm, will be published this spring by Yale University Press, superseding Alfred Wotquenne's 1905 catalogue. (Though Wotquenne's catalogue is long outdated, its "Wq." numbers are still used to identify C.P.E. Bach's works.) Stephen L. Clark has assembled a collection of essays by various hands, *C.P.E. Bach Studies*, published last fall by Oxford University Press. Equally important are the many new recordings that have appeared on compact disc, especially an excellent fourteen-disc series on the German Capriccio label. There is a great need for first-rate performances of works from all areas of C.P.E. Bach's large and varied *oeuvre*. His reputation has had its ups and downs, there has never been a complete published edition of his music (one is now being prepared, with Helm as coordinating editor), and his historical position and significance have always been something of a mystery.

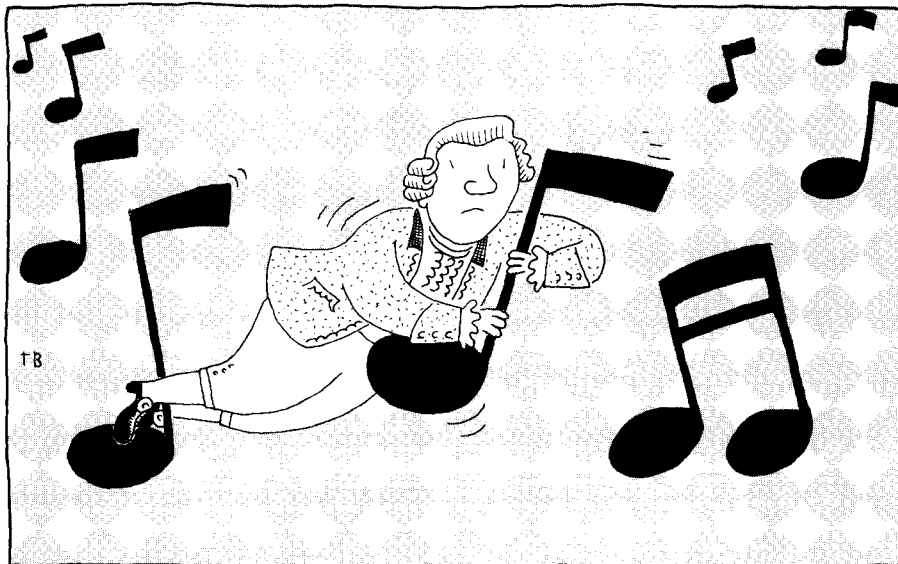
Born at Weimar in 1714, Bach (as I shall call him here) was trained in music by his father and began to compose at an early age. But he also had a far more extensive formal education than most eighteenth-century musicians: after a thorough classical schooling he studied law, first at Leipzig and then at Frankfurt an der Oder. In 1738 he accepted a position as harpsichordist to Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia, who two years later became Frederick the Great. During his thirty years in Frederick's service Bach enjoyed the company of a distinguished circle of Berlin intellectuals. In 1753 and 1762 he published the two volumes of his *Versuch über die wahre Art das Clavier zu spielen* (*Essay on the True Art of Playing Keyboard Instruments*),

one of the most important and informative eighteenth-century musical treatises. In 1768 he left Berlin to succeed his godfather, the composer Georg Philipp Telemann, who had died the preceding year, as director of music in the five principal churches of Hamburg. There he spent the last twenty years of his life, celebrated and prosperous. When he died, in 1788, only a few years before Mozart's death and Haydn's triumphant London visits, Bach was one of the most highly regarded composers in Europe.

IN THE DECADES that followed, his reputation swiftly declined. The Romantics' rediscovery, about 1830, of the music of J. S. Bach, and with it the majesty and intellectual density of Baroque counterpoint, suddenly made almost all the music between his time and theirs seem superficial. Even Haydn and Mozart lost stature, and came to be valued mainly for having prepared the way for Beethoven and the birth of Romanticism. When, in the first decades of this century, C.P.E. Bach at last regained some stature of his own, it was, in turn, as the composer who had prepared the way for Haydn and Mozart.

Nineteenth-century historians of music, like other sorts of nineteenth-century historians, were powerfully influenced by Darwin. Hence they strove to see the history of Western music as a sweeping tale of more or less steady progress, culminating in the Romantic movement. But toward the end of the century, as music history became more sophisticated and detailed, more pretentiously "scientific" in its methods, the one great story quite naturally broke down into a number of smaller stories that recounted the evolution of particular styles and forms of composition. By about 1900 it was felt to be of pressing importance to discover just who or what constituted the middle term, or missing link, between Baroque and Classical music. One name prominently suggested was Bach's. He thus became pigeonholed as a transitional figure—one of history's more effective ways of damning with faint praise.

In fact, it is very misleading to listen to Bach's music with that of the great Classical triumvirate too firmly in mind. If we strain to hear anticipations of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, we risk missing the woods for the trees. Moreover, it is futile to scour Bach's works in search of some supposed progression or evolution from post-Baroque to pre-Classical style and forms. His instrumental forms, though limited in number and rigid in outline, are handled idiosyncratically, and his style stayed pretty much the same from beginning to end of his long career. He honed and elaborated it, to be sure, but there is no evidence of steady growth toward the balance and synthesis that we associate with the Classical style—as we should



expect if he were a genuinely transitional figure. Insofar as there was any change, it was, rather, toward fantasy and improvisatory freedom, a heightening of the almost willed intensity of feeling, the seeming eccentricity and occasional downright incoherence, that had marked his work from the beginning.

Nor is there any hard evidence that Bach's music directly influenced that of the Classical composers. Haydn, as is well known, apparently told his earliest biographers that a volume of Bach's sonatas had inspired him at the outset of his career; Mozart made a thorough study of Bach's keyboard music and twice conducted one of his choral works in Vienna during the winter of 1788; Beethoven used the *Versuch* in teaching Carl Czerny and others of his pupils, and he expressed admiration for Bach's keyboard music in an 1809 letter to his publishers. But the undoubted admiration and respect that all three men felt for Bach does not add up to any demonstrable influence—despite the efforts of generations of commentators. Finally, he stands alone, a great (or almost great) original. Or rather, he stands at the head of a regional school of North German composers whose work is only now beginning to be closely investigated.

IN ADDITION TO being misleading, the characterization of Bach as primarily a link between the Baroque and Classical styles has induced historians (and performers as well) to concentrate disproportionately on the two genres of his work in which we should expect to find the clearest formal connections with earlier and later music: the keyboard sonatas and the symphonies. While there are many fine works in both genres, this narrowing of focus has only compounded the already formidable difficulties in seeing Bach as his contemporaries saw him and as he deserves to be seen: as a many-sided artist in his own right. It is just here that the new recordings I mentioned earlier are of help.

One important genre that has until now been seriously underrepresented is the keyboard concerto. Bach wrote fifty-two concerti, counting an early one for two harpsichords (Wq. 46) and a late one for harpsichord and piano (Wq. 47). Some of the best ones, composed during the 1750s, are now available in excellent performances.

Wq. 29, which has a nobly eloquent slow movement and a wayward, dance-like finale that alternates trickily be-

tween duple and triple time, is superbly performed (on Philips 416 615-2) by the harpsichordist Ton Koopman, who also conducts the accompanying Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra. The disc is filled out by three fine quartets, Wq. 93–95, for flute, viola, cello, and keyboard, which were composed in 1788. Wq. 31, a restless, poignant work with a remarkable recitativelike slow movement, and the nobly straightforward Wq. 33 are both well played by the harpsichordist Alexander Cattanino, with the Slovak Chamber Orchestra conducted by Bohdan Warchdal (Opus 9350 1618). But the performances on a modern piano by Horst Göbel, with the Kammerorchester "Dall' Arco" conducted by Jack Martin Händler (Thorofon CTH 2006), are more richly and subtly expressive. Wq. 34 and Wq. 35 may be played on either organ or harpsichord. Both works have genial, easygoing first movements, slow movements that search and probe, and witty, robust finales. Of the two available performances, both of which are on organ, the one by Josef Bucher, with the Capella Bydgosciensis conducted by Stanislaw Galonski (Fidelio 1801), is good but overly reverberant and a bit sluggish compared with the lighter, more finely textured one by Roland Münch and the Kammerorchester "Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach" conducted by Hartmut Haenchen (Capriccio 10 135).

Among the best of Bach's later keyboard concerti are the six that make up Wq. 43, composed in 1771. They are performed with great verve by the harpsichordist Bob van Asperen, who also conducts the accompanying Melante '81 chamber orchestra (EMI CDS 7 49207 8). Also exceptional is the performance of the witty and ebullient concerto for harpsichord and piano, Wq. 47, by Ton Koopman and the fortepianist Tini Mathot with the Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra (Erato ECD 75396).

The confrontation between soloist and orchestra set Bach free to create in the concerti more complex and sustained dramatic structures than we usually find in the symphonies or sonatas. The same is true of the confrontation among soloists, chorus, and orchestra demanded by the choral works required of him in Hamburg. Moreover, the presence of a text to set offered him the opportunity to engage in the sort of highly expressive psychological exploration to which his style was so admirably suited. Because the choral works have also been underrepresented on records until now,

it is fortunate that four of the compact discs in the Capriccio series (Capriccio 10 206/209) are devoted to them. (Be warned that the *Markus-Passion*, or *Mark Passion*, included in CBS set M2K 42511 and advertised as a work by Bach, though a pleasant enough piece, is definitely by someone else—perhaps Telemann.)

The most arresting of the works in the Capriccio series is the long and elaborate oratorio *Die Auferstehung und Himmelfahrt Jesu* (*The Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus*), Wq. 240, composed in 1777–1780 (Capriccio 10 206/207). This is the work that Mozart conducted in 1788, at the request of his friend and patron Baron Gottfried van Swieten, who had become acquainted with Bach and his music while he was the Austrian imperial ambassador to Prussia. Unlike most earlier oratorios, it has no plot and no narrator. The dramatic action is supplied, rather, by the timeless, ever-shifting counterpoint of views of the Easter miracle—from wonder to doubt to grief—expressed by various onlookers in their arias and in repeated triumphal bursts from the chorus. Some of the same emotions are explored in the brief cantata *Anbetung dem Erbarmen* (*Adoration for the Merciful One*), Wq. 243, composed for Easter of 1784 (Capriccio 10 208). A series of recitatives and arias leads to a long and complex fugue of praise and, at last, to a brief, simple, touching chorale of gratitude. Finally, one might mention the extraordinary little seven-minute work *Heilig* (*Holy*), Wq. 217, composed in 1776 (Capriccio 10 208). Imaginatively scored for solo contralto, two choirs, and two small orchestras, it begins with a gracious contralto aria in praise of the Lord. Suddenly the music stops dead, there is an electrifying change of key, and the two choirs continue the praise antiphonally, in an otherworldly idiom that evokes a power and mystery far beyond anything suggested earlier.

The Capriccio discs present works by Bach in several other genres: flute concerti and sonatas, oboe concerti, and sonatas for viola da gamba. There is even a twenty-five-minute "sampler" of his music (Capriccio 10 999), which costs only \$4.99. (It and all the other Capriccio discs, if not available locally, may be ordered from Delta Music, 2008 Cotner Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90025.)

Bach's eighteen symphonies are of course well represented. Five of the eight that he composed in Berlin, the six Wq. 182 symphonies of 1773, and the

four Wq. 183 symphonies of 1775-1776 are included (on Capriccio 10 103, 10 106, and 10 175, respectively). The performances, by the Kammerorchester "Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach" conducted by Hartmut Haenchen, are more than adequate. But still better performances, on original instruments, of the Wq. 182 works are available, by the English Concert with Trevor Pinnock (Archiv 415 300-2) and by the Academy of Ancient Music with Christopher Hogwood (L'Oiseau-Lyre 417 124-2). The Pinnock performances are light and elegant, the Hogwood ones weightier and more expressive; both are superb.

Surprisingly, the keyboard sonatas are represented in the Capriccio series only by the six sonatas, Wq. 63 (Capriccio 10 107), that Bach composed in 1753 and included as examples in the first volume of the *Versuch*. But a good sampling of sonatas and fantasias, early and late, is offered by the great Gustave Leonhardt, playing both harpsichord and clavichord (Bach's favorite instrument), on Pro Arte CDG 3248. One hopes that Bob van Asperen's fine performances of the six "Prussian" sonatas of 1742, Wq. 48, and the six "Württemberg" sonatas of 1744, Wq. 49, once available on Telefunken LPs, will be issued on compact discs.

What does all this wealth of music add up to? Where, finally, in our view of eighteenth-century music does C.P.E. Bach belong? No clear, comprehensive answer is as yet possible. The absence of a complete edition of his works, and of first-rate live and recorded performances, has long constituted an insuperable obstacle to any such general evaluation. Thus, while there are a number of good studies, published and unpublished, of individual genres of his work, there is no one book that convincingly synthesizes their findings. Nor does Bach receive illuminating treatment in such excellent books on his period as Charles Rosen's *The Classical Style* and *Sonata Forms*. Hans-Günter Ottenberg's 1982 biography, *Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach*, published in 1987 by Oxford University Press in an English translation, is long on facts about Bach's life but is also unilluminating in its treatment of his music. What we need is a volume of the sort published in the English series *Master Musicians*, or perhaps a *Companion*, like those published by Norton, with essays by different scholars on the different genres. Even though it would now be late in arriving, there could be no better anniversary present. □

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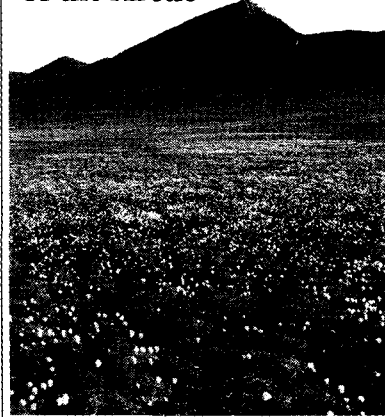
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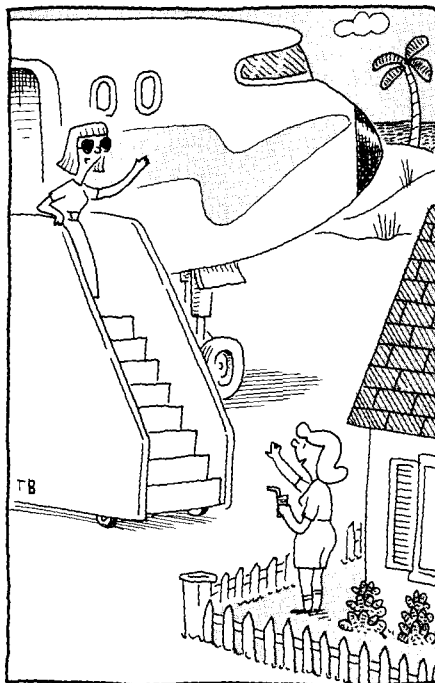
BY BARBARA WALLRAFF

WHAT I CALL meet-the-people programs bring tourists together with residents to spend time informally, without requiring them, as most international-friendship programs do, to stay in the residents' homes. Such programs exist in Austria, the Bahamas, Grenada, India, Israel, Jamaica, Japan, Kenya, New Zealand, the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, the UK, and the USSR, and probably other countries as well. They are not necessarily something to build vacations around. It's better to think of them as enhancements to trips you want to take anyway.

The idea of these programs puzzles some people, who can't understand what's in it either for tourists or for locals. In my experience as a tourist, it is all too easy to feel walled off from real life. You spend your days at tourist attractions, your nights at tourist hotels. The places you go to eat and drink are overrun with fellow tourists, who may be the only people you meet besides tourism-industry employees, such as hotel concierges and sightseeing guides. The concierges and guides, and the publications laid out in your hotel room, are full of information and advice, but little of it takes into account your needs and wants apart from those considered typical of tourists. You hear and see the word *welcome* frequently, but it begins to seem like nothing more than an invitation to open your wallet. Welcome to tourist hell!

If tourist heaven exists, I think, it is real life, but with the everyday responsibilities, cares, and unloveliness stripped away. And meet-the-people programs beckon tourists into this heaven—or so it seemed to me when I took part in the Bahamas' People-To-People program recently. People-To-People, which is run by the Bahamian Ministry of Tourism, is the most active program of its kind in the world. In 1987 it introduced almost 5,000 tourists—everyone from students on spring break or summer vacation to the spouses of people at-

tending conferences—to 1,500 volunteers, on five Bahamian islands. It gives tea parties, at which tourists meet residents en masse, and it helps foreign couples who want to be married in the Bahamas, sometimes even providing witnesses. But mostly it matches tourists with residents for age, sex, and occupation or interests, introduces the people it has matched, and then lets them decide how to spend their time together. The program's senior manager, Sylvia Cole,



remembers one tourist who didn't want to do anything but drive around and look at supermarkets. (This woman and her husband owned a chain of supermarkets back home.) At the time, Cole was not the senior manager but a volunteer—the volunteer who drove the woman around to look at supermarkets. Tourists pay nothing for People-To-People's services; the local people volunteer their time and aren't even reimbursed for any expenses they may incur.

In Nassau, on New Providence Island, I spent a wonderful evening with

Richard and Sylvia Crawford, who were matched with me because they are both writers. Sylvia, the author of three cookbooks, made an impromptu dinner of pork chops and chicken, and we all sat on the terrace and talked until late. In Freeport, on Grand Bahama Island, I spent an evening with Carol Martinborough, who, like me, is a scuba diver. Carol prepared Bahamian specialties—cracked conch, pan-fried grouper—and told me all about dive sites. It's parochial of me, I suppose, but I found it almost overwhelming to be invited into the homes of strangers and served home-cooked meals.

What's in it for the locals? "We collect interesting people, and we find none too many of them," Richard Crawford said drolly. Carol Martinborough, who had moved to Freeport from Nassau a few years before, seemed a little sorry for people kicking around on an island where they didn't know anyone. She was, besides, extremely hospitable by nature: her phone kept ringing, and half the time it was neighbors wanting to borrow some lime juice or offering to drop by later and polish off any leftovers she might have around. Larry Eisner, who is responsible for Friends Overseas, the program that operates in Scandinavia, speaks of its Scandinavian members as "gracious" and "friendly" but also attributes pragmatic motives to them. "They like to practice their English," he told me. "They have an insatiable desire to learn about the States. And many of them want to make contacts for trips they might want to take in the States."

EACH MEET-THE-PEOPLE program has its own story. In 1972 Eisner, a junior high school guidance counselor who lives in Forest Hills, New York, was inspired to start Friends Overseas by the good times he'd had making friends in Scandinavia on several trips there. He wrote to the student newspaper at the University of Stockholm, inviting anyone interested in meeting American tourists to send him a note, and was astonished to receive more than four hundred eager letters in the next three weeks. He had to scramble to find American tourists to match his correspondents up with. The publishers of *Scandinavia on \$25 a Day* agreed to mention him in the next edition, and Friends Overseas was born. Eisner still runs it, as a hobby, though he has recruited volunteer coordinators (two schoolteachers

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and two college students) in Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Finland. In 1987 the program brought together 1,700 American and Canadian individuals, couples, and families with some of its 5,000 Scandinavian individual, couple, and family volunteers. These days Eisner is working on finding a coordinator in Iceland and extending the program there.

Good ideas, the common wisdom has it, occur to more than one person at a time. In 1970 Herb Hiller, the vice-president of a cruise-ship line in Miami (now a free-lance writer in Coconut Grove), got around to taking his first cruise, in the Caribbean. "I was appalled at what the cruise director was telling the passengers about the people on the islands," Hiller told me recently. "He was filling them full of fear. The purpose, of course, was to sell them optional excursions, which make a lot of money for the cruise line. When I got back, I went to the president of the line and said, We can do a lot better."

Because the ship called at three ports in Jamaica, Hiller concentrated on developing programs there. His first innovation was to bring a Jamaican family aboard the ship each week to do what he calls a "show-and-tell" about their lives. Then passengers were also given the chance to have lunch with a class of Jamaican schoolchildren and to take walks through town guided by Jamaican crew members. Soon after that Hiller left his job to serve as the executive director of the Caribbean Tourism Association, a position he held from 1971 to 1973. "Being with the Caribbean people closely—staying in their homes and in small local places—changed my life," he says.

He became convinced that tourism was best for practically everybody involved when it relied as little as possible on imported resources and made creative use of local resources, including people, and he argued his case wherever he went. In one response to the challenge he posed, the Jamaica Tourist Board launched the Meet the People program, in 1973. Here, a Jamaican government entity began offering to do for tourists and Jamaicans what Larry Eisner was then beginning to do for tourists and Scandinavians. Meet the People has thrived, to the point that in 1987 it introduced three thousand tourists to some five hundred Jamaicans. And in 1975 the Bahamas' Ministry of

Tourism launched People-To-People. These programs "were never meant to be just one more thing for tourists to do," Hiller says. "They were always meant to make tourism more satisfying for people on both ends of the equation."

Not only do the programs have their own histories; they work in different ways. Some of them, including People-To-People, Meet the People, Friends Overseas, and Meet the Israeli in His Home, match tourists and residents for compatibility (using staff brainpower and intuition, not computers), but others lack the resources to attempt this. Many of the programs leave it up to participants how they will spend their time together, but a few are less flexible, the program in the USSR being the prime example: you have tea or dinner in a local family's home. Some programs are circumscribed geographically: the Indian one, for example, operates only in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta, and Madras. Most programs operate in only one direction, though here the Austrian program is an exception, introducing Austrian tourists to Americans as well as the other way around. Sometimes you must apply to the program weeks or months in advance and perhaps also write ahead to your prospective hosts (this is how Friends Overseas works). Sometimes you can make arrangements for a visit only after you've arrived at your destination. And sometimes you have the option of doing either (as in People-To-People and Meet the People, though each of these programs will probably make a better match for you if you write ahead). Generally, in countries where English is not the first language, volunteers speak at least some English, and translators are not provided.

TWO OTHER, AMERICAN questions that come up about meet-the-people programs: Do they function as dating services? And how safe is it to take part in them? When I asked Sylvia Cole, the People-To-People manager, if she ever introduced single tourists to single residents of the opposite sex, she said, "That's a no-no," adding, "We would introduce a single woman to a woman or a couple, a man to a man or a couple." Larry Eisner, perhaps uniquely, is willing to contemplate that members of his program might date. However, he gets exercised when people—"young guys," he says, are the usual offenders—ask him for photographs of the Scandinavian

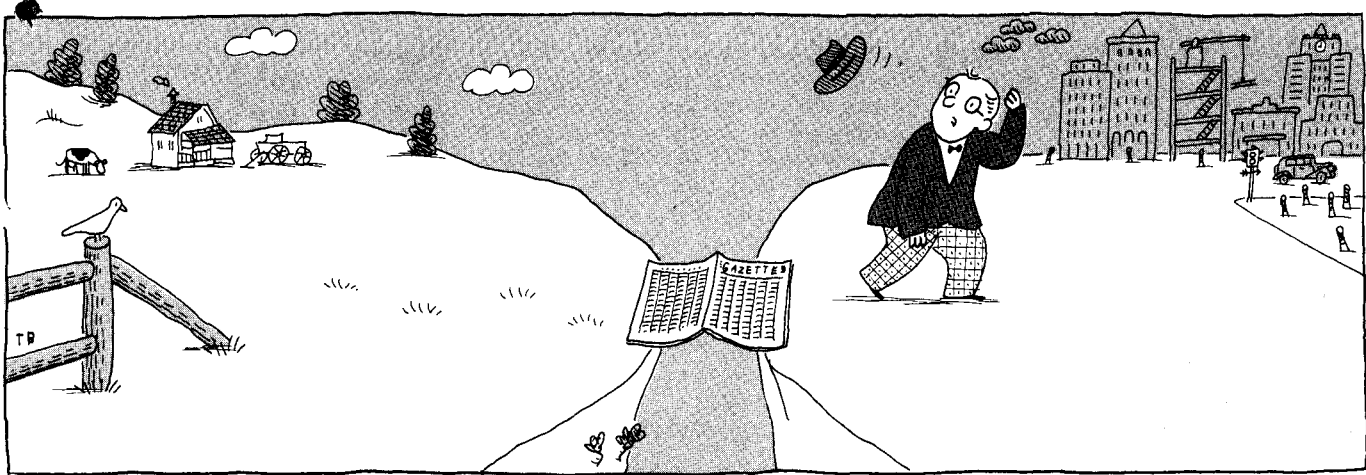
members he has matched them with. "I say, there are no photographs in this organization. If you want to walk around town alone, you can do that. If you want someone to show you around, fine. But we have no photographs, just people."

As for safety, Carmita Miller, the manager of People-To-People in Freeport and Lucaya, told me, "All the volunteers are screened. They fill out applications and tell us where they live and where they work, so we know who they are. But most of them are personally known to program staff members." (Indeed, my hostess Sylvia Crawford attends the same church that Sylvia Cole does. And until she moved to Freeport, so did my hostess Carol Martinborough.) Much the same goes for Friends Overseas and other programs.

Your travel agent can probably provide you with a People-To-People or Meet the People application. If not, call or write any of the fourteen U.S. offices of the Ministry of Tourism of the Bahamas or any of the five U.S. offices of the Jamaica Tourist Board. National tourist board offices are probably the best source for information about the other programs, too, except Friends Overseas (send a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope to 68-04 Dartmouth Street, Forest Hills, New York 11375; there is a \$25 fee if you decide to use its services), the Austrian program (write to Juliana Belcsák, President, Austro-American Council, 5 Russell Terrace, Montclair, New Jersey 07042), and the British program (send four international reply coupons to the International Friendship League, Hospitality Service, 4 Wilton Close, Taunton, Somerset TA1 4EZ, United Kingdom). National tourist board offices are typically found in large American cities, almost invariably including New York. Most can also provide information about home-stay programs that operate in their countries.

IN NASSAU, AT THE end of the evening, the Crawfords drove me back to my hotel. On the way they told a story about their street. For years it hadn't had a name, a lack that they and other residents had regularly protested to the authorities. Finally, not long before my visit, a workman had shown up with sign for each end of the street. The two bore different names. Anomalous as those signs were, I think, meet-the-people experiences as a stranger among friends are even more so. □

BOOKS



NATIONAL NEWS

BY DAVID M. KENNEDY

HOME-TOWN NEWS: William Allen White and the Emporia Gazette
by Sally Foreman Griffith.
Oxford University Press, \$24.95.

BY THE TIME OF his death, at the age of seventy-five, in 1944, William Allen White was widely esteemed as, in *Life* magazine's words, "An American Institution." From the unlikely outpost of his modest editorial office at the *Emporia Gazette*, in Emporia, Kansas, White had communicated for nearly five decades with an audience of millions of Americans, and his influence radiated into the innermost recesses of the chambers of national power. He had chronicled the mores and promoted the virtues of life in what one biographer called "rank-and-file, first-name, common-sense, God-fearing, good-neighbor, small-town, Main Street America." He was a novelist and essayist of distinction (his posthumously published *Autobiography*, one of the most revealing accounts of early-twentieth-century American life, won White his second Pulitzer Prize, in 1947), a counselor of capitalists, and a confidant of Presidents—especially the two Roosevelts.

The revered "Sage of Emporia" first catapulted onto the national stage in 1896, when Mark Hanna, the mastermind of William McKinley's presidential campaign, blanketed the country with a million copies of White's virulently anti-Populist editorial "What's the Matter

With Kansas?", which blamed the Populist agitation for driving needed capital investment out of the still-underdeveloped state of Kansas. White and the *Gazette* later profited handsomely from the grateful Hanna's patronage, but it was Theodore Roosevelt, not William McKinley, who smote the young White's political conscience and helped to turn him into a progressive reformer. "Roosevelt bit me and I went mad," he later wrote. At their first meeting, in 1897, TR "poured into my heart such visions, such ideals, such hopes, such a new attitude toward life and patriotism and the meaning of things, as I had never dreamed men had." White followed Roosevelt into the Bull Moose Party in 1912, and though he returned to the Republican Party, he stood conspicuously in its liberal wing, inveighing against "the centrifugal egoistic forces of American life," defending railroad strikers in 1922, crusading against the Ku Klux Klan in 1924, and emerging finally as a leading internationalist. His Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies (popularly known as the "White Committee") battled the isolationist "America-firsters" and lobbied strenuously in behalf of Franklin Roosevelt's pro-Allied foreign policy in 1940 and 1941.

But Sally Foreman Griffith's *Hometown News* is not the formulaic story of a provincial's progress from rustic narrowness to worldly sophistication. Her stated purpose is "to understand the role of journalism in American culture by examining its actual practice in a single community at a specific historical moment." Griffith succeeds in doing that and much more as well. By relying on White's unusually rich and detailed papers at the

Library of Congress, this shrewdly conceived and gracefully executed study makes some singularly concrete contributions to our appreciation of a complex historical process that I shall call, for want of a better term, the metropolitanization of American culture in the half century or so following the Civil War.

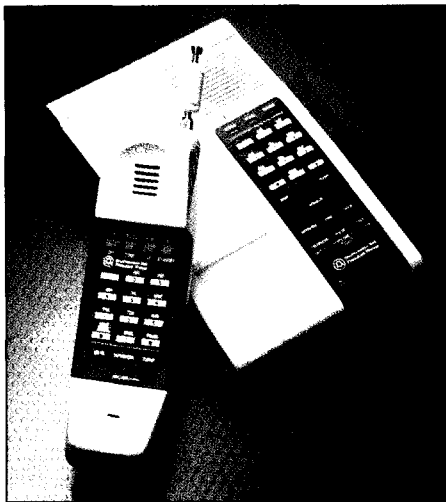
William Allen White's "specific historical moment" embraced momentous changes. Reared by a mother who had listened to Lincoln debate Douglas, White survived to within a few months of D day and the climactic resolution of the Second World War. Most important for Griffith's purposes, White was born into a preponderantly rural America and lived to see the full flowering of the urban age. Three out of four Americans lived in the countryside or in communities with fewer than 2,500 inhabitants in the decade of White's birth. By the time of his death nearly three out of five Americans lived in metropolitan areas.

But unlike the millions of his countrymen who moved to the big city, White stayed in Emporia. That circumstance provides Griffith her opportunity and lends her study its extraordinary interest. For though White never officially changed his place of residence, he adopted at an early age the role of ambassador from small-town America to his citified countrymen. He also, sometimes unwittingly and always grudgingly, helped to import the beliefs and behaviors of metropolitan culture into the cloistered community of Emporia. In his first editorial for the *Gazette*, in 1895, he declared the new editor's intention "always to sign 'from Emporia' after his name when he is abroad"—thus signifying his ambivalent ambition to stay root-

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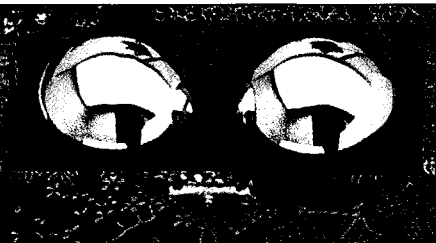
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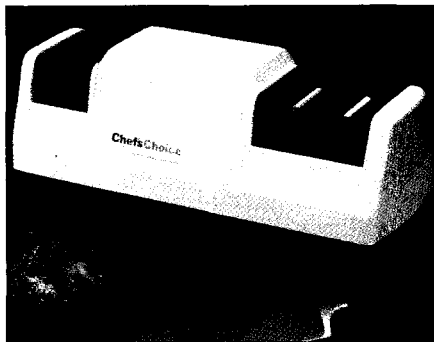


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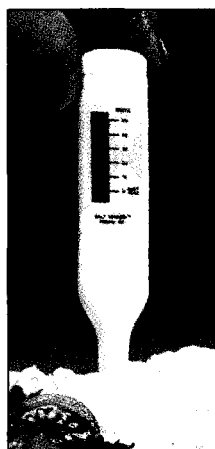


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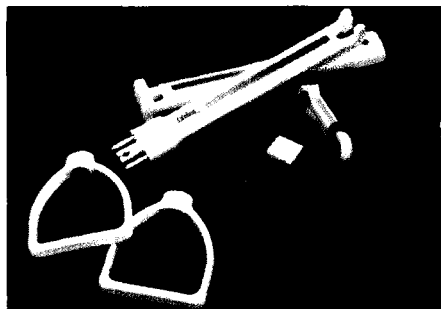
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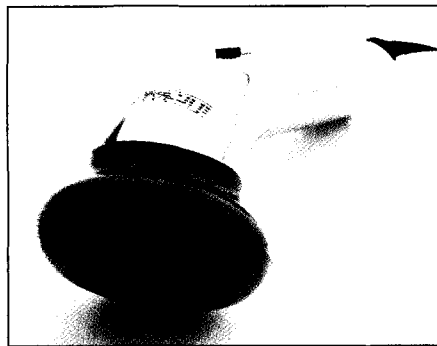


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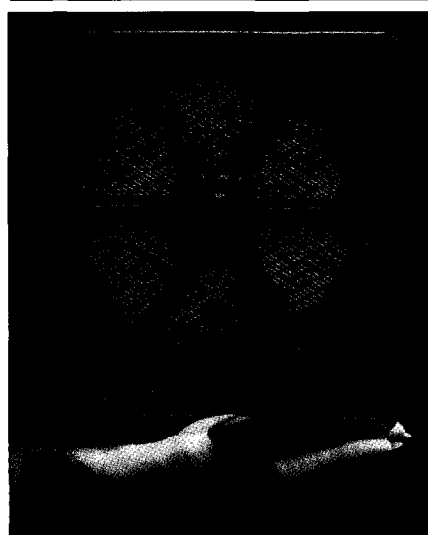
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ed in rural Kansas even while transcending its confines. As one of White's colleagues once observed, "You aren't 'from Emporia' when you're in it." The mediating role that White—and even more particularly the *Gazette*—played between rural and urban America, between a culture that was quietly passing and one that was raucously aborning, constitutes the heart of this fascinating book.

THE CENSUS OF 1920 was the first to record an urban majority in America. William Allen White wept on the eve of the 1920s, as he marked his fiftieth birthday, the end of "youth and young manhood." But metaphorically it is possible to imagine him weeping for the end of other things, too. In a telling turn of phrase, he wrote, "I had crossed the meridian, and I did not like the new country." Significantly, the account of his life that he offered in his *Autobiography* concludes in the 1920s, nearly twenty years before his death. Griffith ends there as well, rightly saying that "the 1920s mark the end of an era." The tremendous shift of the American population from country to city entailed not simply a geographic change but a powerful and pervasive alteration in ways of life. If William Allen White served as the nostalgic scribe of the old order in America—and sometimes, ironically, as the agent of its transformation—the major theorist of this historic shift was a German sociologist, Ferdinand Tönnies. In a landmark work of 1887, *Gemeinschaft und Gesellschaft*, Tönnies drew sharp distinctions between two forms of human association that are usually rendered in English as "community" and "society." The first is typically small in scale and relatively homogeneous in values. Its members know one another intimately and deal with one another personally across a broad spectrum of human interactions. In short, they form a familiar, knowable community that is permeated by shared sentiments and whose everyday workings evoke a full range of emotional responses, from friendship to bigotry. A society, in contrast, is large in size and variegated both in values and in functions. It is inhabited largely by strangers who have shifting roles rather than a fixed status. They do business with one another impersonally in a host of discrete and often distant transactions governed by "market" requirements of efficiency and rationality. Societies, compared with communities, are affectively neutered, segmented psychologi-

cally and behaviorally, and contain more space for the free play of individual differences.

Though Tönnies knew that all human groupings contain elements of both these types, his work has long been renowned for capturing something essential in the village-to-metropolis movement that has swept the industrializing world. Robert Wiebe suggestively applied Tönnies's analysis to the American case in his influential work of 1967, *The Search for Order*, which lyrically alluded to the anxious subordination of "island communities" to aggressively nationalizing institutions in turn-of-the-century America. But few studies can match Griffith's for its attentiveness to the specific mechanisms by which one *gemeinschaftlich* community was absorbed into the *gesellschaftlich* society that had inexorably extended its sway over William Allen White's United States by the 1920s.

Of all the mechanisms that figured in that process, few were as instrumental as the newspaper. White grew up in what Griffith calls "a world formed of dense networks of personal connections." The small-town newspaper, in White's view, had as its highest mission not the objective reporting of reality but the careful sustenance and protection of those networks. He took literally the advice he received in 1900 to "put people's names in your paper," even "if it is only 'Jim Jones butchered yesterday' and 'Mrs. Smith had a quilting. . . .'" Country newspapers, he wrote in 1916, "seem drab and miserably provincial to strangers; yet we who read them read in their lines the sweet, intimate story of life. . . . It is the country newspaper, bringing together daily the threads of the town's life . . . that reveals us to ourselves. . . ." The regular reporting of births and deaths (White himself wrote virtually all the obituaries in the *Gazette*, including that of his teenage daughter, who died as the result of an accident on horseback in 1921) and all the routine rituals of the town repeatedly revealed to Emporians their easy familiarity with their neighbors, their faith in the constancy of life's rhythms, and, quite simply, the meaningfulness of the lives they led. At the same time, the *Gazette* constantly boosted local merchants, urging readers to resist the blandishments of "foreign" (that is, national name-brand) advertising and the unspeakable menace of the "mail order disease."

But the same extension of rural-free-delivery postal service that allowed the

mail-order houses to hawk their wares in remote districts permitted the *Gazette* to reach readers outside Emporia's boundaries, in surrounding Lyon County and beyond. Circulation grew from 500 when White took over in 1895 to nearly 6,000 in the 1920s. In the process, the *Gazette* came to serve a much less tightly knit, homogeneous readership, and it also became much more expensive to run. The very layout of the early *Gazette* with its seven ruled gray columns, small headlines, and placement of much national and international news "below the fold" on the front page, tended to blur distinctions between local and outside events and to reaffirm readers' sense of Emporia as a significant and self-contained place. But by the 1920s the expanded circulation and consequent heavy capitalization of the printing plant forced the *Gazette* to import not only "foreign" advertising but also ready-made news copy from such services as Central Press, United Press, and the Associated Press. Soon the little newspaper, once the very symbol and embodiment of Emporians' image of themselves as kindred members of a community where meaningful things happened, was segmented into sections, each with its relevant cluster of advertisements—women's clothing on the society page, sporting goods in the sports section, and so on. "With segmentation," Griffith writes,

the *Gazette* lost a certain sense of cohesiveness, of addressing and reflecting a unified, homogeneous community. . . . In the interests of advertisers, the *Gazette* now addressed its readers as individual consumers rather than as members of a single community.

Technology also helped to drive this process. Dry-mat services, which provided papier-mâché molds that enabled typesetters quickly to cast columns of type and high-quality illustrations, facilitated the flooding of the *Gazette's* pages with outside news and graphic examples of international fashions. Before these onslaughts the coverage of local news retreated. And among the items that crowded out White's once proud "forty-line" treatment of local weddings and funerals, the most insidious was the wire-service "human-interest" story. I., an insightful passage Griffith notes the superficial similarity of stories about the rich, powerful, and notorious to the traditional "locals." Both types of stories, she writes,

treated many of the universal themes of human experience: childhood and youth, love, marriage, death, and the pursuit of achievement. Nevertheless, the two conveyed fundamentally different messages about these themes. As White had acknowledged in "The Country Newspaper," its "sweet, intimate stories" could interest only people who knew one another. To appeal to a large, dispersed audience, mass-produced human-interest stories treat the extraordinary, the aberrant, the disruptive. . . . Consequently, human-interest news reverses the messages about social order and continuity conveyed by local news. . . . the contrast between local news and syndicated human-interest stories in the *Gazette* conveyed a sense of marked divergence between Emporia and an outside, increasingly cosmopolitan world. Small-town and urban cultures did indeed grow further apart in the twenties, but the changing means of producing news heightened the perception of difference.

SO WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S beloved *Gazette*, once the spine and lifeblood of the community it served, had, owing to the logic of markets and machines, become by the 1920s one of the very forces that subverted that community's traditional way of life. In that same decade a still more radical innovation in the technology of communications—the radio—would wildly accelerate the triumph of societal over communitarian norms in the United States and throughout the developed world.

Perhaps that triumph was an inevitable aspect of what the world calls progress, but it surely has some regrettable implications. The longing for lost community has now become a staple of political campaigns and informs avidly consumed social commentaries like Robert Bellah's *Habits of the Heart*. William Allen White himself, writing at the end of a long life that had seen the world of his boyhood and young manhood forever transmuted, closed his *Autobiography* with a moving reflection on this theme:

Is there somewhere, in the stuff that holds humanity together, some force, some conservation of spiritual energy, that saves the core of every noble hope, and gathers all men's visions some day, some way, into the reality of progress?

I do not know. But I have seen the world move, under some, maybe mystic, influence, far enough to have the right to ask that question. □

A BORDER BETWEEN WORLDS

BY JORGE I. DOMÍNGUEZ

LIMITS TO FRIENDSHIP:
The United States and Mexico
by Robert A. Pastor
and Jorge G. Castañeda.
Knopf, \$24.95.

"WE, IN MEXICO, we definitely believe that we want to speak English, but only as a second language." Thus did Jesús Silva Herzog, Mexico's former Finance Minister, speaking in eloquent English, summarize in a radio interview an aspect of the complex relations between Mexico and the United States. The forces of integration that pull Mexico to the United States are powerful—increasingly so—and go well beyond economics. And yet Mexico's understandable enthusiasm for preserving its national identity continues to place important limitations on that relentless binational integration. These "limits to friendship" are the central theme of this remarkable and thoughtful book—a book that acknowledges that the ties that connect Mexico to the United States bind these countries as much in hope as in fear, as much in cooperation as in conflict.

This is a work of peaceful coexistence. The authors—Castañeda, a leading Mexican intellectual who has spent much time in the United States, and Pastor, who was a staff member of the U.S. National Security Council in the Carter Administration and is now a prolific author who has spent much time in Mexico—agreed to have their words bound within the same book, but each has written his own book. They engage each other's arguments respectfully but vigorously.

Each chapter of each of the book's four parts contains two sections, each written by one of the authors. The first two parts are "Barriers" and "Frictions," and while the other two are called "Connections" and "New Configurations," they could just as well have been called "The Return of Barriers" and "The Return of Frictions." Under "Connections," for example, the authors discuss the drug traffic, and under "New Configurations" two of the main sections are

Coming
Next
Month
In

The Atlantic



IS THE DEFICIT REALLY SO BAD?

by Jonathan Rauch

There is only a slight chance that U.S. budget deficits will lead to frightening short-term economic consequences. The more lasting damage may be in the undermining of a precious moral and political covenant.



REAGAN'S GIFT

by Jack Beatty

Ronald Reagan has handed George Bush a historic opportunity to achieve a strategic-arms-reduction treaty with the Soviets. Should President Bush open this gift right away? Can he? A guide to the complexities—and politics—of START.



TWO KINDS

by Amy Tan

"America was where all my mother's hopes lay. She had come here in 1949 after losing everything in China: her mother and father, her family home, her first husband, and two daughters. . . . But she never looked back with regret. There were so many ways for things to get better." A short story.

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It is quite true that Israel is the largest recipient of U.S. aid. In fiscal 1987, the amount is \$3 billion. Of that, \$1.8 billion is for military aid, and \$1.2 billion is for economic aid. Israel, however, will be paying \$1.0 billion in 1987 to the U.S., leaving a net balance of \$2.0 billion. Is that a good deal for the American taxpayer? Do we get our money's worth?

What are the facts?

■ Israel is the only genuinely democratic state in the Middle East. It is committed to freedom and equality, and the rule of law. It embodies the fundamental values that are in tune with those of America and that America has traditionally supported.

■ Israel's military and political importance in the Middle East and its strategic position stabilize that entire area, including the oil fields of the Persian Gulf. It is a bulwark against the inroads of the Soviet Union. It is a most reliable partner in the promotion of Western strategic interests and in the stabilization of the Middle East. 25% to 30% of its budget goes for defense, compared to 7% in the U.S. and less than 1% in Japan. Israel has one of the best armies in the world. Its navy and air force are the major deterrent forces in the eastern Mediterranean against Soviet intrusion.

■ Israel effectively secures NATO's south-eastern flank, without having a single American soldier stationed in its territory. Still, the superb military installations, the air and sea lift capabilities, the equipment and food storage capacity, and the trained manpower to maintain and repair sophisticated U.S. equipment are instantly at hand in Israel. It is the only country in the area that makes itself available to the United States, in any contingency. It is the only country in the entire Mediterranean basin area that has

consented to the installation of Voice of America transmitters on its territory.

■ There is no other country in the Middle East except Israel that can be considered to have a stable government or populace friendly to the United States. There is much danger that any military aid to Arab countries, and military equipment given or sold to them, will suffer the same fate as the untold billions of dollars and priceless military secrets that were lost to our enemies in the debacle of Iran. Is Saudi Arabia more stable? Egypt? Jordan? Iraq? Kuwait? Judge for yourself!

■ Only a fraction of the aid given stays in Israel. By far the largest share remains in the U.S., where it is spent with American defense contractors. Peter McPherson, administrator of the Agency for International Development, estimates that every billion dollars of aid to Israel creates 60,000 to 70,000 jobs in the United States.

■ Compared to the \$1.8 billion yearly military aid to Israel, the U.S. contributes on the order of \$130 billion(!) every year to the defense of Europe and about \$30 billion to the defense of Japan, Korea and the Far East. 340,000 U.S. troops are stationed with NATO and 30,000 U.S. troops in the Far East. In contrast, not one single U.S. soldier needs to be stationed and put at risk in Israel. U.S. military analysts estimate that the U.S. would have to spend the equivalent of \$150 billion a year in the Middle East to maintain a force equivalent to Israel's.

There are many other benefits that the U.S. military derives from Israel. Israel is the only country that has gained battlefield experience with U.S. weapons. This experience is immediately conveyed to the U.S. Enormous quantities of captured Soviet weapons and defense systems are turned over to the U.S. military for analysis. Israel, in the light of its experience, continually modifies U.S. weapons systems. For instance, Israeli scientists have made over 200 improvements in the F-15 alone. It would be more in line with reality if military aid to Israel were classified as "defense" rather than as "aid". President Reagan said it well: "The fall of Iran has increased Israel's value as perhaps the only remaining strategic asset in the region on which the United States can fully rely". American aid to Israel is a two-way street. Aid to Israel is America's greatest defense bargain.

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"The Fear of Americanization" and "The Fear of Mexicanization"—hardly rallying cries for a new North American accord. Fortunately for us, the authors argue articulately and in graceful prose, although the book's organization at times leads to repetition and often makes it difficult to follow the chronology of U.S.-Mexican relations.

Mexico and the United States matter enormously to each other. One symbol of Mexico's importance to the United States is the sheer size of the U.S. diplomatic presence in Mexico—it is the largest such U.S. presence in any country. Countless agencies of the U.S. government have a "desk" in the U.S. embassy, including not just the Department of Agriculture, the Internal Revenue Service, and the FBI, but also the Social Security Administration (looking after the large community of U.S. retirees) and the Graves Registration Service (looking after U.S. citizens buried in Mexico). To put it bluntly, Mexico some time ago stopped being merely a matter for U.S. foreign policy. Instead it has become one more dimension of U.S. domestic politics, economics, and society.

The fear of Mexicanization to which Pastor refers addresses Mexico's silent reconquest of much of the Southwest—what had once been the northern half of Mexico and was seized by the United States in 1848 after victory in war. Immigration has become a principal source of U.S. population growth, and legal and illegal flows from Mexico are a major component of overall immigration. Mexicans make up by far the largest group of those amnestied under the provisions of the U.S. Immigration Act of 1986.

Mexico has become the third most important trading partner of the United States—more important than any country in Europe. Mexican petroleum has been the mainstay of the U.S. strategic petroleum reserve. Tasty Mexican tomatoes, picked red on the vine, compete all too effectively with Florida tomatoes picked green and gassed for color. The U.S. auto industry is attempting to meet the Japanese challenge by having a large and growing part of the manufacture of purportedly U.S.-made cars carried out in Mexico. Enormous capital flight from Mexico, many of whose citizens have lost confidence in their nation's currency, has helped to finance parts of the U.S. budget deficit and has contributed to economic growth in Texas and California.

It is hard to find an issue in Mexico's national life, or a theme of its cultural psyche, that is not profoundly affected by the United States. Putting together trade in goods and services, including tourism, about three quarters of all Mexico's international transactions are with the United States. Mexico's new and immediately past Presidents, and a great many of the Ministers in both their Cabinets, received a substantial part of their professional training in the United States. U.S. films, TV programs, publications, and consumer hopes have reshaped the minds and feelings of a great many Mexicans.

Precisely because the two countries matter so much to each other, irritations are bound to arise. The United States benefits from the contributions of most migrants from Mexico—even if they enter the United States illegally—but U.S. immigration policy has turned increasingly restrictionist. Mexico benefits from remittances that its citizens send back from the United States but worries that it is the risk-takers who migrate (Mexican migrants to the United States tend to be better educated and to have been better employed in Mexico than the average Mexican citizen). U.S. consumers may benefit from Mexican tomatoes, but Florida producers fear the loss of business. Mexico must sell petroleum to the United States but fears an excessive economic dependence that might diminish Mexican sovereignty. Mexicans have long been suspicious of private direct foreign investment—a feeling of unease that many U.S. citizens, now faced with growing Japanese investments in the United States, may at last understand.

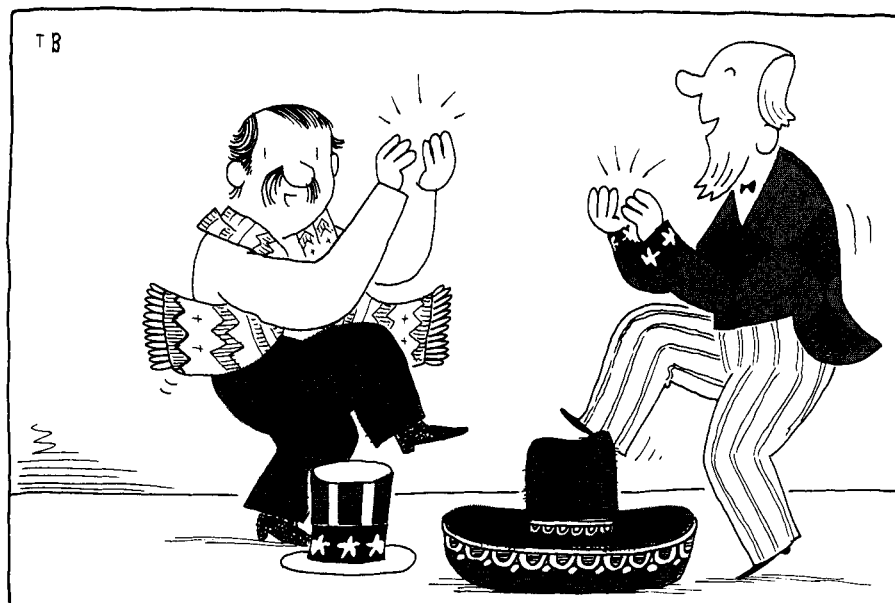
THE RELATIONS BETWEEN the governments mirror this complexity. It may be that U.S.-Mexican relations have never been worse, and never been better, than under Presidents Ronald Reagan and Miguel de la Madrid. Mexico finally joined the General Agreements on Tariffs and Trade in 1986, the last of the world's significant economies to do so. Since 1985 Mexico and the United States have devised effective bilateral trade agreements. The United States played a key role in helping to rescue Mexico from its three recent financial crises (in 1982, 1986, and 1987). Mexico has systematically changed its policy toward Central America since 1982, in part to accommodate the U.S. government.

And yet most Mexicans would argue

that John Gavin, the U.S. ambassador to Mexico for nearly six years in the 1980s, was the worst U.S. ambassador to their country since the beginning of this century—Gavin was accused of relentless and highly visible meddling in Mexico's internal affairs. The U.S. Assistant Secretary of State, Elliott Abrams, has been quoted as saying comparably nasty things about Mexico's Foreign Minister of the past six years, Bernardo Sepúlveda. The U.S. government has considered Mexican policy toward Nicaragua to be unhelpful—and in private most U.S. officials associated with U.S. policy toward Nicaragua have used much harsher language. In 1985 the U.S. government for a few days virtually shut off

positive view of the United States but that a growing number of Mexicans have concluded that the "basic interests" of the two countries are quite different. By the late 1980s an overwhelming majority of Mexicans believed that their economy was run to serve U.S., not Mexican, interests. And, in a possible harbinger of things to come, in 1986 Japan tied the United States as the country Mexicans admire the most; by 1988 Japan had taken the lead. Mexico's new President, Carlos Salinas, has enrolled his children in a Japanese school in Mexico.

The very rhetoric of U.S.-Mexican relations exemplifies the two countries' myriad differences of opinion. In the United States officials often speak about



the border with Mexico, slowing to a snail's pace the daily legal border crossings, to coerce the Mexican government into cooperating more fully on drug interdiction. At 1986 committee hearings chaired by Senator Jesse Helms, Reagan Administration officials denounced specific Mexican government officials as corrupt.

In both countries the public, too, reflects these many-sided feelings. Polls conducted since 1978 by Gallup for the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations indicate that U.S. citizens have a consistently positive view of Mexico but that they also worry about the protection of vital U.S. interests in Mexico—a worry that can readily justify U.S. interference in Mexican affairs.

On the other side, polls conducted by various organizations since the mid-1950s (and most recently by Gallup) indicate that Mexicans have a consistently

"joint interests." In Mexico their counterparts speak of independence. As Robert Pastor notes, U.S. officials often take a problem-solving approach to everything. As Jorge Castañeda notes, Mexicans pay more attention to the intractable problems that stem from history. For example, the U.S. government believes that it must be involved in Mexico's affairs in small ways in order to forestall a crisis in Mexico that would warrant a larger U.S. intervention later. Mexico, for its part, fears both sorts of intervention. There is also frustration at the "United States' lack of a sense of history" that makes it necessary for U.S. interlocutors in "every negotiation, conflict, tension . . . [to] start over every time."

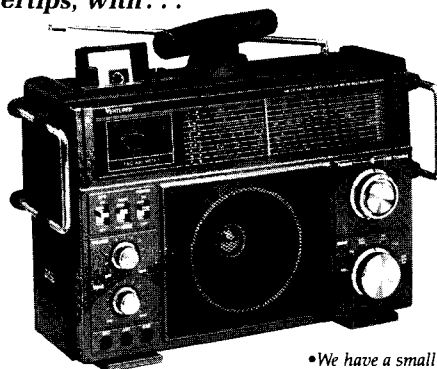
The very heart of U.S.-Mexican differences, however, is gently, briefly, but explicitly addressed in the opening pages of this book. Robert Pastor notes,

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To understand whether American perceptions of Mexico's problems are accurate or merely projections of the U.S. national experience, I have sometimes had to analyze those problems. I must also acknowledge that I have consciously tried to reflect the approach of the United States, which is stronger and more assertive of its interests in Mexico than Mexico is in the United States. My trespassing in this book, however, had the same effect on my co-author as U.S. policy generally has on Mexico: it made him suspicious and angry with U.S. arrogance.

Indeed, Jorge Castañeda responds,

He has chosen to express openly and frequently his opinions about my country; I have chosen to rarely do so about his. . . . In contrast to my co-author, who has strayed over the border, I have limited the scope of my analysis to the Mexican side of the bilateral relationship.

Pastor's argument for writing as he did will surely make sense to a U.S. reader. His position is quite logical, for the main U.S. interest in Mexico is Mexico itself. That is, the United States seeks safety from revolutions, chaos, or war on the southern border of the United States—the only land border anywhere on the globe between a Third World country and an industrial democracy. And yet the Castañeda response gets to the point without making it explicitly: for Mexico, the imperial vocation of a United States that strays over the border makes living next to it difficult.

These problems are even more poignant now. In July of 1988, in the same speech in which he claimed victory in Mexico's hotly disputed presidential elections, Carlos Salinas said, "The age of what was practically a one-party system is over. A new political era is beginning."

THERE IS LITTLE reason to think that this "new political era" in Mexico will improve U.S.-Mexican relations, even though most people in the United States would hail the deepening of Mexican democracy. The collapse of the near monopoly of power that the Institutional Revolutionary Party long held explained in part by the resistance of many Mexican politicians, and of a substantial portion of the public, to the policies pursued by the Mexican government in recent years, including the very

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and plants
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programs that brought the U.S. and Mexican governments closer together.

President de la Madrid's administration let "foreigners take over our fundamental decisions," Mexico's leading opposition figure, the presidential candidate Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas, has argued. "This means it has been acting not in the interest of the country but in the interest of foreigners who are acting against Mexico."

In a Gallup poll conducted nationwide in Mexico in May of 1988, however, the political views of supporters of Cárdenas, or Cardenistas, did not differ markedly from the views of other Mexicans. From a U.S. government perspective, many of the views of Cardenistas were very reasonable. Consistent with current Mexican government policy, for example, a majority of Cardenistas believed that their country should continue paying its foreign debt, and looked favorably on foreign investment in Mexico. And yet Cardenistas were the least supportive of the relevant Mexican government policies; were Cárdenas to win the presidency in a future election, he would be more likely than Salinas is to adopt policies at odds with the preferences of the U.S. government.

Even leaving aside the Cardenistas, the blossoming of democracy in Mexico may force Salinas to slow down his country's integration with the United States. A substantial minority of Salinas supporters (almost as high a proportion as among Cardenistas) opposed the servicing of the foreign debt, had a negative view of foreign direct investment, and would curtail a Mexican policy that has liberalized imports.

In Carlos Salinas, Mexico may have its most able President in decades. He is keenly intelligent and analytical, personally vigorous, broadly and deeply trained in technical matters, experienced in politics, and conscious of the need for Mexico to modernize and also become more fully democratic. And yet the more responsive he is to his people, the more difficult it will be for him to conduct truly intimate and cordial relations with the United States. And in order to cooperate with the United States on some significant issues, including drugs, Salinas may need to differ publicly and vigorously with the United States on others—Mexico's debt, for example—thereby creating the political room at home for the cooperative efforts.

The old cliché is now accurate: Mexico is at a turning point. Under most sce-

Answers to the December Puzzles

"THE FOUR SEASONS"

Across. 1. ARI(S)ES 5. G(LOSS)Y(m) 9. ORATOR (hidden) 10. POP (double def.) 12. FORM(L)ITY 15. TUTOR (anag.) 16. REMINDER (anag.) 17. UMPIRE (anag.) 19. REPLY (double def.) 20. MOLE (double def.) 22. A(ID)ED (*die* anag.) 24. STIMULATE (anag.) 26. ARMOR (hidden) 29. SIN-E(CUR)VE'S 30. ZEN-O 31. SEXIS-TS (rev.) 32. F-AT-TEST 33. S(W)ETS *Down*. 1. SIGN-ORE 2. BROOD (homoph.) 3. MAM(B)IA 4. SO-D 5. G(R)INS 6. JI(TTER)BUG (*butter* anag.) 7. SOFTPEDAL (anag.) 8. EARLY (double def.) 11. NOODLE (anag.) 13. I-(M-PALE-MEN)T 14. A-IRS-TRIPS 18. MONROE (anag.) 20. PIZ-Z-A (rev.) 21. LUNNET 23. DESISTS (anag.) 25. M(O)USE 27. NET (double def.) 28. BE(AS)T

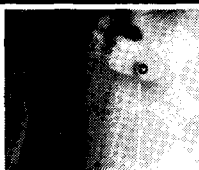
I	R	I	S	E	S	G	L	O	S	S	Y
G	O	R	A	T	O	R	I	P	O	P	E
N	O	R	M	A	L	I	T	Y	F	O	A
O	D	I	B	A	D	N	T	T	U	T	O
R	E	M	A	I	N	D	E	R	P	D	L
E	M	P	I	R	E	S	R	R	E	L	Y
P	O	L	E	S	L	A	B	I	D	E	D
I	N	E	S	T	I	M	U	L	A	T	E
A	R	M	O	R	N	N	G	O	L	B	I
Z	O	E	S	I	N	E	C	U	R	E	S
Z	E	N	O	P	E	X	I	S	T	S	T
A	T	T	E	S	T	T	W	E	E	T	S

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—(Tim) Cahill, *Jaguars Ripped My Flesh*

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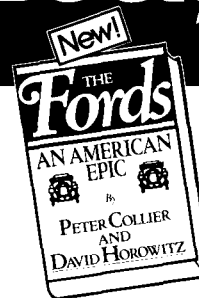
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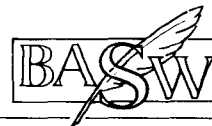
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narios the future is not likely to bring easy U.S.-Mexican relations, but even the most dramatic departure from present circumstances now foreseeable—an opposition victory in 1994 and a Cárdenas presidency—should not throw relations into turmoil. U.S.-Mexican integration is so far along that it will require of any Mexican government many acts of cooperation with the United States. Even Cardenistas want only to remold, not to rend, U.S.-Mexican relations.

Who might be Cárdenas's Foreign Minister? Jorge Castañeda was an important adviser to Cárdenas in the 1988 presidential campaign. To judge by his past work and this book, his appointment as Foreign Minister would be an act of statesmanship. And plainly Robert Pastor would make a talented and sensitive, if occasionally imperious, U.S. ambassador to Mexico. The future may wind up looking a lot like the present. □

translator, Thomas C. Meehan, has been driven to footnotes. He nevertheless deserves respect and sympathy for coping with a difficult problem.

WAYFARER by James Dickey and William A. Bake. *Oxmoor House*, \$50.00. Mr. Bake's fine photographs range all around the southern mountains and as far west as Texas. The setting for Mr. Dickey's charming text, in which a local resident explains the mountain way of life to a visitor, seems to be somewhere in North Carolina but is never definitely located. This vagueness is just as well, because if the spot—and the host—could be identified, they would be overrun by tourists.

BRIEF REVIEWS



A SERIOUS CHARACTER by Humphrey Carpenter. *Houghton Mifflin*, \$40.00. Mr. Carpenter considers his subject, Ezra Pound, a man of many masks, but this superb biography suggests that the dominant persona was the know-it-all spoiled brat, arrogantly confident of the validity of his opinions and certain of his ability and his right to do whatever he pleased, from composing an opera to reforming world fiscal habits. This inherently dangerous stand worked well as long as Pound confined himself to literary matters. There his opinions were sound, his experiments in poetry were stimulating, and his activities as volunteer publicist and agent for such authors as Frost, Joyce, Eliot, and Hemingway were enormously helpful. Charging about London or Paris, Pound dressed like a reincarnation of Whistler, cultivated vituperation in a langue d'Hizun IDenshun, and came to know a great number of witty, observant authors. Most liked him, some did not, but few could resist writing about him. Mr. Carpenter's text sparkles with amusing quotations. Finally settled in Italy, Pound indulged his enthusiasm for a radical economic theory that he was never able to explain to anyone's satisfaction. Economics was an illogical passion for a man who had never in his life been truly self-supporting. It led him to those infamous and anti-Semitic diatribes on Italian radio during the Second World War, which Pound considered legitimate advice to fellow Americans and which the U.S. government quite reasonably considered treason. Mr. Carpenter has devoted much disapproving attention to the legal maneuvers that landed Pound in a men-

tal hospital instead of in the dock, and even more to the psychiatrist's stubbornness that kept him confined for a dozen years, but readers who recall the temper of that postwar time may feel that it was the least indecent solution available. Aged eighty, released and back in Italy, Pound repudiated the work that had occupied him for half his life. "It's a botch," he said, flabbergasting the interviewer who had hoped to learn of some underlying pattern in the vast and uneven mass of the Cantos. Pound was always a better critic of others than of himself, and Hemingway's opinion may well be, in the end, the fairest verdict on the man. "Of course Ezra is an ass . . . but he has written damn lovely poetry."

DEGAS by Denis Rouart. *Skira/Rizzoli*, \$25.00. Mr. Rouart's study of Degas is subtitled "In Search of His Technique," and the description is entirely accurate. Degas was a habitual experimenter who mixed media with abandon and brilliant results. This well-illustrated and informative book is devoted to sorting out what he did, but it will frustrate would-be imitators, because exactly how he did it has frequently eluded the author's best efforts at detection.

SANITARY CENTENNIAL & SELECTED SHORT STORIES by Fernando Sorrentino. *University of Texas*, \$19.95. The long title story is a grotesque, maliciously amusing satire on advertising and public relations, and as applicable here as in its native Argentina. The other stories are similarly extravagant but less effective. All the tales involve puns and quotations from and parodies of Spanish works; the

MARC CHAGALL ARABIAN NIGHTS *Prestel/te Neues*, \$75.00. The foreword by Norbert Nobis explains Chagall's interest in the 1,001 nights and in lithography. Then come four tales, translated by Sir Richard Burton, with magically brilliant, appropriately fanciful color plates, and a number of dashing line drawings. A beautiful and unusual book.

INTO MY OWN by John Evangelist Walsh. *Grove*, \$19.95. Assuming that the years (1912–1915) that Robert Frost spent in England were those in which he achieved his mature poetic technique, Mr. Walsh has made a thorough study of the poet's activities during that period. He has found evidence that the use of normal speech patterns in poetry was an idea that lurked in Frost's mind before he went abroad. In England, unencumbered by chickens or schoolteaching, and moving, as he soon came to do, among people who took poetry seriously, he had the freedom to put that idea successfully into practice. There is more to Mr. Walsh's book than literary detective work. The maneuvers of the impeccable Frost family on unfamiliar ground and sketches of such acquaintances as Pound and Yeats make a lively chronicle.

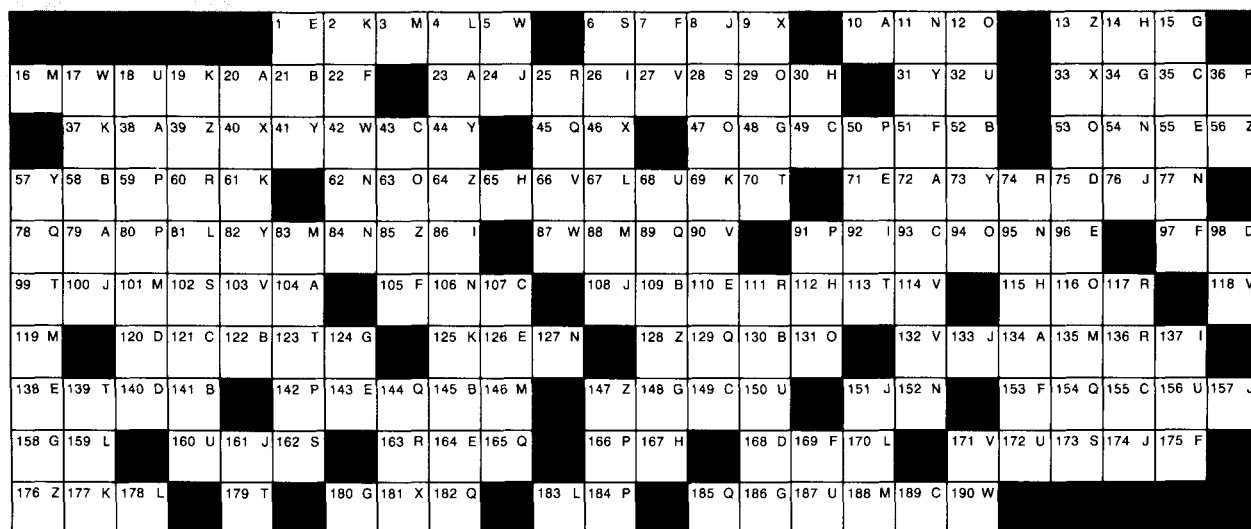
PASSION & CUNNING: Essays on Nationalism, Terrorism & Revolution by Conor Cruise O'Brien. *Simon & Schuster*, \$18.95. Several of the essays in this book originally appeared in *The Atlantic*.

SURRENDER OR STARVE: The Wars Behind the Famine by Robert D. Kaplan. *Westview Press*, \$24.95. A portion of this book originally appeared in *The Atlantic*.
—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ACROSTIC No. 42

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 41 appears on page 119.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>A. Firefly larva
104 20 134 10 23 79 38 72</p> <p>B. A semiprecious quartz
109 130 145 52 141 21 58 122</p> <p>C. Site of the Lenin Mausoleum (2 wds.)
35 189 107 49 93 155 121 149 43</p> <p>D. One who venerates Haile Selassie
75 98 120 140 168</p> <p>E. Author of <i>Rich Man, Poor Man</i> (2 wds.)
164 96 143 71 110 1 55 126 138</p> <p>F. Farewell appearance (2 wds.)
51 153 105 175 22 7 169 97</p> <p>G. Appraising glance (hyph.)
186 124 180 48 148 158 34 15</p> <p>H. Cloud from which rain is falling
167 112 65 115 14 30</p> <p>I. British privateer-turned-pirate
26 92 86 137</p> <p>J. Winnie-the-Pooh's real name (2 wds.)
174 157 151 76 8 108 100 24 161 133</p> <p>K. Cardinal Wolsey's birthplace
177 37 69 2 19 61 125</p> <p>L. Paris daily (2 wds.)
81 159 178 183 67 170 4</p> <p>M. German air force
101 135 16 146 83 88 119 188 3</p> <p>N. Baseball precursor (3 wds.)
95 106 152 84 77 127 62 11 54</p> | <p>O. French primitive painter
47 63 94 29 12 131 53 116</p> <p>P. Record of identified birds (2 wds.)
91 50 184 36 80 166 142 59</p> <p>Q. Person with a slender build
144 185 45 129 165 154 89 182 78</p> <p>R. College in Yellow Springs, Ohio
25 136 117 60 74 111 163</p> <p>S. From the earliest Hindu sacred writings
173 28 162 102 6</p> <p>T. Spencer Davis Group hit of 1967 (3 wds.)
139 99 179 70 123 113</p> <p>U. Norse abode of the dead
150 172 187 156 160 32 68 18</p> <p>V. One of Kipling's <i>Barrack-Room Ballads</i> (2 wds.)
171 66 27 114 132 90 118 103</p> <p>W. "Without the rich —, wealth is an ugly beggar": Emerson
87 190 17 42 5</p> <p>X. Confess (2 wds.)
46 33 9 181 40</p> <p>Y. Site of an Allied victory over Japanese forces
73 57 44 31 41 82</p> <p>Z. Pilate's words when presenting Christ (2 wds.)
39 147 128 56 176 13 64 85</p> |
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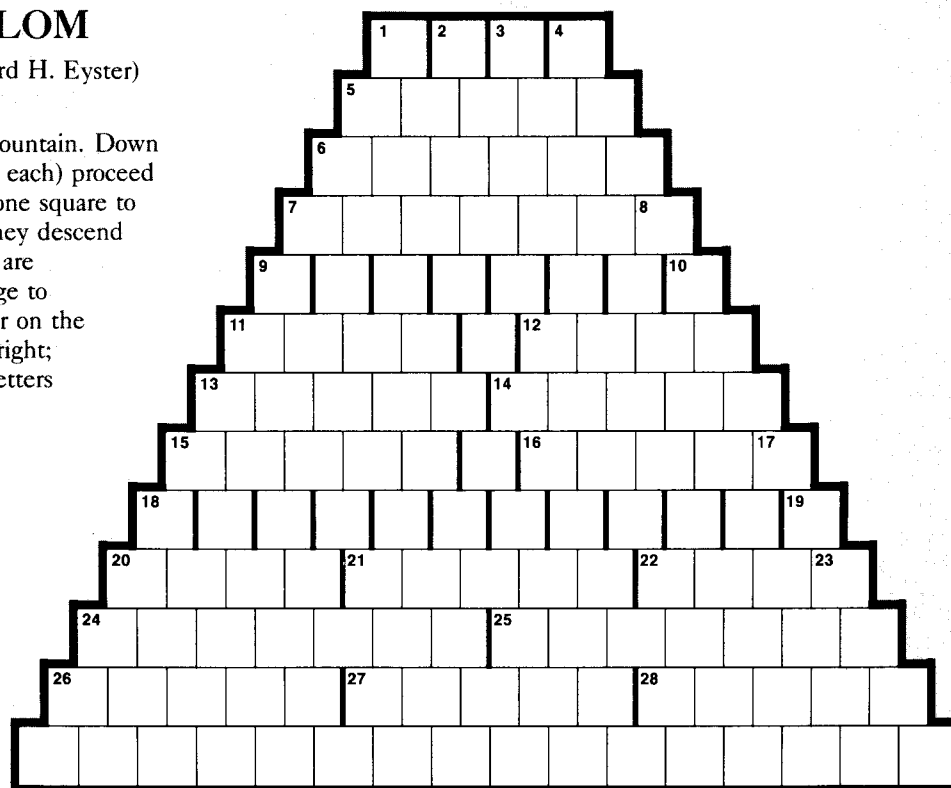
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

CRYPTIC SLALOM

(Acknowledgments to Richard H. Eyster)

The diagram represents a mountain. Down entries (of one or two words each) proceed in slalom patterns, slanting one square to the left or right each time they descend one line. When their letters are correctly aligned, our message to skiers and solvers will appear on the bottom line, reading left to right; the message's first and last letters must be deduced. Answers include seven proper nouns.



The answers to last month's
Puzzler appear on page 119.

ACROSS

5. Slope showed signs of age, reportedly (5)
6. Snowier runs, barring one, go downhill (6)
7. Gives back lodge with a sign of approval (7)
11. Hula dancing in drag (4)
12. A corral fences in animal sound (4)
13. Musical cannon fired alternately (5)
14. Poet's under straight hat's brim (5)
15. Walker, in summary, pivoted (5)
16. Returning ballclub left Reds' leader (5)
20. Former kingdom is overturned by America (4)

21. Routine comedy gag? (5)
22. Bind large shade tree (4)
24. No clear shifting of an eye part (7)
25. Frame most of help after church (7)
26. Uses brutality on gastropods (5)
27. Spain cultivated palm trees (5)
28. Splashed Lew & Ty with water (5)

DOWN

1. What holds part of speech together? Bull (13)
2. Effects of a pale piranha swimming around river (13)
3. Green giant on the art of eating (13)
4. Italian product in ten Las Vegas busts (13) (*two words*)
7. Goddess with one hand raised (5)
Shabby lots—about \$1000 (5)
8. Defensive measure is held off (6)
Oriental fastener for the ear (4)
9. A chancier convertible piece of furniture (9) (*two words*)
10. One word to the wise concerning Italian food (9)
15. Young barker holds broadcast for couple (6) (*two words*)
17. Intrusively disrupted Lions Club (6)
18. Player for Los Angeles, trailing 6-0 (5)
19. Advantage derived from changing seats (5)
20. Very high course (4)
23. Port gulped by philosopher (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

black mayonnaise *noun*, toxic sludge found on the bottoms of harbors, bays, and oceans, formed of undecayed sediment, sewage, and petrochemical waste, often extending for miles: "Dredging Baltimore Harbor to depths of 115 ft. has spurred measures to avoid stirring up harmful sediments. There's a 'whole list of chemicals on the bottom,' says . . . project manager Kenneth D. Merrill. The top 10 ft. of harbor material, 'black mayonnaise,' will take the longest time to consolidate; the rest is better, sandy soil, he says" (*Engineering News-Record*).

BACKGROUND: We have citations for *black mayonnaise* going back as far as 1978, the most recent one having appeared in the August 1, 1988, issue of *Newsweek*: "What is happening underwater . . . is not for the squeamish. Scuba divers talk of swimming through clouds of toilet paper and half-dissolved feces, of bay bottoms covered by a . . . sediment . . . appropriately known as 'black mayonnaise.'"

boomerang baby *noun*, a gainfully employed young person, typically a college graduate, who chooses to return to and live for an indefinite time with his or her parents; also called *boomeranger*: "The real social commentators of our times, namely cartoonists like Gary Trudeau and comics like Bill Cosby, are already using these young adults as fodder for their humor. And, of course, as they did with 'yuppies,' the 'me

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

generation' and 'dinks,' the experts have already given the phenomenon a name—*boomerang babies*" (Hatfield, Mass., *Valley Advocate*).

BACKGROUND: According to the March, 1987, *Current Population Reports*, more young adults are living in their parents' homes than at any other time since the Second World War: 52 percent of men and 33 percent of women aged 20 to 24 live at home or are provided with food and shelter by their parents. In their book *Boomerang Kids* (1987) Jean Davies Okimoto and Phyllis Jackson Stegall observe that the cost of living has escalated by 267 percent since 1970, the purchasing power of the dollar has plummeted by almost 300 percent over the same period, entry-level salaries have failed to keep pace with housing costs, and thus *boomerang babies*, many of whom are trying to pay off college loans, are strapped for cash. Allan Schnaiberg, a sociologist at Northwestern University, believes that parents who have tried to do too much for their children have contributed to *boomeranging* too. Kids who have never learned how to confront and solve problems often react to them by retreating—in this case, creating for the parents what is called the *crowded-nest syndrome*.

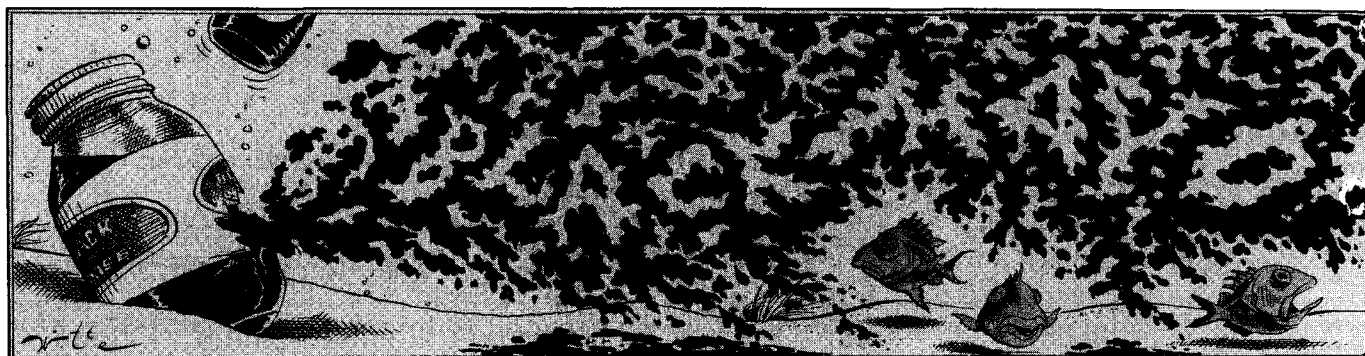
neomort *noun*, a brain-dead patient kept alive for an indefinite period by life-support systems while his or her organs await transplantation; also called *biomort*, *respirated cadaver*: "Neomort and neomortia. . . relate to the state of brain-death, more specifically the proposal . . . that the 'usable organs of newly dead people be kept in their owners' bodies' as a form of storage. . . the . . . neomorts would be kept on life support systems in a state of neomortia until the parts were needed" (*New York Times*).

BACKGROUND: *The Second Barnhart Dictionary of New English* says that the American psychiatrist Willard Gaylin coined *neomort* in 1974, as attested by this citation from his article "Harvesting the Dead," which appeared in *Harper's* that year: "Uneasy medical students could practice routine physical examinations . . . everything except neurological examinations, since the *neomort* by definition has no functioning central nervous system." In his book *We Have a Donor*, Mark Dowie explains that *biomort*, which is said to have first appeared in print in a 1979 legal opinion published in the *Utah Law Review*, was coined to denote "a third form of being (sort of living, sort of dead)." Neither *biomort* nor *neomort* has

gained widespread currency; in fact, Dowie observes that primary-care physicians consider them too offensive to be used in public.

quux *interjection, slang*, used as an expression of mild disgust: "*Quux* . . . is uttered mostly for the sake of it" (unpublished list of MIT, Stanford, and Worcester Polytechnic Institute computer jargon compiled by Guy L. Steele, Jr., *et al.*).

BACKGROUND: *Quux*—like *bagbiter* (faulty hardware or software), *glork* (an interjection expressing mild surprise), and *hungus* (large, unwieldy)—is an example of the lexically fecund private language of computer scientists. *Quux* will probably never gain wide currency, but it is of interest nonetheless as an English term containing two contiguous *u*'s. In the April, 1985, issue of *American Speech*, Timothy Perper wrote: "There are, it was said, five words in English that have two *u*'s in them. What are they? Over the years I have tried to discover what these five words might be." Perper came up with seven: *vacuum*, *residuum*, *continuum*, *menstruum*, *individuum*, *duumvirate* ("two people associated in high office or position"), and *lituus* (meaning variously a crooked staff carried by an augur, a curved trumpet, and a spiral). To this list of words, all of which are of Latin origin, at least two others can be added: *equus* (also of Latin origin) and *muumuu* (borrowed from the Hawaiian *mu'u mu'u*).



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